Good Housekeeping

JUNE 1930

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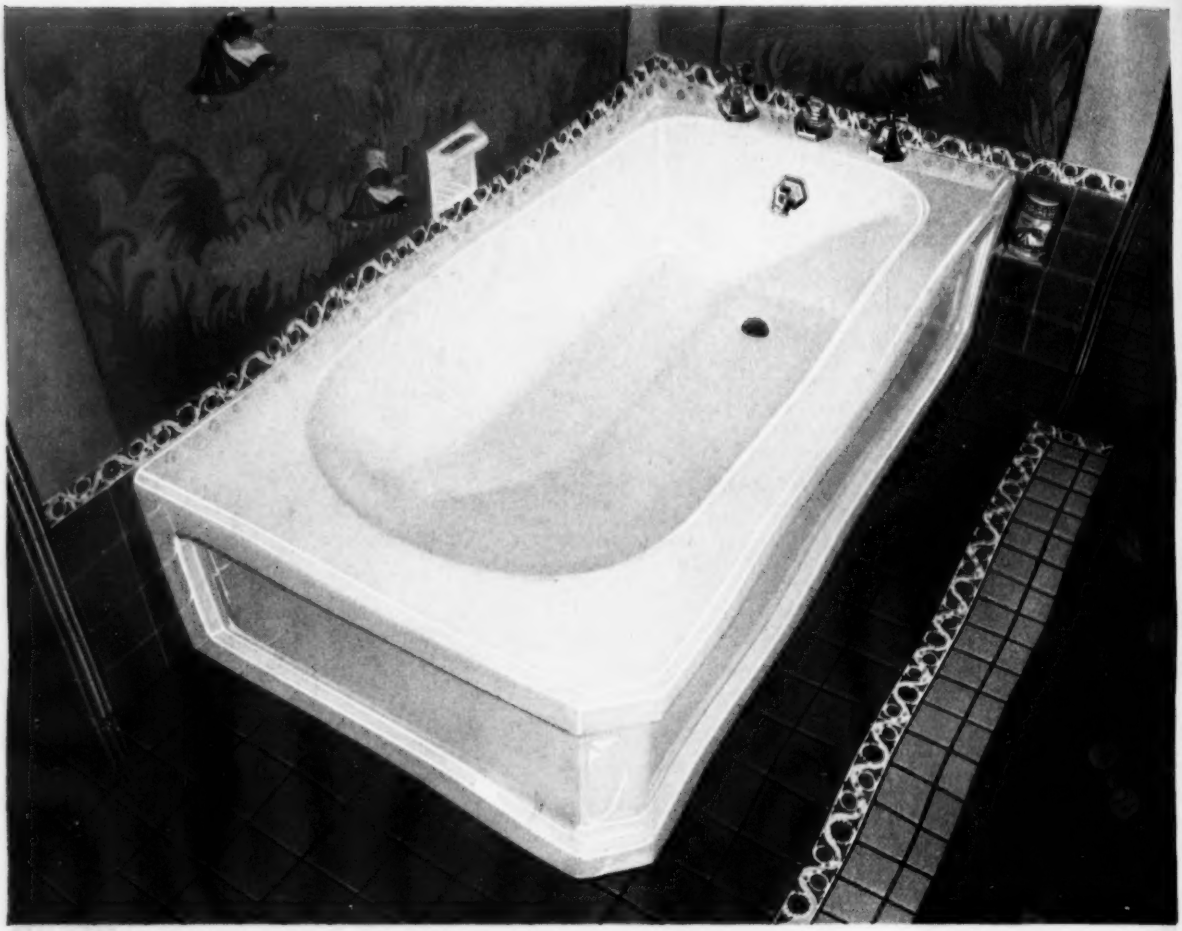
RING LARDNER ~ JULIA PETERKIN

"Sheepskin Blues" *by* Bruce Barton

Frances Alda ~ Anne Shannon Monroe ~ Sarah Addington



Old Dutch Cleanser
keeps lovely things lovely

and gives you the happy assurance of Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch cleans with a smooth, easy sweep. It doesn't scratch. It's free from grit.

Safe cleaning . . . that's the important question in present-day homes where lustrous surfaces and colorful equipment are so much in vogue. If beauty is to live, things must be safely cleaned . . . that's why millions of housewives use Old Dutch, the modern, perfect cleanser.

With Old Dutch, safety is inherent . . . an elemental part of its make-up . . . as distinctive of this natural cleanser as Healthful Cleanliness.

The very character of Old Dutch . . . soft, flaky, free from all destructive content . . . assures protection for fine, smooth surfaces, along with cleanliness that safeguards health.

Protects surfaces . . . because it's free from scratchy grit, acid and caustic. *Safeguards health* . . . because it cleans thoroughly; removes dangerous invisible impurities, with those you see.

You can use Old Dutch with absolute safety for all household cleaning—for porcelain, enamel, tile, floors, windows, on any surface where water may be used. The ease with which it cleans will please you; so will the amount of work a little Old Dutch does. Keep a package in the bathroom, as well as in the kitchen and laundry. Old Dutch is your assurance of Healthful Cleanliness and the continued loveliness of lovely things.

Old Dutch Cleanser is economical because it goes further and lasts longer

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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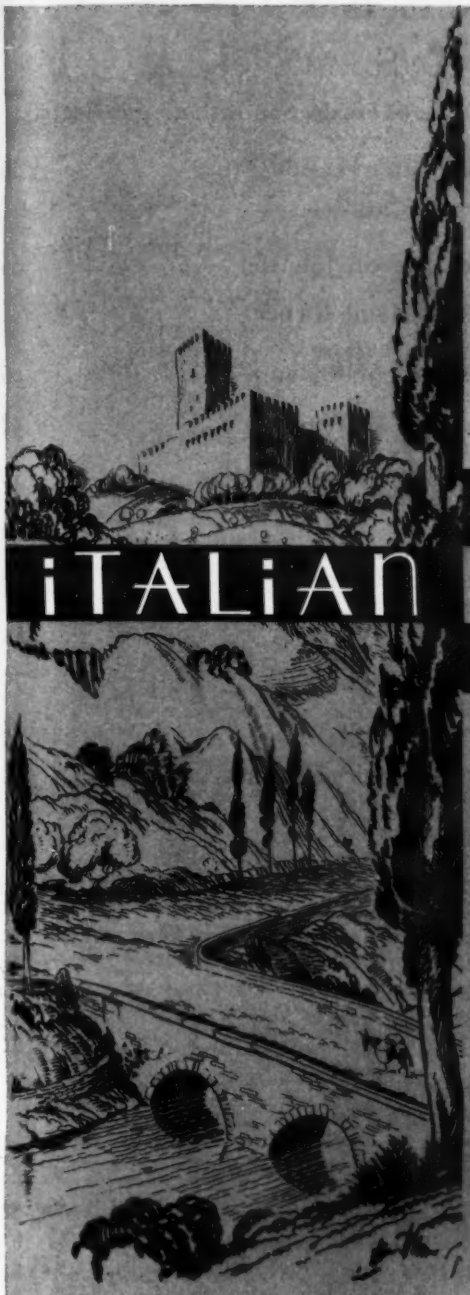

ITALIAN

THE VERY SOUL OF COOKERY . . . .

One taste of Franco-American Spaghetti sets it immediately apart from any you have ever known. Such piquancy of flavor! So truly Italian! Only a combination of perfections can produce spaghetti of such utterly distinctive qualities; a recipe of old Milan, the finest of ingredients, the most subtle of sauces, the pleasant tang of superb, sun-ripened tomatoes, all harmoniously blended with the unmistakable art of skilled French chefs in spotless American kitchens . . . Your grocer has it. Enjoy it—again and again.

Franco-American
Ready-cooked
Spaghetti
With tomato sauce and cheese
(a la Milanaise)

In using advertisements see page 6

June Vol. XC

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

1930 No. 6

Contents

Cover Design by Jessie Willcox Smith

The Editor's Page

"I Want to Build a Home" 4

Index to Advertisements 6

Fiction

The Diamond Ring A Short Story
Julia Peterkin 28

The American Marquis A Serial
George Weston 34

The Heart of the Quetzal A Short Story
Emma-Lindsay Squier 40

The Way of All Chiffon A Short Story
Claudia Cranston 46

Mamma A Short Story
Ring Lardner 52

All the King's Horses A Serial
Margaret Widdemer 68

Love Me, Love My Queenie A Short Story
Sarah Addington 86

The Fool of the Family A Serial
Margaret Kennedy 100

Special Articles

Sheepskin Blues
Bruce Barton 32

Stretch—and Stretch Again
Helen Hathaway and Barbara Beattie, M.D. 38

Stars and Scissors
Mary Lawton 44

If You Find it Hard to Read
Emily Newell Blair 50

We Want Daddies
Anne Shannon Monroe 51

The Girl with a Voice
Frances Alda 55

Our Own Four Walls 104

Good Housekeeping Institute

Edited by KATHARINE A. FISHER

Shall We Cook Without Water? 90

Keeping Summer Clothes Fit 92

Looking Into Your Refrigerator 94

Getting Out of Hot Water 96

The Bride "Measures" for Success 97

Courses—Courses—Courses! 98

Good Housekeeping Studio

A French Provincial Living Room 60

A Room for a Summer Camp 64

Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

Free Sunlight
Dr. Walter H. Eddy 106

For the Children

Nick A Short Story
Mrs. Martin Johnson 66

For the Home Owner

The Style of Your House
Dwight James Baum 56

Garden Pests
Romaine B. Ware 58

Keeping the Upkeep Down
James Jennings Bevan 59

Verse

Three Wishes for a Bride
Kathleen Gardner 27

Little Marks
Dorothy Beedy 54

I Have Found Such Joy
Grace Noll Crowell 70

The Toy Balloon
Edith Tatum 102

Special Service Features

What About Plastic Surgery?
Dorothy Cocks 109

Tests for Investment Trusts
Ruth Boyle 110

The Thin Child and Calcium
Dr. Josephine Hemenway Kenyon 112

The Institute Forum 114

Dr. Wiley's Question-Box 116

Needlework for the House
Anne Orr 121

Fashions

Edited by HELEN KOUES

French Fashions: Afternoon Party Frocks; Smart Travel Clothes; Play Clothes for Summer Sports 72

Smart Women at Palm Beach and on the Riviera 78

Wear a Pretty Frock This Summer; Our Shopping Service will Buy It For You 80

Patterns for Summer Frocks and a Jacket 83

Trade-Marked Luggage Sold All Over the Country 84

Washable Frocks We Will Buy For You 234

EDISON MARSHALL

MADE Alaska a land of love and loveliness to hundreds of thousands of readers who followed "THE MISSIONARY" in the pages of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. And all those who like their heroes to be two-fisted fighting men will be glad to know that his newest story

Begins in July

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Your new Star Ham for breakfast will have

a finer flavor

Armour brings you Fixed* Flavor, achieved through the amazing new *"double-f"* process

TOMORROW, bring your briskest appetite to breakfast. For Armour and Company has developed and perfected a new and wonderful process for Star Hams . . . a method assuring *uniformity* of flavor in every melting mouthful, regardless of the size of the ham. Armour has attempted to "gild the lily" . . . to better previous "bests." Millions agree we have succeeded.

"Double-f" means Fixed* Flavor, a new process of flavor-control that revises all your notions of how good, how truly excellent, ham *can* be. We begin with the livestock itself. Only one, fat, corn-fed rascal out of many is eligible to wear the Star brand.

The heart of the "double-f" process is Armour's new method of curing and smoking. The ingredients of the curing "pickle" . . . the time and temperature of the cure . . . these have been brought to a new high standard of perfection that would thrill the professional chef, who knows the value of proportions.

The cure is followed by slow, thermostatic smoking in smouldering hickory, redolent of the October forests. Here, again, the experience of years contributes to that uniformity of taste known as Fixed* Flavor.

One fragrant whiff of Armour's Star Ham, and your appetite is tugging at the bit, impatient for a *taste* of such tempting food.

Buy one of these marvelous Star Hams today. Notice how plump and healthy-looking it is. When you slice it, notice its fine pink color . . . its nice layer of white fat . . . the little streaks of fat running from bone to outer layer, like a river and its tributaries, with just the right proportion of fat to lean.

Speak right out for Star Ham by name. Say "Star"—and *mean* it. Meanwhile, mail the coupon for "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Armour and Company, Chicago.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM *

with the Fixed* Flavor

A brand-new ham flavor —delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper.

© 1930

Dept. A-6, *Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name_____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

"I Want To Build A Home"

Drawing by Clara Elsene Peck

THE very essence of Good Housekeeping's creed is contained in the following paragraphs, whose authorship is unknown to us:

I want to build a house to endure. A house of generous size and low-flung roofs, caressed by the gentle shade of great trees, where Permanence and Strength shall be reflected. A house where little voices may babble in the ecstasy of babyhood and little people grow to the full blush of youth, and, in the fulness of Time, come to maturity, and age, and grow old, and nod, and sleep. A house where my children's children shall be nourished and fed and protected by these same walls which have sheltered and protected me.

I want to build these little lives which have rooted in the garden-soil of my soul so that they, too, shall endure. Build them so that they shall know the glory that Love is, the joy that Happiness is, the peace that Contentment is. I want to root them in the eternal truths, and nourish them with the true ideals of usefulness and service. I want to build them unafraid—gentle as the daisies nodding in the fields, sturdy as the rock-ribbed hills, strong as Love.

I want to build a garden where Loveliness dwells. A garden where the lingering pictures in Memory's eye come into being, and all the dreams I have dreamed of Paradise nestle at my feet in my own dooryard. A garden where mine enemy dare not come lest he, too, be charmed into forgiveness! A garden where the divine laboratory of Eternity lies in my hand and speaks in untold tones the delights, the mysteries, the wonders of the Hand behind it all.

I want to build a home where Love will dwell. A home valued not by the dollars it cost, or the richness of materials or furnishings going into it, so much as by the happiness it has created. A home which has grown dear and near because of the stress and storm it has weathered, the tears it has dried, the smiles it has caused. A home where patience and effort and denial have brought their treasures of happiness and contentment and peace. A home where love comes like the fluttering dove and perches and dwells—unwilling to search elsewhere.

I want to build a home!

There are in the house so beautifully described those intangible things that no architect can blueprint, no builder achieve: the things of the spirit that flee from pretence and mere show, that troop in with sincerity. It is just such a home as this that Good Housekeeping would like to help its readers build.

William Frederick Bigelow, Editor

Sterling Gifts for the Bride's Ensemble

In the new Lady Diana pattern, see how the lovely flowing lines of the flatware are repeated in the coffee-set. This same spiritual kinship is found throughout the flat silver and hollowware of every Towle Sterling pattern.

(Right) The design motif which characterizes the very charming Virginia Carval pattern by Towle is repeated in the candlestick shown at the right, as well as in all the other serving pieces—the bowls, the dishes, the tea and coffee services.

Emily Post, famous author of "Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage," standard reference on all matters pertaining to weddings, outlines briefly in a new and charming brochure the more important modern wedding conventions.

Ask the jeweler, or the bride herself, to tell you the name of her Sterling pattern, and choose your gift in that pattern, so that it will help the bride maintain the perfect table ensemble that is achieved only when the silver is of the same pattern throughout. This is possible in patterns of Towle Sterling—complete harmony from tiniest coffee spoon and almond dish to the lovely bowls, compotes, serving spoons, and tea and coffee services.

TŌWLE

STERLING SILVER EXCLUSIVELY

The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. H-6, Newburyport, Mass. I enclose 25¢ in coin or stamps, to pay mailing and handling costs, for Emily Post's "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

My jeweler is_____

In using advertisements see page 6

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S INDEX of ADVERTISEMENTS

"The Buying Directory of the American Home"

This is Your Guaranty

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S policy is to make its advertising pages a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy source of information.

Before it accepts the advertising of any product, Good Housekeeping carefully investigates its merit. Products which come within the testing scope of Good Housekeeping Institute or the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health must be tested and approved before they may be advertised in Good Housekeeping. These products are marked with a star (★) in the advertising pages.

Good Housekeeping, further, examines every advertisement offered to it for publication and makes every effort to assure itself that essential claims are justified.

AND THIS IS YOUR GUARANTY: If you purchase a product advertised in Good Housekeeping and find it unsatisfactory, we will carefully investigate your complaint. If the product is defective it will be replaced or your money refunded.

Page

Apparel, Clothing, Shoes, Etc.

Beltx 230
Bride's Book 232
Carter's Infants' Wear 286
Charis Foundation Garment 268
Miss Croed Maternity Frocks 246
Kickernick Undergarments 269
Lane Bryant Maternity Apparel 249
Simmons Chains & Necklaces 276
Spencer Corsets, etc. 217
Vanta Baby Garments 265
Ware's Youth-Form Girdle 232
Winget Kickernick Co. 269

Shoes, Hosiery, Footwear, Etc.

Bass Moccasins for Women, etc. 232
Bemberg Hosiery 144
Hood Canvas Shoes, etc. 210
Keds 256

Automobiles & Accessories

Comfy-Safe Auto Seat 228
Ethyl Gasoline 127
Ford Cars ..... Opp. 126
Gordon Motor Crib 251
Mishlell 145
Simonix & Simonis Kleener 159
Texaco Gasoline—Motor Oil ..... Opp. 159

Baby Comforts, Child Care, Etc.

Baby-Bottle-Kit 230
Carter's Infants' Wear 286
Comfy-Safe Auto Seat 228
Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia 197
Foods for Infants ..... See Food Products
Gordon Motor Crib & Bassinet 251
Health & Happiness Club 238, 250
Hygeia Nursing Bottle 242
Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap & Cream 191
Lace Sterilized Baby Powder 230
Lloyd Baby Carriages 229
Pyrex Nursing Bottles 238
Safety 242
Trimble Nurseryland Furniture 242
Vanta Baby Garments 265

Bedding & Household Linens, Etc.

Boott Cotton 231
Cannon Towels ..... Opp. 198
Colonial Coverlets 228
Kenwood Blankets ..... Opp. 252
Dolly Madison Bed Spreads 248
Martex Towels, etc. 200
Safe-Bath Mat 249
Utica Parcelltint Sheets & Cases ..... Opp. 217
Wamsutta Percale Sheets & Cases 198

Building, Plumbing, Heating, Etc.

Building Booklets etc. (Better Homes & Gardens) 229
Chase Copper Water Tube 263
Church Sani-Seats 263
T/N One Piece Water Closet 264

China, Glass, Silverware, Etc.

Community Silver ..... Opp. 194
Copeland & Thompson 180
Fostoria Glassware ..... 3rd Cover
Gorham Sterling Silver 181
Heisey's Glassware 177
International Sterling Silver 191
Pewter—International Silver Co. 131
Pewter by Poole 240
Pyrex Oven Glassware 212
1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate ..... Opp. 149
Sloan Lock Crystal Ware 227
Spode China & Porcelain 180
Tarnish Proof Silverware Chest 240
Towle Sterling Silver 5
Vaughan Pewter 238

Druggists' Supplies & Toilet Articles

Elizabeth Arden's Beauty Preparations 160
Arm & Hammer Baking Soda 110
Bathasweet 262
Bauer & Black Druggist Supplies 210
Beltx 230
Eugène Permanent Wave Sachet 164
Forhan's ..... Opp. 165
Fuller Flesh Brush ..... Opp. 285
Freezone 244
Glover's Mange Medicine, Soap, etc. 247
Heck Deodorant 246
Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 259
Ipana Tooth Paste 262
Johnson's Baby Powder, etc. 191
Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil 245
Kleenex Cleansing Tissues 124
Kotex 192
Kruck Beauty Preparations 246
Laco Baby Powder 230
Liquid Silmerine 242
Listerine 152
Listerine Tooth Paste 125
Lux Toilet Soap 170
Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder 271
Mello-Glo Face Powder 275
Modess Compact 172
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo 170
Mum 285
Packer's Tar Soap, etc. 190
Pebeco Tooth Paste 112
Pepsodent 199
Pinaud's Cream & Powder 192
Pond's Cream, etc. 112
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes 201
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm 246
Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads 242
Squibb's Home Necessities ..... Opp. 174
Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum 152
Stirlsol 230
Unguentine 236, 245
"Vaseline" Jelly 188
Wildroot Wave Set 230
Woodbury's Facial Soap, etc. 167
Yardley's English Lavender Soap, etc. 267
Zonite 246

Electrical Appliances & Equipment

Air-Way Sanitary System 169
Bell System Telephones 229
Cincinnati Victor Co. 249
Edicraft Speed Toaster 214
Frigidaire ..... Opp. 24
General Electric Refrigerator ..... Opp. 116
Hoover Electric Cleaner 143
Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range 154
Kelvinator 172
KitchenAid 208
Landaire Electric Fan 249
[illegible] Aluminum 245
Singer Electric Sewing Machines 218
Telechron Electric Timekeepers 182
Vacuum Cleaner Ventilator 249

Floor Coverings, Etc.

Armstrong's Linoleum 115
Mohawk Rugs & Carpets ..... Opp. 234

Food Products

A-1 Sauce 227
Anglo Corned Beef 239
Arm & Hammer Baking Soda 110
Armour's Star Ham (Fixed* Flavor) 3
[illegible] 121
[illegible] Asparagus 197
[illegible] 243
[illegible] Soups 196
Barnstable Milk 227
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee 132
Clapp's Baby Soups & Strained Foods 196
Cliquot Club Ginger Ale 221
Cocomalt 133
Colman's Mustard 133
Cream of Wheat 171
D & C for making Lemon Pie 255
Del Monte Coffee ..... Opp. 156
Del Monte Sliced Peaches ..... Opp. 237
Dyer & Davis Roast Squab 227
Fleischmann's Yeast 123
Franco-American Spaghetti 1
French's Prepared Mustard 238
Heinz Cooked Spaghetti ..... Opp. 184
Gebhardt's Mexican Chili Powder 187
General Foods Corp. ..... Opp. 121, 129
..... Opp. 146, 267
Gerber's Strained Vegetables 139
Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour ..... Opp. 207
Grape-Nuts 120
Guilden's Mustard ..... Opp. 232
Hellmann's Mayonnaise ..... Opp. 146
Hostess Cakes ..... Opp. 214
Junket ..... Opp. 275
Kaffee Hag Coffee 128
Karo 158
Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee 128
Kemp's Sun-Rayed Tomato Juice 244
Knox Gelatine 173
Lea & Perrins' Sauce 224
Maxwell House Coffee ..... Opp. 151
Mego 238
My-T-Fine Chocolate Dessert 255
Ovaltine 237
Pet Milk ..... Opp. 139
Piggly Wiggly Stores 211
Dr. Price's Vanilla 156
Quaker Puffed Grains 151
Quaker Quick Macaroni 122
R & R Boned Chicken 149
Banks Coffee 267
Shredded Wheat 135
Switzerland Cheese 224
Uneeda Graham Crackers ..... Opp. 187
Van Camp's Catsup 121
G. Washington's Instant Coffee ..... Opp. 272
Wheaties ..... Opp. 207
White Rock Water, etc. 213
Wrigley's Chewing Gum 261

Furniture, Etc.

Kroehler Furniture ..... Opp. 204
Lloyd Furniture 229
Nichols & Stone Windsor Chairs 200
Old Hickory Furniture 251
Rainbow Garden Furnishings 239
Sure-Fit Furniture Slip Covers 233
Trimble Nurseryland Furniture 242

Home Furnishings & Decoration

Bell System Telephones 228
Cincinnati Victor Co. 249
Edicraft Speed Toaster 214
Electrical ..... See Electrical Appliances
Luminaire Electric Fan 249
Oshkosh Trunks 278
Safe-Bath Mat 249
Slip-In Garment Bags 247
Studio Bulletins 248
Sure-Fit Furniture Slip Covers 233
Telechron Electric Clocks 182
Waverly Fabrics 194

Household Supplies & Utensils

Ammonia ..... Opp. 127
Ammol 250
Avon Mirrors, Cakes & Crystals 266
Chamex 202
Dustoricide 238
[illegible] 238
Expello 220
Fuller Brushes ..... Opp. 285
Johnson's Liquid Wax 177
Larvex 258
Lysol 166
Melo 241
Moore Push-less Hangers 242
Moth-Gas Clothes Savers 272
Northern Tissue 174
O-Cedar Spray 262
Old Witch Ammonia 140
Parsons Household Ammonia 140
Plastic Wood 238
Pulvex 245
Putnam Fadeless Dyes 242
Quitz Cleaning Aids 232
Sani-Flush 245
Scott Tissues 168
Slip-In Garment Bags 247
Tarnish Proof Silverware Chest 240
3-In-One 114
Utilivar 234
Wiss Scissors & Shears 162
Zalo & Zee Bathroom Tissues 267

Soaps, Cleansers & Polishes

Bab-O 234
Chipso ..... Opp. 27
Chore Girl 238
Clorox 202
Drano 180
Fels-Naptha Soap 111
Johnson's Liquid Wax 177
Lux 161
Melo 241
Old Dutch Cleanser ..... 2nd Cover
P & G White Naphtha Soap, Bet. 116 & 121
Sani-Flush 245
Super Suds 141
3-in-One Oil 114
20 Mule Team Borax 134

Kitchen Equipment & Utensils

Alcoa Aluminum ..... Opp. 177
Crysteel Porcelain Enamel Table Tops 238
Edicraft Speed Toaster 214
Good Housekeeping Cook Book 280
Good Housekeeping Fruit Jar Rings 243
Good Luck Jar Rubbers 241
Institute Bulletins 231, 240
KitchenAid 208
Monel Metal 163
Pic-Wax Waxed Paper 116
Protexit 240
Pyrex Ovenware 212
Refrigerators ..... See Refrigerators
Remington Household Knives 237
Ritz Cleaning Aids 232
Settlement Cook Book 224
Stoves & Ranges ..... See Stoves
Super-Sleve 241
Tricolator 250
Victor Clean-Air Ventilator 249
Vollrath Drip Coffee Pot, etc. 260

Laundry Equipment & Supplies

Alcoa Aluminum ..... Opp. 177
Bicknell Folding Ironing Table 227
Chipso ..... Opp. 27
Clorox 202
Elastic Starch 241
Fels-Naptha Soap 111
Larvex (Rinsing) 258
Lux 161
Maytag Aluminum Washer 155
Melo 241
Monel Metal Washers 163
P & G White Naphtha Soap, Bet. 116 & 121
Putnam Fadeless Dyes 242
Super Suds 141
20 Mule Team Borax 134

Paints, Varnishes, Etc.

B/C Linoleum Lacquer 249
Bockwith-Chandler Co. 249
Berry Bros. Paints, Varnishes, etc. 264
Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products 165
"61" Quick Drying Enamel 165
Utilivar 234

Refrigerators & Accessories

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator 222
Frigidaire Electric Refrigerator with Hydrator ..... Opp. 24
General Electric Refrigerator ..... Opp. 116
Kelvinator Electric Refrigerator 172
Vollrath Vitaliser 260

Schools (Resident & Correspondent)

Resident Schools & Camps 8-24
Capitol Candy School 241
Home Correspondence School 241
Lewis Hotel Training Schools 232
Lewis Tea Room Institute 249
N. Y. School of Interior Decoration 250
W. Hillyer Ragsdale Candy Making 238

Seeds, Shrubs & Gardening

Antrol 250
Better Homes & Gardens, etc. 229
Doo-Klip Grass Shears & Pruners 252
Double Rotary Junior Sprinkler 250
Rainbow Garden Furnishings 239
Rose [illegible] 250
Snapdragon [illegible] 250

Sewing, Embroidery, Notions, Etc.

Belt [illegible] 230
J. P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. [illegible] 142
McCall Patterns 247
Singer Electric Sewing Machines 218
3-in-One Oil 114
Waverly Fabrics 194
Wiss Scissors 162

Stationery, Books, Gift Cards, Etc.

Adelphia Wedding Invitations 241
Better Homes & Gardens, Booklets, etc. 229
Bride's Book 232
Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia 197
[illegible] Magazine 7
Good Housekeeping Cook Book 280
H. & H. Periodical Service 251
Institute Bulletins 231, 240
Wm. F. Jones Grass Stickers 249
Metropolitan Life Insurance Booklets 126
Montag's Old English Crushed Bond 280
Moore Push-Pins 242
Nut Wedding Invitations 234
Pic-Wax Waxed Paper 116
Settlement Cook Book 224
Studio Bulletins 248

Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Etc.

American Stove Co. ..... Opp. 262
Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range 154
"Magic Chef" Gas Range ..... Opp. 262
Montgomery Ward & Co.—Stoves ..... Opp. 255
Perfection Oil Burning Ranges 243
Robertshaw AutomatiCook 281
Smoothtop Gas Range 209
Windsor Insulated Gas Range ..... Opp. 255

Travel, Tours, Etc.

Oshkosh Trunks 278
Seattle Chamber of Commerce 229

Vacuum Cleaners, Polishers, Etc.

Air-Way Sanitary System 169
Hoover Electric Cleaner 143

Miscellaneous

Aluminum Company of America ..... Opp. 177
American Telephone & Telegraph Co. 228
Better Homes & Gardens 229
Carter Products Corp. 245
Cosmopolitan Magazine 7
Eastman Kodak Co. ..... Back Cover
Eugène Permanent Waves 164
Good Housekeeping Advertisement 270
Good Housekeeping Cook Book 280
Good Housekeeping Subscriptions 244, 251, 280
H & H Periodical Service Co. 251
Health & Happiness Club 238, 250
John A. Hertel Co. 242
Institute Bulletins 231, 240
International Nickel Co., Inc. 163
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. 126
Montgomery Ward & Co. ..... Opp. 255
Oshkosh Trunks 278
Ownership Notice 246
Piggly Wiggly Corporation 211
W. Hillyer Ragsdale 238
Rainbow Club 233
Rock of Ages Memorials 221
Simmons Chains & Necklaces 276
Studio Bulletins 248

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Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan
for June

A CLASS MAGAZINE

WITH MORE THAN 1,600,000 CIRCULATION

In using advertisements see page 6

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Estes Park, Colorado. Forty selected boys under trained leaders. Ride horseback with real cowboys. Attend Cheyenne Rodeo and see all phases of Western frontier life. Nature study, campcraft. Reasonable tuition. Address MR. A. D. PRIMROSE, 1507 Portland Ave., St. Paul, MINN.

CONNECTICUT

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15th Season. At Mystic, Conn. Midway between New York City and Boston. Mrs. Carl Akeley's salt water camp for girls 6-18. All camp activities. Booklet. Address: THE SECRETARY, 87D Eighty-fifth Street, Jackson Heights, NEW YORK.

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The riding camp for boys. Old Mystic, Conn. On Lantern Hill Lake, rich in Indian tradition—5 miles from ocean. Separate Junior Camp. Riding and tutoring included in fee. Tennis, golf, all sports. Illustrated booklet. MR. and MRS. GEORGE FARNHAM, Box G, 2943 Macomb St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

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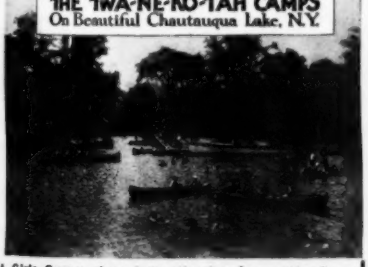

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In this issue this section appears on Page 24.

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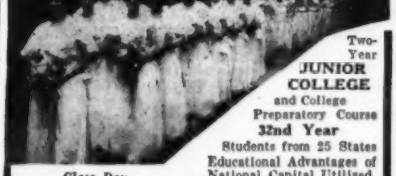

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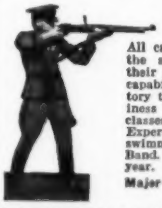

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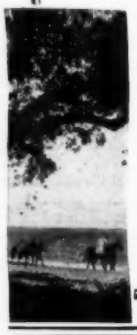

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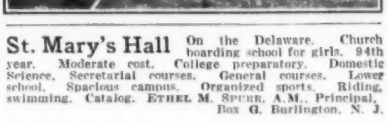

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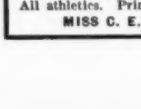

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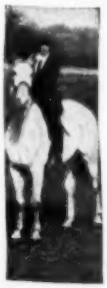

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Registered School of Nursing. Two and one-half years course. Requirements: Four years High School. An allowance of $25 a month is given to defray expenses of uniforms, text-books, etc. Apply SUPT. OF NURSES, St. John's Long Island City Hospital, Long Island City, N. Y.

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A New Grouping *for* Schools *of* Nursing

Hereafter the announcements of schools of nursing will be grouped separately, as in this issue.

This new grouping is prompted by the belief that since schools of nursing, by their very nature, fall into a class distinct from all other schools, a separate classification will facilitate reference to Good Housekeeping's school pages by those readers who are interested solely in courses training for the nursing profession.

Any of the schools of nursing represented on this page will be glad to send you a catalog and full information about courses.

All of the training schools whose announcements appear in Good Housekeeping are registered schools, and therefore require the completion of at least one year of high school work for admission.

The minimum educational requirements of each school are given in the announcements, or will be found in the catalogs.

We suggest that you give the schools to which you write a brief outline of your high school work.

Now you can have crisper vegetables and better salads .. For today Frigidaire is equipped with the HYDRATOR

. . . a new moist-air compartment that makes vegetables crisp, firm, and delightfully full-flavored. Mail the coupon for our new, free salad recipe book today

The "Cold Control"

THE new Frigidaire Hydrator freshens your vegetables with the magic effect of chilly dew on a growing garden. It makes celery crisp and tender—lettuce fresh and brittle—tomatoes firm and full of flavor. And it does more than that. It makes it far easier for you to prepare vegetables for the table.

No longer need you go through your refrigerator selecting vegetables and salad materials first from one shelf and then another. You can keep *all* your celery, lettuce, tomatoes and similar vegetables in the Hydrator *ready for instant use.*

Every household Frigidaire is now equipped with the Hydrator. In addition, each new model has the famous "Cold Control"—a device that speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.

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RECIPE BOOK NOW SENT FREE

We have just prepared a special, salad recipe book which also gives full details about the Hydrator. The recipes are new and different and the facts about the Hydrator are interestingly told. May we send you this book, together with a copy of the new Frigidaire catalog—free? The coupon will bring both books without the slightest obligation.

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9-693

Address.....
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Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers

"Chipso suds hold up better . . and my clothes stay whiter"

With ten in my family, imagine my weekly wash! And oh, the time I've wasted getting a good suds (or else keeping it) with all kinds of soaps and powders. Now I've found that Chipso is so much easier to use and the suds hold up better . . .

You know how dirty children's clothes get. Well, Chipso's good rich suds make my children's clothes much whiter—and with less time in my machine. Chipso means much to me and goes farther in dollars and cents, too. —Mrs. G. S. B., St. Louis, Mo.

"Rich suds—whiter clothes in less time." I love to get letters from enthusiastic Chipso users like Mrs. G. S. B.

And she is quite right. Chipso is *made* to be a time-saver. It comes in thin flakes so that you get suds quickly. But even more important—it is made of especially rich materials, so you get a rich, *long-lasting* suds.

A practical test for your soap

Of course, you and I can't judge how much real help a soap will give just by looking at fresh new suds in the tub or machine.

We really must go farther. Put in the clothes. Stir them about a bit, and *then!* Do the suds die—all worn out by their first contact with dirt? (Many soaps act like this, so you know they can't be rich enough.)

Or do the suds "stand up"—thick and velvety, ready to remove the dirt? If they are Chipso suds, they *do* "stand up." They start at once to remove the dirt quickly and safely—and they *keep on working.*

Before I got my washing machine I found that a short Chipso soaking removed most of the dirt and saved hard rubbing. Now Chipso saves my time and power bills.

"Goes farther in dollars and cents"

Because Chipso is such a rich soap, it goes farther. Usually, I get about 5, certainly 4, washes out of the big 25¢ box. And that is more than thrifty especially when you think how much time and work Chipso can save.

Ruth Turner

And here's an important postscript . . .

Have you tried the new Chipso Granules for dishes? They wash your dishes by a new speedy 1, 2, 3 method

I can't explain all the scientific facts that make these new Chipso Granules the speediest dishwashing soap I've ever tried. But I will say that they are *ready-prepared for dishwashing.* Chipso Granules are rich, lasting Chipso suds in *steam-dried form.* And they wash dishes like magic:

1. You merely add hot water to a tablespoonful of Granules. And there are your suds! Special, rich suds.
2. Let dishes soak a moment—grease and stickiness vanish. A swish or two and your dishes are clean.
3. A hot rinse—no wiping. Dishes dry with an extra sparkle.

Chipso Granules are economical to use too. You use very little because these *compact* suds are so rich. A 25¢ box will wash all your dishes for about a month.

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Important! Chipso—Now in 2 Forms—*Flakes* and *Granules*

Illustrated By Guy Hoff

Three Wishes for A Bride

By Kathleen Gardner

I wish you Happiness—
Not just the kind that bubbles up,
But happiness that is a quiet peace
Within your heart.
Trials will come—
They always do—but somehow
They will go away because that peace
Of happiness is there.

I wish you Faith—
Not the fair-weather kind of faith,
But faith that faces the blackest sky
And says, "I trust."

I wish you Understanding.
So many dreams are shattered, petal-like,
Because we do not try to see the other side.
If we would open our self-blinded eyes
We would see what they see—and, seeing,
We would understand.

My three wishes for you.
I do not wish you Fame, or Power, or Gold,
But I think what share of these
That comes your way
Will be the brighter and the dearer,
And still more sweet,
Because these other three belong to you.

Nobody knew how Bubba pure craved to ride on the merry-go-round—nor how his errand-running had been delayed while he feasted his hungry eyes on its splendors

The DIAMOND RING

BUBBA sat by the hearth near the bright, hot fire where Nancy's irons were heating.

Nancy, Bubba's young-looking adopted mother, was ironing for herself, now that the clothes she had washed and ironed for the white people at the Big House were all done. The split basket which held them was in the corner, piled high with smooth, clean garments carefully covered over with a sheet to keep dust from touching them until Bubba carried them back to the Big House where they belonged.

Nancy was guiding a hot iron carefully over a small, shining, pink length of satin, and the white lace that edged it became thin and beautiful as the iron's point pressed it smooth. When it was finished, she held up the ironed piece. Her eyes shone, her sweaty face beamed with a tender smile, as the white lace fell like foam among its cloudy pink folds.

"Look, Bubba. Did you ever see anything like dis shimmy? Great Gawd, it's a pure pity I's got to wear it underneath my top clothes. But it'll be next to my skin. When I walk up dat church aisle to-morrow night at de Sunday-school convention down de country, I'll pure strut. De people won' see dis lace and pink satin, but I'll feel 'em, and I'll know I'm de pure, high-falutin stuff. Yes, Lawd, I'll know it good and well."

Bubba looked, then he turned his eyes sadly away and gazed at the bright flames that fluttered so gaily over the oak wood. He was too down-hearted to speak. He was too weary to carry that heavy basket of clothes all the way to the Big House. He had cut all the wood for Nancy's ironing, and the short-handled old ax was dull. He had brought the sticks in all by himself, and the wood was heavy. Its weight made his back ache and his breath cut off short, as he struggled to tote the big armfuls across the yard from the woodpile up the five back steps. The steps almost broke down with the wood's weight as he came up them; yet when he dropped the wood on the hearth, because it was too heavy to lay gently down, and the ashes flew up about him and made the room gray with their dust, Nancy had bawled out as she shook a hot iron at him:

"Quit you' crazy doins', boy! Look how you scatterin' ashes all over me and my clothes. You don' see me a tryin' to git

Illustrated by Jules Gotlieb

Julia Peterkin's

Delightful Story of a Little Good Boy Gone Wrong

ready for de Sunday-school convention? If I wasn' so busy, I'd stop an' beat you wid one o' dem same sticks o' wood. Beat you good. Git de broom. Sweep up de hearth. Sweep up de floor. Sweep 'em easy, too. If you stir up any more ashes, I'll skin you."

As he swept the floor carefully, he knew nobody loved him. Nobody cared if he was weary. Nobody understood how he pure craved to ride on the merry-go-round yonder at the landing by the river. Nobody knew how many times his errand-running had been delayed while he feasted his hungry eyes on its splendors. But riding on that merry-go-round cost money, and he had no money. One little short ride cost ten cents, two nickels.

To mount one of those red horses that galloped round and round, lifting their feet and beating time to the beautiful tunes which sang out so loud and fine, took cold, hard cash, and he had none. Nancy would give him none. She said it was a sin to waste money.

"Aun' Nancy, after I take de clothes home, couldn' I ride one time on de merry-go-round?" he risked timidly.

"Shut you' mouth, Bubba. I done told you no. You would fall off and break you' neck, den I'd have to stay home to bury you 'stead o' gwine to de convention."

Tears filled his eyes. He knew how to ride. He had ridden mules bareback many a time when they went to the fields to plow, or to the spring to drink. He had ridden the bull yearling, the son of Nancy's brindle milch cow; and that bull yearling was contrary and hard to rule, with no bit nor bridle to hold him to the path.

The merry-go-round horses had bridles, and saddles with stirrups. Of course, he could ride them, he could ride them as well as anybody, but when he asked Nancy for one lone dime, just one little thin dime, she said no. She made like she was afraid. She said the beautiful merry-go-round was a foolish contraption; he could ride on it all day and never get anywhere. Besides, it would kill him sure as the world, and he would be no good to her dead. To bury him would cost money. She wanted him to stay alive. She had worked hard to raise him. When his mammy ran off with that

strange man and left him, and his daddy left him, too, to fend for himself, she took him and fed him and clothed him. For all that his mammy or his daddy cared, Bubba might be in the bottom of the river right now, feeding catfish and eels. He ought to thank God he was big enough to pay her back for some of her trouble. He could never do enough to pay her back, but he could try; yes, he could try.

For him to pester her for a dime to waste riding on a merry-go-round was pure wickedness when she hardly had money enough to go on the boat to the Sunday-school convention. The thing played sinful tunes. She would not even listen at them. Bubba had better be thankful that he had clothes to cover his nakedness and a good bed to sleep in; that plenty of sweet potatoes were roasting in those ashes for him to eat; that he would not grow up to be a measly runt for lack of good victuals and good treatment; that he would grow up to be a Christian boy because he had a Christian lady to raise him.

"GO ON an' take dem clothes home. When you git to de Big House, put de basket down, git de money, but don' tarry. Don' wait for 'em to count de clothes. Dey might miss dis shimmy. I ain' takin' de shimmy to keep, I'm just borrowing 'em. I'll wear 'em easy. I ain't gwine hurt 'em. When I git back from de Sunday-school convention, I'll wash 'em and iron 'em nice, and I'll put 'em in dat same basket and send 'em straight back where it belongs, right yonder to de Big House."

She smiled as she folded the shimmy carefully. "I wouldn' steal nothing, not for de whole world. Stealing is a sin, Bubba. People what steals goes to hell, straight to hell. Don't you never steal, son. It's a sin. A awful sin."

Bubba sighed. His heart ached in his breast. The scalloped newspaper covering the mantel shelf rustled in the heat which rose from the bright wood fire, but tears blurred his sight so he could hardly see it or the glass kerosene lamp whose smoked shade and half-filled bowl told how late Nancy burned it last night. Bina's Sunday shoes shining on the mantel beside the lamp were dim, too. Nancy had borrowed these to wear to the convention, since they were new and Nancy's own shoes were rusty and worn. Next to the shoes were Nancy's cold cob pipe and her half-empty sack of tobacco. She had not taken time to fill and light the pipe since noon. That was why she was so nervish and short-patienced now.

"I wish I could ride just one time," Bubba sobbed.

"You's de biggest fool I ever seen, Bubba. Dem horses ain't a Gawd's thing but wood."

"Dey got manes and tails; dey got saddles; de saddles is got stirrups what swings all out and in when de horses gallops round and round to de music."

"Do shut you' mouth and stop you' cryin', Bubba," Nancy scolded. "Sometimes I think you ain' got all, de way you sets still and don' move. Wipe dat water out you' eyes befo' I lick you. You's too big to cry."

Nancy sniffed with scorn. "Go feed de chickens and pick up some chips, den hurry an' take dese clothes home. Soon as de boat comes, you got to go to de post-office and git a package for me. My cousin Sue yonder to town promised to lend me de loan of her diamond ring to wear to de Sunday-school convention. She ought to had sent it on de boat last week, but it ain' come. It's bound to come on de boat dis evenin', but I ain't got time to go git 'em. You got to go git 'em for me. So hurry and do all what you got to do. Go feed de chickens first thing, den come get de basket of clothes, an' I'll tell you what to say to de post-office man. Go on now. I ain' got time to talk to you no more. Feed de fowls good. I needs plenty of eggs."

Bubba stumbled to his feet and his heart beat with quick, glad strokes. He would not mind carrying the heavy basket of clothes now that he could see the merry-go-round when he went to the post-office. He could look at it and hear its music, even if he could not mount a fine horse nor sit in one of its beautiful gold chariots.

He hurried to the corn barn and opened the door, quickly picked out three ears of corn from the pile and shucked them, then called the fowls to come eat. The rough grains felt good against his palms as he shelled them. If only they'd turn to dimes! Then he could ride a hundred times. As he scattered the grain over the ground for the flock of greedy hens, he laughed to see how they pushed and pecked each other. They had no manners at all. Old Becky, the domineck hen, pecked and pushed worse than any, yet she did not swallow a grain for she gave all she got to her children. If his mother had only been like Becky, then she would have stayed here with him, and she would have given him a dime to ride on the merry-go-round; but she had gone off with a strange man and left him.

"What you doin', Bubba?" Nancy shouted from the back door. "You done give de fowls a plenty. Pick up some chips now, den come take de basket of clothes home. De sun's droppin'. De boat'll soon be a blowin'."

HE CLOSED the corn barn door and latched it, then walked toward the wood pile where the old dull axe lay. Afternoon sunshine made the whole world bright. The logs of wood and chips shone. The fig and pomegranate trees were gold. The earth covering the sweet potato banks in the garden glowed red. The wide, dark leaves of the collard greens glistened. Red, green, gold. Those were the merry-go-round colors. But no music rang out here. He could hear nothing but bird songs, the wind rustling in the trees, the rush of the spring branch falling over into the deep duck-dam gully.

When a long, clear boat whistle sounded from the far bend in the river, Bubba roused. He must hurry. He could hear the boat chugging up against the tide, fetching cloth, and boxes of groceries, tobacco, and store-bought bread, and Nancy's diamond ring.

He ran to the house, took the five tottering back steps in two bounds, then stood patiently listening to Nancy's directions. His ears listened carefully. They marked every word Nancy spoke. He was to take the clothes home, get 75 cents, tie the money carefully in the corner of the pocket handkerchief Nancy gave him, then hurry to the post-office. He must wait until the other people had got their mail, so they would not hear him ask for the ring. He must stand outside the little square window where the post-office man handed the letters through and ask for a package for Miss Nancy Pineset.

When he got the package he was to make haste home. A diamond ring is a terribly costly thing. That ring cost 20 dollars, probably. As much as an acre of cotton; as much as a good milch cow; as much as all that corn in the corn barn. The package would be small, so he must hold it tight in both his hands. He must not trust to put it in his pocket. The package might drop out and get lost, then he and Nancy would be ruined forever. He must trust to nothing but his own two hands to hold that diamond ring. He must not stop to look at the merry-go-round. He must hurry home. Not too fast. Too much hurrying might make him miss and drop the ring, and if he let a soul know what was inside the package, she would skin him alive as soon as he got home.

BUBBA promised everything, then with the heavy basket of clothes balanced on his head he went down the path, singing at the top of his voice,

"Go down, Moses,
'Way down in Egypt land;
Tell old Pharoah
To let my people go."

His steps kept time with the words, so did his flopping pants as they swung about his thin legs. Briars stuck his bare toes, but he hardly felt them. A thorny wild plum scratched at his face, but he did not heed it. He could not ride, he must not look, but he could hear the merry-go-round music.

Yellow jessamine blossoms brightened up the thickets, and flocks of redbirds streaked the shadows. The smell of spring filled the air. Shy nonpareils darted in and out of the brushwood. Partridges whistled tempting calls. Bubba hurried on past them all, past everything, for his heart was full of the merry-go-round.

On he went, following the crooked path, then the wider, straighter road. Past the "Praise House" where the Christian people said prayers to God every Wednesday night; past the level black fields whose lately plowed sandy loam smelled sweet; past the great, moss-hung oaks filled with yellow tassels, and the tall, smooth-barked pines which hummed a gentle song. The road was less rough and winding than the path, and as he neared the Big House, it turned aside and showed glimpses of yellow marsh blossoms shining along the edge of the river's dark tide-water stream.

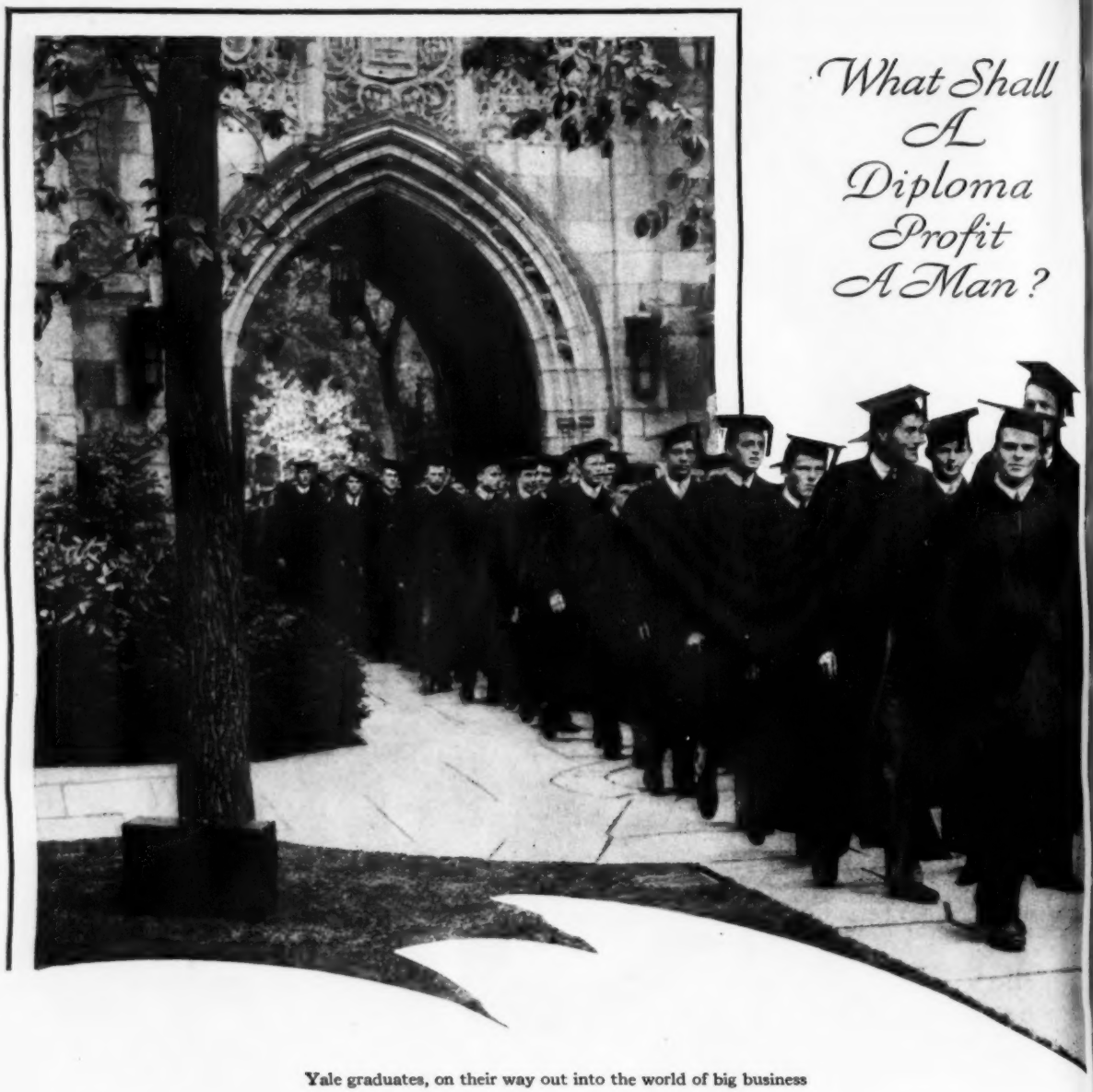
He went to the back door without minding the bird dogs which barked and growled at him. Always before they had scared him nearly to death, but not to-day. He felt brave to-day.

When he got the money, two quarters, two dimes, one nickel, he tied it up in the corner of Nancy's kerchief, then hurried away, wishing one of those dimes belonged to him, but remembering that stealing was a sin which would send him to hell. Aunt Nancy said so, and she knew.

It was not long before he could see the post-office with its (*Continued on page 170*)

BA stood humbly before Nancy, holding up his mouth for her to kiss. Then he ly fell over, for his eyes caught the sparkle of a diamond ring on her plump hand

What Shall A Diploma Profit A Man?



Yale graduates, on their way out into the world of big business

SOME twenty-seven years ago this June, a young man sat alone in his room in a college fraternity house, surrounded by the litter of his personal effects. Outside, the lingering twilight had faded gradually into darkness. The windows were open, and a bit of breeze drifted idly in to rustle the papers on the desk; but it carried with it none of the familiar campus sounds. The streets, which only the day before had sparkled with the colorful costumes of alumni, and the faces of pretty girls, were now deserted. The fraternity house was silent as a morgue.

During the morning our young friend had finished up the business incident to his management of the baseball team. In the afternoon he had begun the doleful process of packing up his belongings and cleaning out his desk. The drawers of the desk were a mass of memories.

All the letters from his mother were there, with their bits of news about the family, their fond assurances of trust and affection, and, carefully concealed but still evident to him, the reflection of the sacrifice which had been necessary in order that he, the only boy, might become a college man. There was the menu of the banquet following his initiation into the fraternity—the proud night when he was made a brother in the bonds with the giants of older days who had stepped out of college to become Senators and Judges and famous authors and leaders of business. There were all his note-books with the professors' marks, which had grown better in the last two years, until his average grade had entitled him to the coveted key of Phi Beta Kappa. Finally, there was a copy of the college paper reporting the results of the ballot taken by the members of his class. Jim Frazer had been voted the handsomest man; Joe Hazelton was the laziest; Shorty Curtis was the biggest bluffer, and he himself was "the man who had done most for the college" and "the man most likely to succeed."

When he came across this paper, he stopped his packing, and lighted his pipe, and sat down to stare at the empty fireplace. The irony of it! How little they knew about him, these companions who had shared his life so closely for four years! What would have been their vote if they could have looked into his heart?

They had seen the outward evidences of his progress, but no one knew that the sickness which had put him into the hospital for a week in February had left him nervous and sleepless and worried.

He was afraid; weakly, terribly afraid. The four years which had cost his parents so much, and on which they had built such brilliant hopes, were over, and for what? Where was he going from here? He cursed the earnestness that had driven him to try to do so much, only to leave him on the edge of a nervous break-down. He cursed his own versatility. He could do many things after a fashion, but he was not trained to do any one thing well. He envied the slower, single-track-minded men who had no fatal gift of imagination. Men like Joe Gordon, who knew from the start

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Bruce Barton

Answers Every Graduate's Question in This Survey of the Promised Land Beyond the

SHEEPSKIN BLUES

that he was going to step out of college into a job in his father's store; or Hi Mix, who had got himself engaged in his Junior year and had only one simple idea—to grab any job that came along and marry as soon as he was earning $50 a week.

They had never taken things hard, these others. Life offered no problems for them. They knew their limitations. They were not troubled with any silly notion that they should try for big things. Give them a job and a wife, and money enough so that they could get back to reunions—that was life for them. And he who had "done most for the college," who was "most likely to succeed," who wanted a career—what was his equipment? Shattered health. No specific training. No job.

All during Commencement Week he had looked hopefully from one group of alumni to another. Surely one of these presidents, or general managers, or directors, ought to need a bright young graduate who was "most likely to succeed." They had been kind enough. They had complimented him on his record and told him that he had done a lot for the fraternity's prestige. They asked him what he was going to do, and when he answered that he had no definite plans he waited eagerly for one of them to say, "Why don't you come down to New York and talk to me?" or "We could use you in Boston." But they never said it. They wished him good luck and passed on their way. . . .

So he sat alone in the darkness, pulling on his pipe which had gone out, and looking into the fireplace which held no fire. He realized that his nerves were responsible for his depression. He was ashamed of himself. With a sudden impulse, he stood up and walked out onto the street that led to the college hill. There, under the stars, he said good-by to the shabby old dormitory which had been his home in Freshman year, and to the ancient chapel whose walls had looked down upon the bowed heads of a hundred classes. Dingy buildings, both of them, but in the silver of the summer moon they gleamed. Behind the gymnasium he stood for a while looking out across the valley to the dim, silent shapes of the distant mountains. The moon was rising. He quoted to himself:

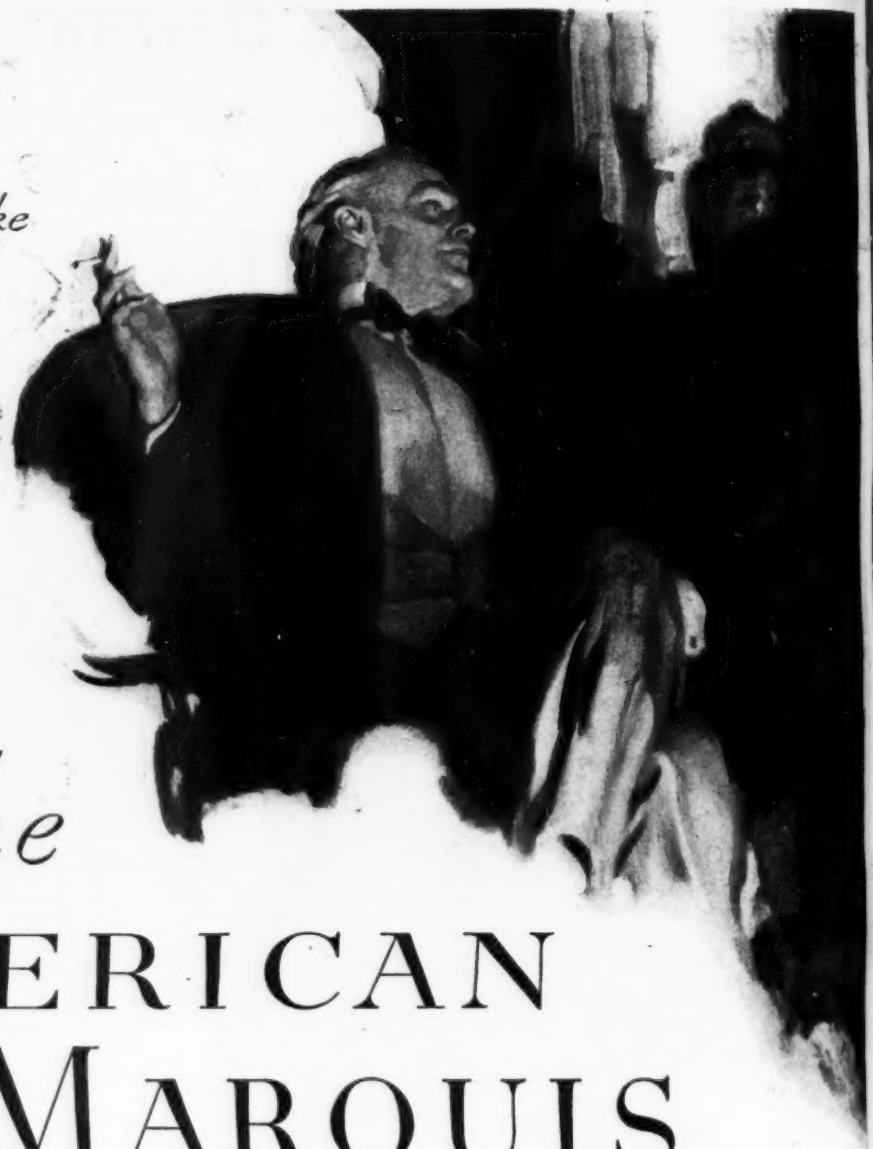
" 'Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden—and for *one*
in vain!' "

He realized that he was crying, and he hated himself for it. But everything seemed too hopeless. He had come to the end of his training for life. By all the traditions he should be stepping out confidently into the waiting world. And he was sick, and old, and fitted for nothing.

It was years afterward that I heard this story from the lips of the man himself. We were seated in his office when he told it, and I was preparing to write an article about him for a magazine.

From the college campus that night he went to the nearest city and hired himself out as a laborer on a railroad. Little by little, the hard outdoor work steeled his muscles. His (*Continued on page 247*)

Those Who Like Their Romance Spiced With A Bit Of Humor Will Be Sure to Love



The AMERICAN MARQUIS

It Began in America:

JUDGE MARLEBONE was reading the evening mail—not exactly a pleasant task, you might have thought, if you had seen the proportion of the letters that began and ended with just two words—"Please remit." But the Judge was ever hopeful, and time had given him an enviable capacity for forgetting the annoyances of life and concentrating instead on the improbable miracles.

Now, for instance, as he read with infinite care the prospectus of the Golden Mirage Mines, the rosy promises gave him a warm feeling of optimism about other shares which had long reposed in his desk, shares which never, of course, had paid a dividend on their munificent promises—but which, equally of course, might begin at any time.

Slowly, methodically, the Judge's paper-knife slit the letters. Grandma was knitting in the window. Aunt Josephine was consulting with the girls—Coral and Alicia—over Coral's costumes for the Senior play at the Belleview Normal—a matter which somehow soon involved the whole field of spring fashions. In the kitchen Mizpah was singing "Roll, Jordan, Roll"—so they knew she was cleaning the knives...

An evening just like every evening in Belleview.

Only, between one moment and the next, it became an evening different from any that had ever gone before or would ever come again. Suddenly the Judge said, "Good Lord!" And while the family gathered around he read a letter to them in a voice he vainly tried to steady!

"Owing to an unexpected series of deaths in the Marlebone family, we have the honour to advise you that on the 17th instant, you became the sole legal heir of the estates and titles of the late Marquis of Marlebone . . .

"One of our firm will shortly have the additional honour of calling upon you with further and fuller details...

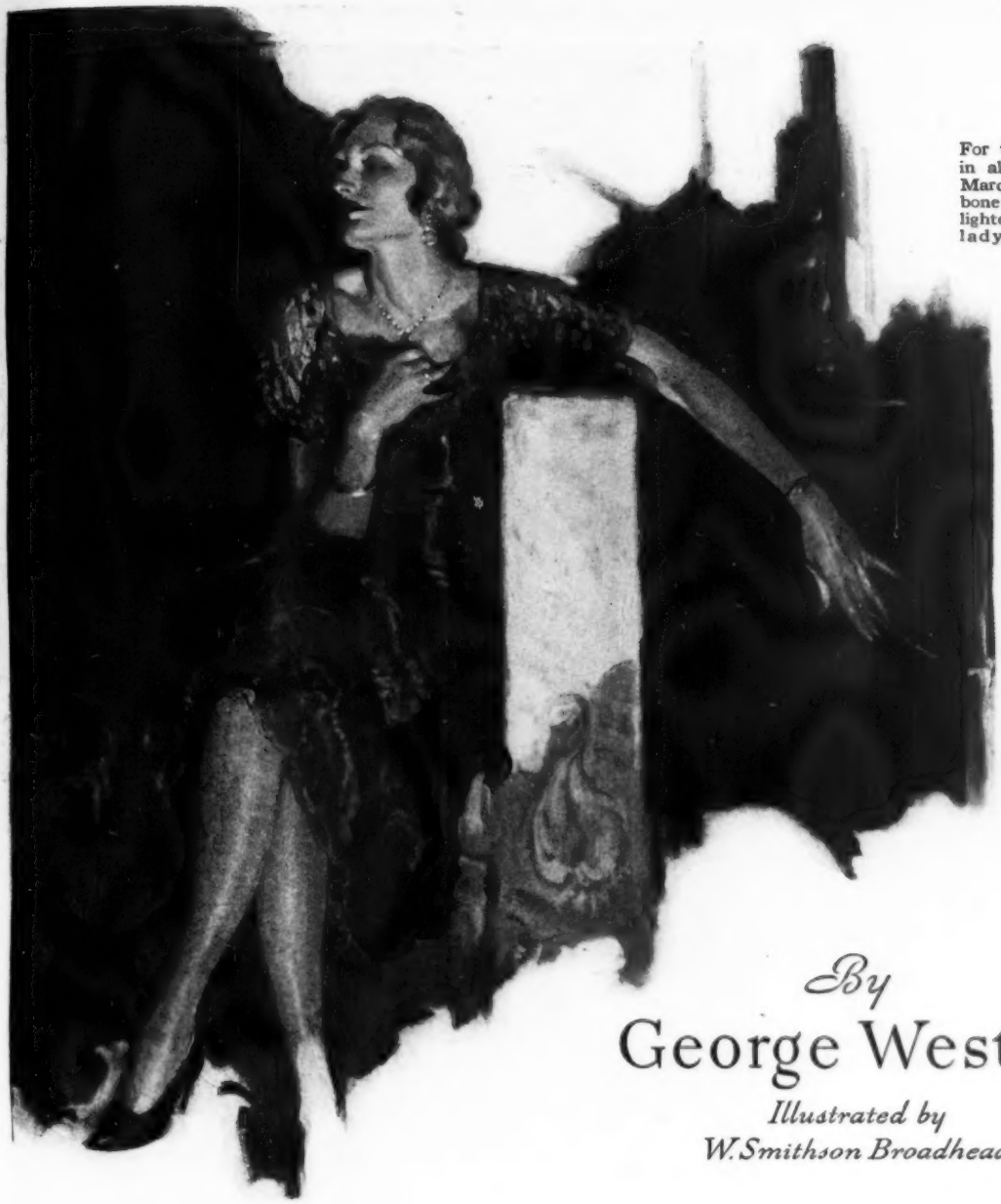
"Cheltenham & Chilthorn, Solicitors, Temple Bar Inn, London."

It was strange. Every vague, intangible scheme the Judge had ever had for making money had seemed perfectly real to him He had believed implicitly in all of them Now, this *was* real—and he could not believe it at all. No one could believe it.

Perhaps no one ever would have believed it if Mr. Chilthorn, ancient and honorable solicitor of the Marlebone family, had not called in person to confirm the tidings—following so closely upon his letter that it seemed as if he must have been waiting outside until he saw the postman deliver it.

And he did more than confirm it. He left a check—a check for more money than had been seen in the Marlebone home for many a year—a check that would take the Judge all the way to England—after settling a few of the most pressing accounts.

But Josephine had been thinking of the effect which it would have upon the other



For the first time in all his life the Marquis of Marlebone had held a lighted match to a lady's cigarette

By

George Weston

Illustrated by
W. Smithson Broadhead

teachers at the Normal School if she spent the summer at Marlebone Towers—the guest of her brother, the Marquis.

"Don't worry about my expenses, Lucius," she said. "I can pay my way."

"And so can I," said Alicia, who worked in the book store.

"I can't," said poor Coral, and all the joy suddenly went out of her life.

"Of course, I might take Coral," said the Judge reflectively, "and if I find I have money enough, I might take Mother, as well. But as for the rest of you—if you want to go—"

"You bet we want to go," said Josephine promptly.

A knock was heard on the living-room door, and Mizpah's muffled voice was heard from the hall. "Oh, Miss Marlebone, can I see you a minute, please, in the kitchen?"

Grandma arose and went to her, while the rest exchanged significant glances.

It wasn't long before Grandma returned.

"What's the matter with Mizpah?" asked the Judge.

"She's been listening," said Grandma in a cautious voice, "and—well—as far as I can make out, Mizpah wants to go, too . . ."

CHAPTER VIII

GUIDED by Mr. Chilthorn, the American Marquis and his family walked along the side of the train until they came to the compartment which had been reserved for them.

"I must go and send a telegram," said Archey. "I sha'n't be long."

Lady Coral maneuvered so that she had a window seat, from which she immediately began to look for the girl who had stared so hard on the dock. It wasn't long, however, before she was studying the other English girls on the platform, watching them carefully, as a tennis player will sometimes sit beyond the side-lines and watch her future opponents.

"You know," she murmured once to Alicia, "they're smarter than I thought they would be. Even to the way they walk and talk." And with the thoughtful air of one who begins to see that she has her work cut out for her, she added, "I wish I had one of those black suède bags."

Grandma feeling cold, Mizpah wrapped a rug around her.

"Is there a caretaker at the Towers?" the Judge asked Mr. Chilthorn in his dignified voice. "What I mean is, will the place be comfortable when we get there—or will it be damp and cold?"

"Oh, the family is still there," said Mr. Chilthorn. "It seemed more hospitable for them to stay until you arrived."

They all pricked up their ears at this.

"'The family,' Mr. Chilthorn?" said Aunt Josephine.

"When I say 'the family,'" he explained,

"I mean Lady Phoebe Whitmarsh—and Archey, whom you have just seen. Lady Phoebe has lived at the Towers a good many years—in fact, ever since the late Marquis became a widower. She was a cousin of his, which naturally makes her a cousin of yours—but only by marriage, you understand."

At this the two daughters of the Marquis, seated face to face, had one of those silent chats which only girls can carry on by the use of the eyes alone.

"How old is this Lady Phoebe, I wonder?" they mutely asked each other. "Will she leave after we get there? Or is she something that goes with the Towers?"

Archey returned just before the train started, and it wasn't long before he was perched on a suitcase between the two girls, telling them about the countryside through which they were passing. Meanwhile the Judge and Mr. Chilthorn were having a low-voiced conversation in the other corner of the compartment.

"How long do you think it will be before the estate is finally settled?" the judge had begun. "Or, stating my query more concisely, how long will it be before funds are available?"

Mr. Chilthorn's manner became just a shade more guarded than the usual degree of legal caution would require.

"That, of course," he slowly replied, "is a question which is always difficult to answer. From your own judicial experience you know the delays which are unavoidable in the settling of a large estate."

"But approximately how long, sir?"

"Well—at least six months, I should say."

The new Marquis looked troubled—not so much at what Mr. Chilthorn had said, as at what he hadn't said. If he had added, for instance, "But do not trouble yourself about funds, my lord; there will be no difficulty on that score," the Judge would have been content—satisfied by the ease with which Mr. Chilthorn had produced his first miraculous check for traveling expenses back in Belleview.

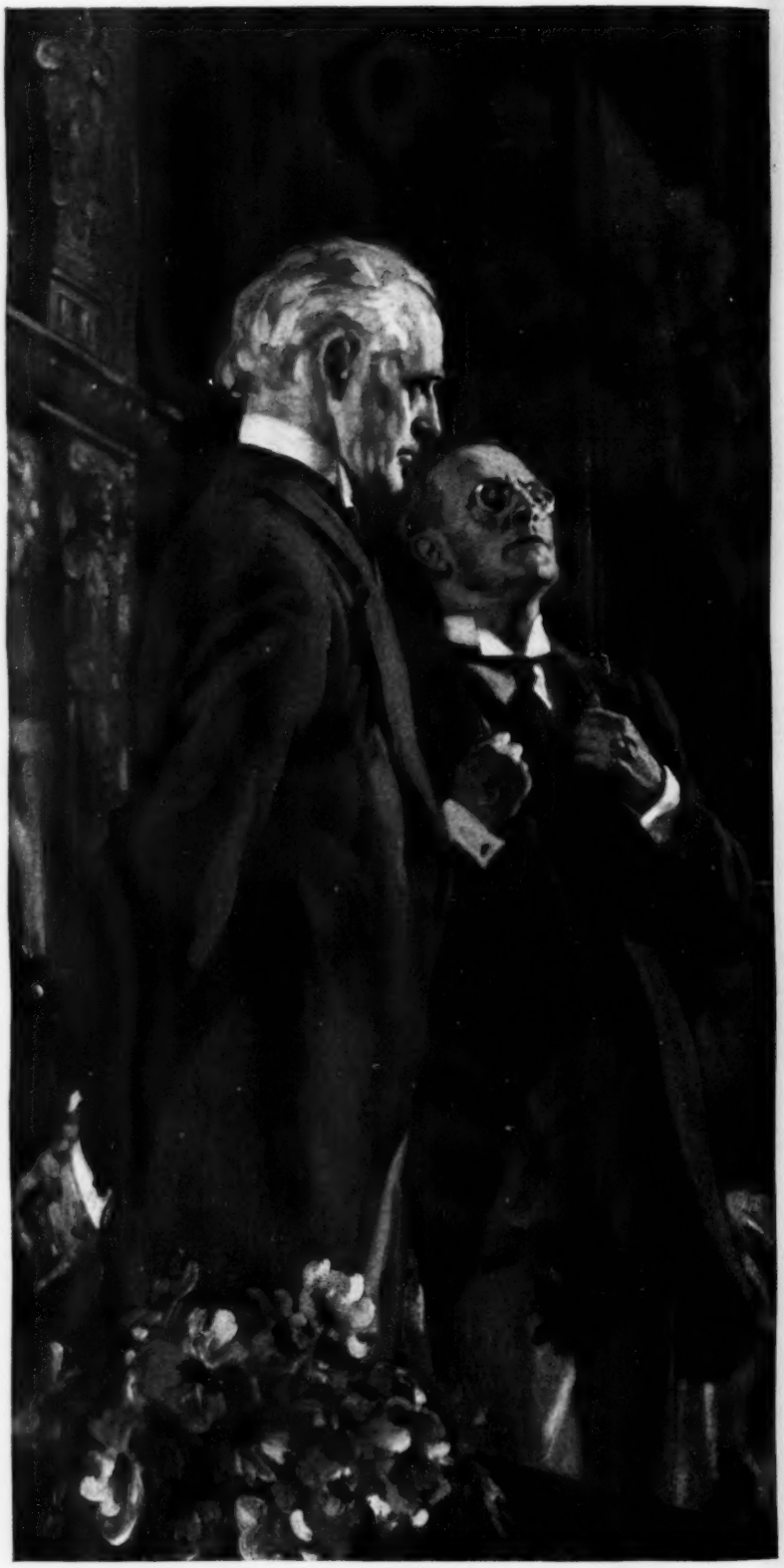
And, truth to tell, another such check would have been more than welcome; for when the Judge had dressed that morning, he had counted his money with almost ridiculous ease.

"Six months," he repeated. And then, more hopefully, "In the meantime, if the place has been kept open, I suppose that some—that some temporary financial arrangements have been made to supply the necessary funds."

"Lady Phoebe has been advancing the money," replied Mr. Chilthorn, still with the same guarded manner as before. "I didn't tell you that she is extremely wealthy in her own right. Upon the settlement of the estate, of course," he somewhat hastily added, "her advances will be duly repaid."

Grandma had been doing her best to listen to this, but the lowness of their voices and the noise of the train had been too much for her.

"What's the matter, Lucius?" she asked, leaning forward.



Mr. Chilthorn proceeded, "Miss Athenie Marlebone, I have the honor others. "And the Marchioness?" "There is no Marchioness." As Grand-

to present the Marquis of Marlebone." Athenie glanced round at the
ma said later, "You could just see the thought go through her mind"

"Nothing, Mother; nothing," said the Marquis with a noble wave of his hand.

He would, he decided, resume the conversation with Mr. Chilthorn later. Doubtless the latter could advise him how to make some temporary provision for obtaining funds to run the Towers until the estate was settled. And after that the new Marquis would handle the finances himself. He would need no further assistance then.

CHAPTER IX

LADY PHOEBE WHITMARSH sat in the drawing-room at Marlebone Towers, glancing through the leaded windows at the driveway which wound through the park. Assembled around her, as though to give moral support, were Major Middlemass, an old friend of the family; Mr. Dabney, the young curate at St. Mary le Bonne's; Lady Rawley, another old friend of the family; and the latter's two daughters, the Honorable Phyllis and the Honorable Anne. Technically these callers had dropped in for tea, but you probably do not need to be told that they had called for a deeper purpose than any which could be poured from a teapot.

It was a stately room—this drawing-room at Marlebone Towers—its walls paneled in oak and with a ceiling which was said to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Over the fireplace hung Gainsborough's portrait of the ninth Marchioness and her children. In the bay window was a carved table and a chair by Gribling.

On the walls were other paintings worthy of the one over the fireplace —a Pernelle, for instance—a Reynolds —two Raeburns. The Reynolds was the portrait of a stout, comfortable-looking Georgian of whom one guessed that in his time he had liked both comfort and company, and who now seemed to be glancing around the room with benign approval at its expectant occupants, its glowing fire upon the hearth, and finally at a low table partly set out for tea and placed at one side of the fireplace near Lady Phoebe's chair.

"They should be here now at any moment," the latter was saying as she glanced at the gilt clock on the mantel-shelf.

She spoke with a slight drawl—a drawl which wasn't far from languor —but if you had been there, and especially if you had caught a glimpse of Lady Phoebe's profile with its keen chin, high cheek-bones, and the commanding bridge of her nose—you wouldn't have been so sure about the languor.

A gray-haired butler entered and placed fresh coal upon the fire. "You are not yet ready for tea, my lady?" he asked in a low voice.

"Not yet, Sowersby. We shall wait until they arrive."

As soon as the butler had disappeared—moving as noiselessly as he had entered—Major Middlemass turned from his post near the window —as though, (*Continued on page 255*)

STRETCH – And

If You Would And Your Spirits to

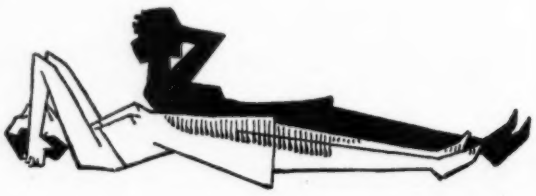
By Helen And Barbara

1

Lie flat on your back and stretch up and down, back and forth; then lie still and relax

2

Right leg down and right arm up, stretch so you can feel the pull from tip to toe



3

Clasp your hands back of your head, bringing your elbows as close together as possible

HOW we mortals hate to grow old! What man or woman doesn't despise those telltale signs of middle age—the protruding tummy, the double chin, the flabby muscles, the settled, squatty look! Who wouldn't give his kingdom to look young again?

"And to think I weighed only a hundred pounds when I was married," sighs the plump matron.

"Why, I played tackle on our team," boasts the flabby football fan fast nearing fifty.

When an old friend comes along and says, "Why you haven't changed a bit in twenty years," you beam, and you'd believe him if your tailor's measurements didn't tell a different story, and if your mirror didn't reflect a different picture.

Stand before a mirror and take a good look at yourself. Are you a picture an artist would love to paint?

Twenty years ago you didn't have those flabby muscles or that tummy. It's a good thing people wear clothes. What sights we'd be without them!

Youth's gone, figure's gone, hope's gone. We show our age. We're growing old. What are we going to do about it? Say die? Never! Recapture that youthful slimness? Certainly, if we're willing to work a bit. But how?

Stretch! Stretch! Stretch!

This is not a fad, but a fact, based on good scientific common sense. A stretch a day will keep the doctor away. And more than that. It contains the secret of renewing youth, for keeping at sixty the youthful lines of sixteen, for having litheness and grace at four score years and ten. The stretch is nature's way of keeping fit.

Consider an animal whose normal activity has been curtailed. The circus tiger in his gilded cage retains his natural sleekness and slimness. His keeper will tell you that the only form of exercise he gets, other than walking in his eight-by-ten enclosure, is the stretch.

His domesticated relative, the cat, keeps her girlish figure with the same technique. Watch her waking from a nap. Count, if you can, the stretches she gives herself a day.

And so it is with humans. The young baby stretches himself asleep and stretches himself awake. It's his daily dozen.

His hard-working father sits at an office desk poring over figures. His muscles become cramped and tense. And then suddenly he throws down his pencil, stretches out his hand and arm, and with a mighty yawn and grunt gives his whole body a good healthy stretch. If he is his own boss, he may even run around the block to stretch his legs a bit.

We all do it, animal or human, male or female, baby or grown-up. It's a natural impulse. It's part of our unlearned behavior. If we had to learn it, we might appreciate it. Some of us have to go to a posture expert or one of these high-priced gymnasiums where we pay five dollars per minute before we get to know the value of nature's favorite exercise.

Just what does this stretch, which we find so universally distributed among animals and humans, do for us? It relieves the tension of over-worked muscles and calls into play a different set of them; it stimulates circulation and thereby acts as a tonic to the whole body; best of all, it pulls us into a normal upright position. If we only would learn to use this stretch consciously, we might eliminate some of the obvious faults of posture. Not only that, but we should do away with that squatty, middle-aged thickness which we have come to think is inevitable. Instead of the ramrod spine, we should have the flexibility of a child. Instead of the slumped torso we should have the agility of a cat.

Many a person in the discouraging fifties has lost a large part of the movability of

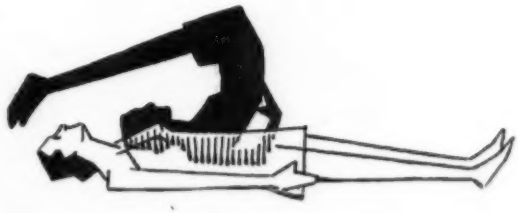
Drawing by Stuart Hay

STRETCH AGAIN

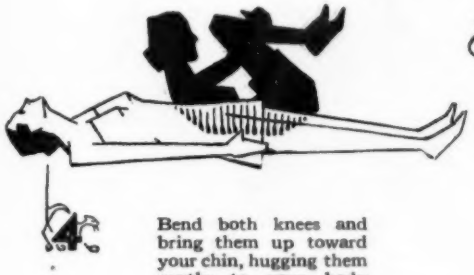
Raise Your Spine the Level of Lost Youth

Hathaway Beattie, M.D.

Stand on your tiptoes, stretch your arms well above your head, and walk around the room



Throw your feet over your head so that your toes touch the floor; go at it slowly at first



Bend both knees and bring them up toward your chin, hugging them gently to your body

his backbone. Some of us look as if we were in the first stages of "poker spine," a condition well known to physicians where the vertebrae are fused together and in reality become one solid column of bone wherein no motion is possible. Yet our youthfulness, our litheness, our flexibility, depend upon the movability of the small bones which make up our spinal column. One way of keeping motion at these intervertebral joints free and unhampered is to stretch them out of crampedness into flexibility.

The stretch not only tends to maintain freedom of motion, but also helps to keep the spine tall and straight. A natural spine has four slight curves, but most of us have let ourselves slump, thereby exaggerating these curves. Consequently we have actually grown shorter as we have grown older, all because we have failed to keep our spines in their tall, straight position. Worries bear down upon us literally as well as figuratively. Old age comes like a mallet, pounding on top of our heads, until our backbones have given way and at last we settle down into resigned middle age.

Yet why be resigned? Why look old? Nature gave you a flexible spine which she intended you to keep always. Suppose you set about regaining your natural spinal curves and eliminating the exaggerated ones you have acquired through laziness or indifference. Stand before a mirror *au naturel* and take a good look at yourself *if you can bear it.* Have you a sway back? Have you a protruding abdomen? If you have one, you are bound to have the other, for a too curved spine produces both. Are you a picture an artist would love to paint? Remember, if he's a true artist, he demands of his model the straight, lithe torso so characteristic of the Greek statue. He knows what gives suppleness and beauty to the human body.

Have you the kind of figure that a doctor would approve? He dislikes the sway back because it indicates a derangement of the weight-bearing equilibrium and results in all kinds of internal and external ills.

But never mind about the artist or the doctor. Let yourself be the judge. Have you a good figure? Of course it isn't good if your back sways or your abdomen protrudes. No one can say the figure with the protruding tummy is beautiful. It drives the business man to the gymnasium, the middle-aged woman to the corsetière. The débutante, with her passion for few clothes, refuses to be restricted and is forced to hold her breath to keep her stomach in.

Yet gymnasium, corset, or enforced breathing will not do away with this deformity. It is only the straight spine that brings the abdomen up and in where it belongs. It is only by removing those exaggerated curves in the back that the much hated curve in front disappears.

True it's easier said than done. It takes exertion to pull your spine out to its normal length, and it takes determination to train your muscles to hold it there. You can't rely upon your will power to do it. It's got to be will power plus work which takes the form of exercise.

And exercise—how we shy away from it! Most of us never get beyond good intentions. "I mean to, but I just haven't time" is our favorite alibi.

The housewife insists: "I don't need exercise. I'm on my feet all day long."

Exactly so. On her feet, hurrying, worrying, driving herself to do a thousand and one little things. But that's not exercise, with nerves taut and body off line.

Her husband pounds the pavements with jaw set and muscles tense. "Why, I walk miles every day," he says.

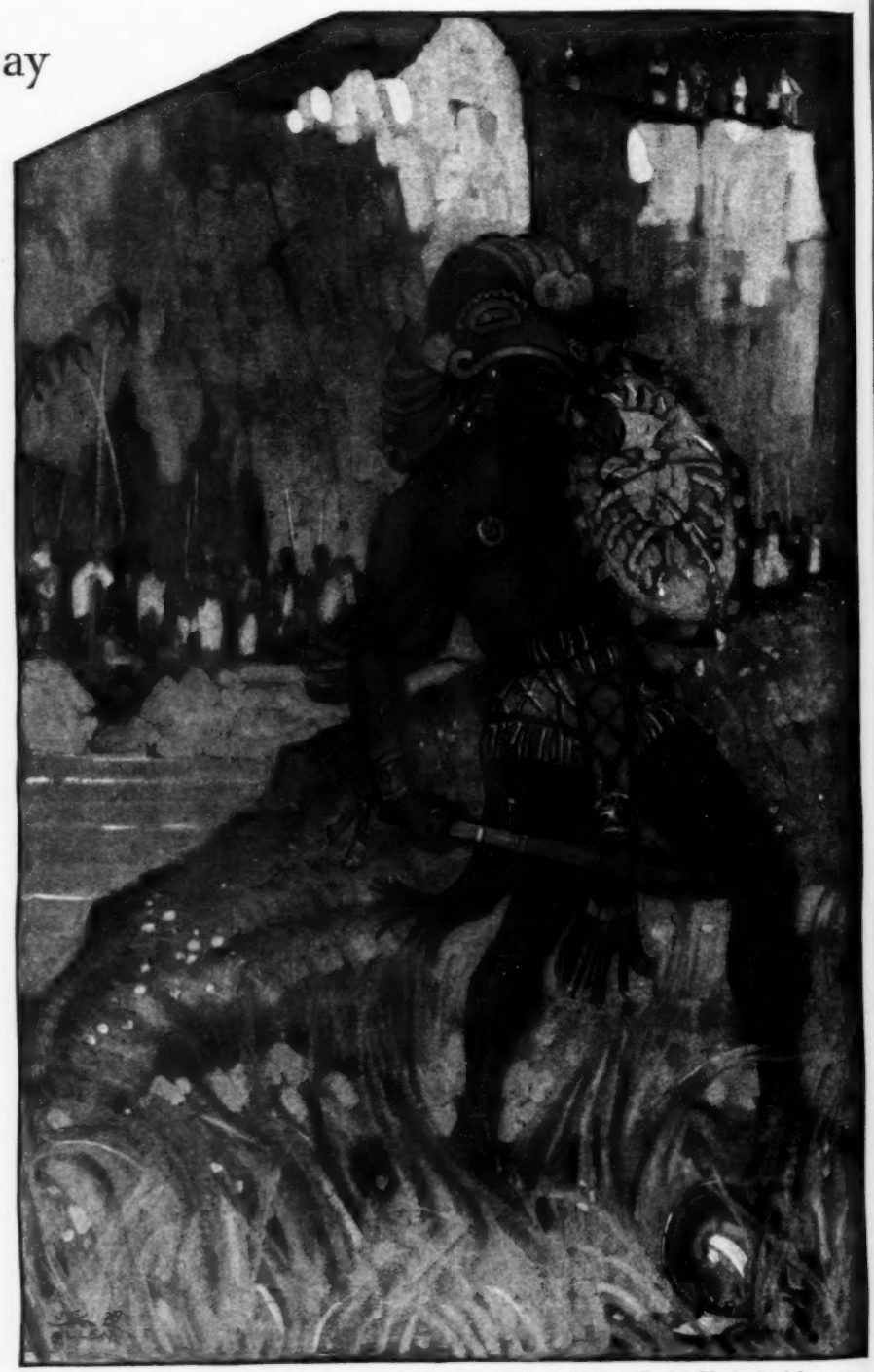
But does it keep him fit? Does either of them keep that youthful (*Continued on page 230*)

Don't go at your exercises like a house afire; it is infinitely better to work up to them gradually

Drawing by Stuart Hay

The HEART of the

By
Emma-Lindsay Squier



It seemed to Alvarado that Tecúm Umán had become into far distances. And the bird—the cursed bird—its

IT WAS just at sunset when we saw the quetzal flying. At our feet was the river Samalá, mottled whitely with stones, ruffled with crimson and mauve like the skirts of a Spanish dancer. Above us the mountains of Guatemala, ringing us round like giants in a vast amphitheater. The world was a silent, pulsing, ever-changing panorama of color. It was hard to realize that somewhere else there was civilization; somewhere else there was noise, and strife, and ugliness. For here there was nothing but beauty; the beauty of great, rising slopes, fir-clad, pine-fragrant. A crimson sky that shared its beauty with the delicate, beruffled river. Peace and utter stillness—and a quetzal bird flying into the sunset.

Only a little way above our heads it winged its green, meteoric way, its long, curved tail drooping like an emerald scimitar, the crest on its head standing erect like a little crown. Proudly, slowly, it flew. And the Indian with us, a Quiché from Totonicapán, stared at it with reverent, awe-struck eyes.

"Only once before have I seen a quetzal in flight," he said in Spanish, "and that time it was killed by a hunter. It cried out as it fell, with a voice like a woman's. The floods came soon after—it is always so. Disaster surely follows when a quetzal cries out and dies."

We were silent for a moment, watching the flight of the almost fabulous bird. We watched until its brilliant splendor was lost in the crimsoning sky.

"Is it true," I asked then, "that the quetzal will not live in captivity—that there is no way of rearing one in a cage, even with the most attentive kindness?"

He nodded his head slowly and solemnly. His dark eyes still followed the fleck of black that was the sacred emblem of his land.

"That is true, Señorita. No man can say with truth, 'I took a quetzal captive—and it lived.' It dies in a night, if it is made a prisoner. It is because of its passionate desire for freedom that it is the emblem of Guatemala. That—and because it was the *nagual* of the last Mayan warrior-king, Tecúm Umán."

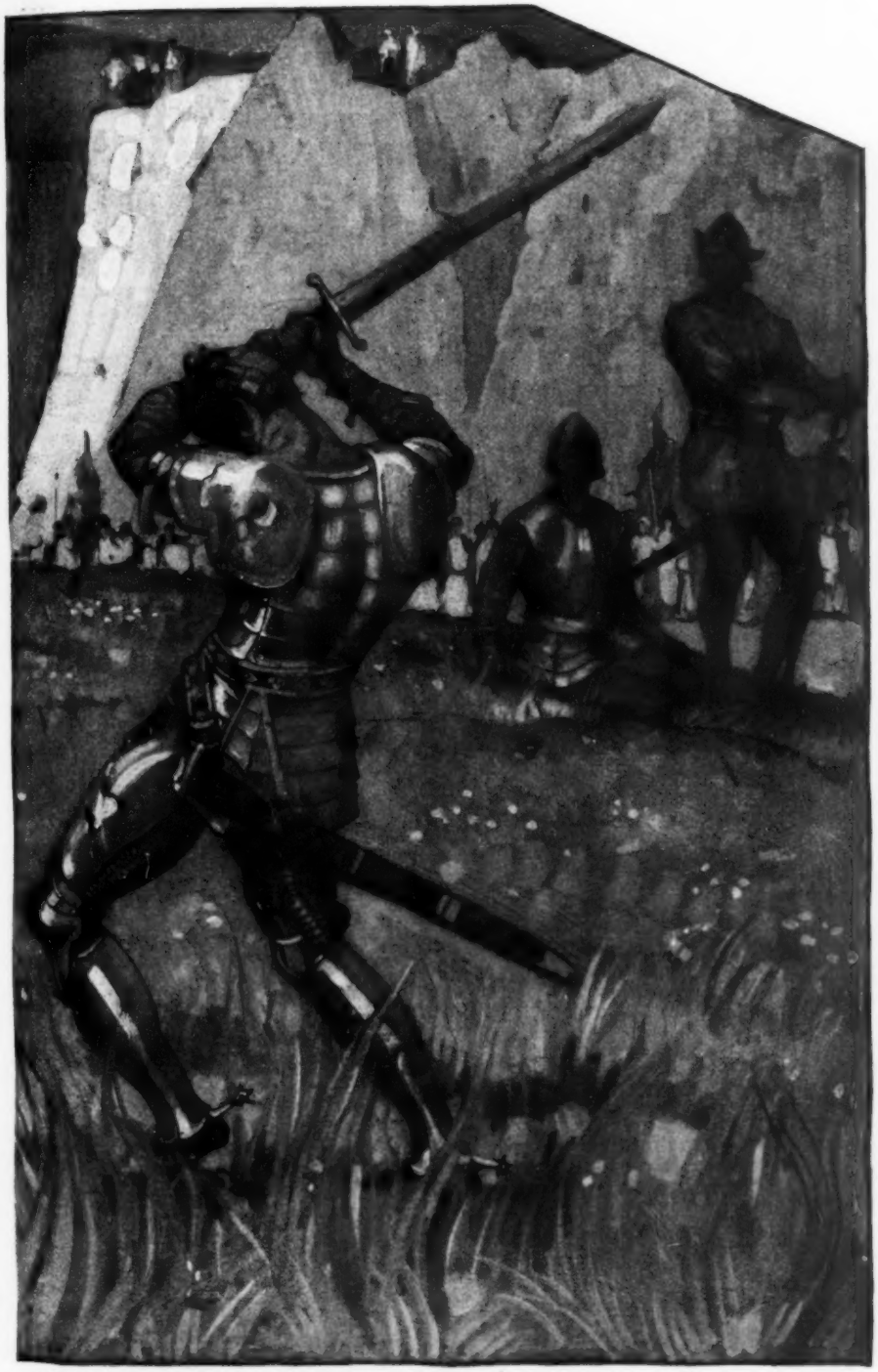
"The *nagual?*" I repeated, perplexed.

It was not a Spanish word the Indian

QUETZAL

A Glowing Legend Of Guatemala

Illustrated By James E. Allen



gigantic. The monks' voices seemed to be retreating beak was like a silver blade, seeking to pierce his eyes

had used. I did not understand its meaning.

"The guardian spirit," he translated. "You have not heard then, Señorita, the legend of our last great hero, who opposed almost single-handed the coming of the Spaniards with the Adelantado, Don Pedro de Alvarado?"

I knew, of course, the historical background of the legend he mentioned. I knew of the daring expedition of the Spaniards who came south from their conquest of Mexico to reduce the land of Coathemala to servitude and submission. I knew of the great warrior king, Tecúm Umán, who gathered together the scattered remnants of his people, putting the waning strength of the Maya-Quiché empire against the overwhelming might of the white man's superior weapons and his alleged knowledge of magical powers.

It was to see the river of Samalá that I had come to this mountainous region of Guatemala. To see the place where the epic battle was fought that won a new golden land for the Spanish King and the Cross.

But I knew none of the Indian traditions that surrounded the tragic, history-making event. Nothing that had to do with a quetzal or the guardian spirit of a warrior king . . . .

And so, in the flaming sunset of scarlet and gold, we listened to the tale of an empire's glory; a tale of gradual ruin and decay, a tale of treachery and base desertion. We heard the story of how one man's courage stemmed for a while the inevitable tide of ruin; and of how it was in those last bitter days that a warrior king fell, and a quetzal bird cried out and died.

THOSE were the days when the land of Coathemala was like a drunken warrior in golden trappings, staggering on the edge of a mighty precipice. Gone was the one-time unity of the ancient Mayan empire, gone the defiant certainty of power. Instead of one kingdon, a dozen small ones; with each *cacique* claiming as much territory as his none-too-vigorous authority could encompass. Instead of one central government, a babel of voices, each asserting futilely hereditary descent from the warrior-god, Balam Quitzé.

In this period of internal disintegration came the Aztecs from the north. Tall, fierce warriors who made an easy conquest, and who returned again to the land of Mexitli, leaving behind some of their language and customs, and their bloodthirsty worship of the Feathered Serpent.

It was they who left with the conquered Maya-Quichés, a name for the sacred bird whose plumage was worn by kings and priests. It was they who, seeing the flight of the emerald-hued bird, cried out, "*Ai-quetzal!*" That is to say, "How bright!" And the northern Nahua name remained in the southern golden land of Coathemala.

IT WAS centuries later that rumors came of strange white-faced men somewhere in the north. It was said that they had conquered the Aztec nation, had overthrown the worship of the sacred Feathered Serpent. It was said that these strangers were gods—or perhaps devils. That they carried thunder and lightning in wands; that they were half-man, half-beast, using at will two legs or four. There was naught that could resist the power of their magic, it was said. The ancient deities were vanquished by the champions of the God on the Cross.

And still the golden land of Coathemala was like a warrior weakened by drunken carousals. The priests of the gods lived in slothful ease, scarcely giving to the Silent Ones the outward form of worship. The temples had fallen into neglect; no longer were white, shining cities reared out of the jungle. No more did the booming, snakeskin drums send their deep-throated message of war and conquest. The golden land slept, lulled by warmth and luxury. And only a fitful breeze of warning came from the north, where the white strangers had conquered.

Now in this time, a Quiché prince came to manhood. Tecúm Umán, who was of royal Mayan birth. Once his forefathers had ruled the mighty empire. Now his heritage was but the mountainous kingdom of the warlike Quiché peoples. He was like the high places that had given him birth. A quiet, unfathomable dignity was his. Tall and slender, with eyes dark as a mountain storm, the vigor of the mountain torrent, the gentleness of the mountain dove.

Even in childhood his people knew him for one set apart by the gods to accomplish deeds of greatness. And they said to each other:

"His *nagual* will be the panther. When this prince comes into manhood, the ancient glory of our land will be restored!"

And so, in the appointed season, Tecúm Umán went into the mountain fastnesses to undergo the ritual of prayer and meditation, and self-inflicted torture. Five days and five nights he ate naught save fruits and uncooked maize. Five wounds he inflicted upon his body, from which five streams of blood poured forth, offerings to the gods of heaven and earth, and life and death, and love. And at the end of this time, having accomplished all in accordance with the ancient customs of his people, a deep sleep came upon him, and he lay unconscious with exhaustion, while his freed spirit sought an omen of the things that were to be.

It seemed to him, as he slept, that he stood beside a rushing river. The torrent's voice was as a roar of a multitude. And presently he saw that it was no river, but indeed a great army of marching men. They were coming down from the north, strange bearded warriors whose bodies were covered with glinting silver and whose heads were casqued in metal. They were as a plague of locusts; they were as an avalanche; they were as a hungry serpent. And in his dream Tecúm Umán sprang up and braced his body to meet the onslaught. For a moment he felt the smothering impact as they surged upon him. He cried out to all the gods of Mayab to aid him. And the sky grew dark, and there was lightning. The gods heard, and the fantastic, silver-armored horde was flung back.

In the distance, he saw crowds of Mayan warriors watching him. Their feathered head-dresses wove strange patterns of color in the gloom. But their eyes were cold, aloof. They were afraid of the silver serpent. He called out to them; to the *caciques* of the Cakichel kingdom; to the priests of the Zuthuil peoples, to the saffron-painted warriors of Cocomé. They shook their heads. Their feather-tipped lances trembled like reeds. Only Tecúm Umán stood with straining body and outward-flung arms, opposing his strength against the glittering, silver-clad array.

Weakness was coming upon him. He felt a swimming darkness before his eyes; his aching muscles seemed to be dissolving into the soft uselessness of cotton. In his despair he cried out once more:

"Send me a sign, O gods of my people! Send me an omen that I may know how to save my land!"

Then, in the darkness, there came a flashing light. Above him a great quetzal hovered, with outspread wings and shimmering plumes that were like the cascading fall of emerald-green waters.

A voice came from its opened beak: "While I live, thou shalt live, Tecúm Umán! While I live, thou shalt be invincible. When I perish, then shalt thou and thy people perish with me!"

A rushing chaos caught him in its vortex, oblivion overwhelmed him, and he knew no more.

HE STRUGGLED back to consciousness as if from the depths of a great chasm. The darkness of the dream and the light of the earthly world merged into a luminous, ever brightening pool, up through which he rose toward greenery, and mountain air, and the golden lances of the sun through tall, shadowing pine trees.

He had left the vision behind in the dark world of the unknown. And yet—with mortal eyes he seemed to see still the quetzal bird fluttering above his head, emerald green and radiant—the bird sacred to gods, and priests, and kings . . .

Then he saw that a human figure was standing near him, half hidden by the interlacing branches. A maiden, tall, and of entrancing beauty, whose dark hair fell in a black cloud to her waist; whose upraised arms were the warm, luscious brown of pine needles matted down by the autumn sun, and whose embroidered garment was like a sheath of sunset colors.

So engrossed was she with some important mission that she did not see him where he lay. She did not even hear him as he rose weakly to his feet. It was only when he parted the green tapestry between them that she turned, startled, smothering a cry of fear. For his face was drawn and haggard, and there was dried blood upon his forehead. But defiance came into her dark eyes. She flung back her hair with a tremulous, yet determined gesture.

"Maiden, who art thou?" His voice seemed to come from that far dim place where he had seen the vision. "And what dost thou do with the sacred quetzal?"

FOR he had seen that the brilliant bird was real. It hovered quivering in the near branches, its outspread wings fluttering queerly.

"I have saved the bird of our land from a serpent," she answered simply, "a serpent that was charming it to its death. See, even now the spell is upon it. I have placed it in the branches, but still it does not fly. Thinkest thou it is an evil omen, one that I should relate to the priests?"

Tecúm Umán bent his head. "An omen indeed," he said heavily and slowly. "The serpent comes—a silver destroyer. And who will save the quetzal from its fangs?"

Her eyes grew wide with awe. She did not know him, but it was clear that he was no ordinary man.

"Art—art thou a priest?" she ventured at length.

He shook his head with a sigh. "I am Tecúm Umán," he answered, his thoughts still far away.

The maiden, with a cry, fell on her face before him.

Gently he bent and lifted her. The woven colors of her *huipil* made a shimmer of light around her.

"Who art thou," he questioned, "and what is thy parentage?"

Her eyes were downcast as she made reply. "I am Mali, and my father is Coh, a warrior of the Tigre rank. My home was in Utatlan, capital of the Quiché kingdom. But I disobeyed my father's command in regard to marriage, for I would not accept the one he bade me wed. Therefore I fled here to the mountains, preferring to live in peace and freedom rather than in unhappy servitude."

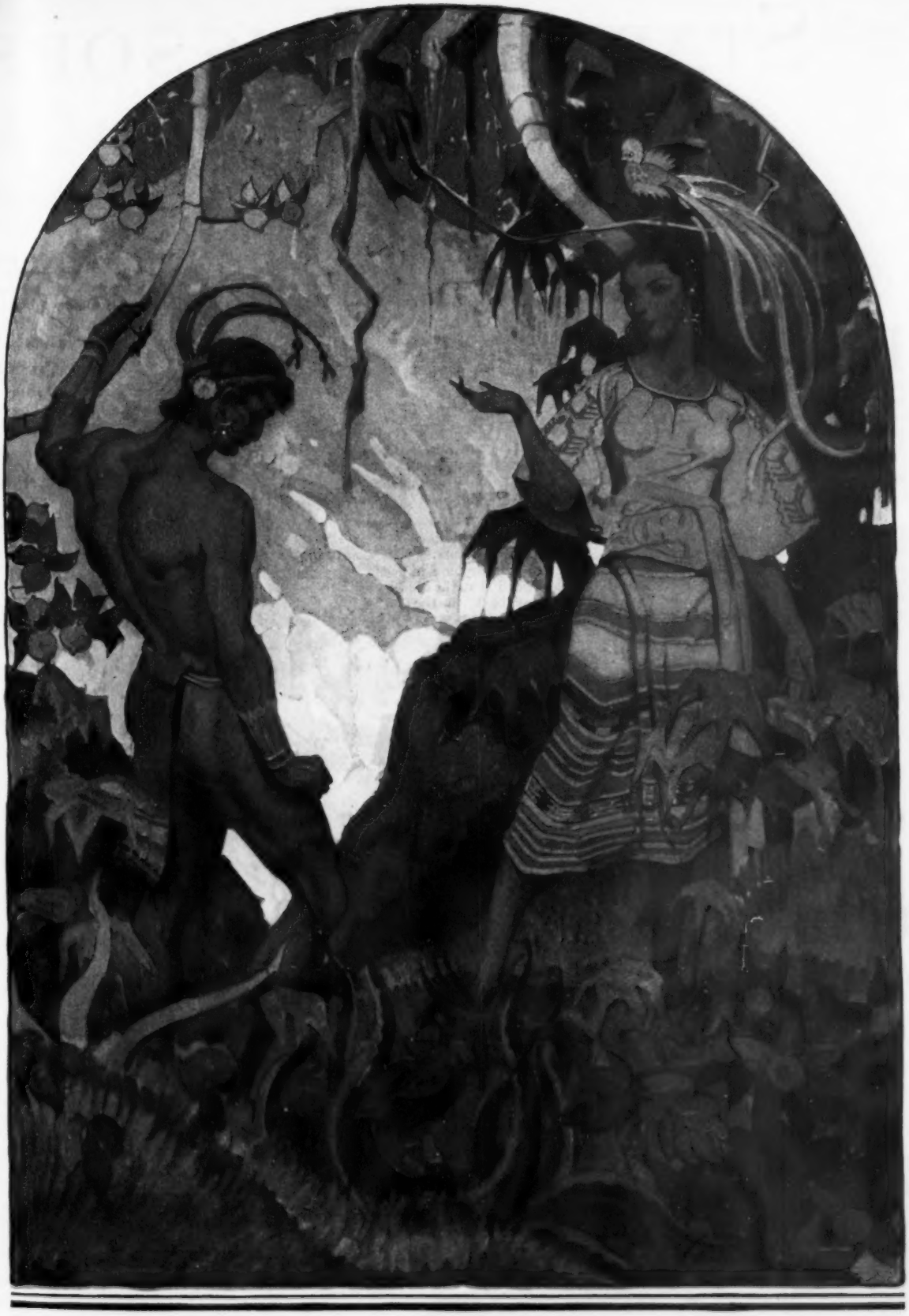
She lifted her eyes and regarded him steadily.

"Thou, noble born, who art a prince, may command me to return, and I must obey. But my heart is like the heart of the sacred quetzal who can not live in captivity. If thou dost send me back—it will be to death."

A dawning wonder was in the eyes of Tecúm Umán. Never had he heard a woman speak with such boldness. The fierce pride of his own untamed spirit did homage to the fearlessness of hers.

"Nay," he said gently, "I shall not command thee thus. It is written that the child should be obedient to the father even as the earth is obedient to its lord the sun. But it is written, too, that in the heart is the truest widsom; and that he who follows it in all sincerity has set his feet on the path that leads to truth."

The quetzal bird in the branches above them suddenly stirred; as if new life and vigor had driven out the serpent's evil spell. Its crowned head lifted proudly. The long, cascading (*Continued on page 237*)



THE quetzal bird suddenly stirred; its crowned head lifted proudly. The long, cascading brilliance of its tail fell about the shoulders of the maiden, Mali. Tecúm Umán felt his heart stop and then leap forward

STARS and SCISSORS

Costumer Extraordinary, Tells About More of Her Famous

"All the world's a stage,
And the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
One man in his time plays many parts."

HOW charming of you to welcome me with *that* quotation! *Mes compliments*, again! A good cue it is for our entrance, for this is to be Stage Night with a vengeance—not a prima donna will we speak about! So come, set the stage carefully, and ring up your curtain—for I've many things to tell you.

"And we've only one more rendezvous, remember—only one more Arabian Night—the sands are running quickly."

Ach, my dear, do not speak about sad things now. Up with the curtain! Yes indeed, "one man in his time plays many parts"—I should say so! And of all men of all times who have played many parts, I now speak first and foremost of your own great American actor—Edwin Booth.

The final word in acting he was, just as Eleanora Duse among the women was the highest expression of all acting. Duse and Booth—magic names. But first I speak of him, for well I remember making for him one of his draperies (mantles, you call them) as *Hamlet*—and can you believe it, my dear?—'way back in the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin when I, a young woman, was just beginning my career as costumer. And you needn't ask me how long ago it was! First of all I can't remember, and if I could, I should positively refuse to tell! *Ach*, it was long enough! And strange it was that I should again, after all these years, make for Booth his last *Hamlet* costume here in America.

Edwin Booth was the son of a famous English actor, Junius Brutus Booth, and was born in Maryland in 1833. There is an old legend that the Booths were really Portuguese back in the beginning, and the family name was Cabaña—*cabaña* meaning a cabinet or booth. From that, the story goes, they took the name of Booth, first of all, I suppose, for the stage. The story of Booth—that's known 'round the world. From the time he went on the stage as a child till the end of his days, he was the leading light in the American theatre—in the world.

The greatest tragedian of his time, Booth was. The greatest *Hamlet*—the greatest *Richelieu*—the greatest *King Lear*—*ach*, the greatest everything! So elegant in appearance, magnificent he was, grand and simple, too—everything, I tell you, all rolled into that one little man. A voice like nobody else's—such rich, deep tones that he had you thrilling and shuddering at the same moment! Booth's voice was a great part of his equipment as an actor. Organ tones it had, my dear, but also it could crash and thunder like the elements—like his wonderful facial expression, such marvelous changes he could give you! Why, the flashing of Booth's eyes was like lightning coming right into the theatre.

Joe Jefferson once said if he was called in the middle of the night, he could jump out of bed and in one instant be "Rip Van Winkle"

Mrs. Fiske had to smoke a cigar in the rôle of George Sand. She began practicing, as I was fitting her long trousers

Duse wanted a negligee made; she folded her silk shawl to show me just how

Madame Freisinger, MARY LAWTON *Patrons*

Photographs From the Albert Davis Collection

Every morning Booth's wife put out the costumes to wear that night. Whenever he saw the robes of Hamlet, he became moody

I made Julia Marlowe's Lady Macbeth costume. She knew exactly what she wanted, and pinned and changed it until it suited her

Mary Anderson retired when two continents were at her feet, married a nice quiet man, and settled down. She is still beautiful—at seventy

Never, I tell you, on any stage, have I seen such things as Booth could do with his eyes alone.

His face expressing such emotions, such tragedy, such terrible passions, and love, too—*Ach*, I must stop—I say too much, but don't think it was just a gift of nature. No indeed! Booth knew just *how* to use and control his great gifts, when to turn them on and when to turn them off. He was a great technician, too, and technique on the stage is just as important as on the violin.

Ach, I use up all my English trying to tell you what kind of actor Booth was! His career from beginning to end was a long, long triumph. Wherever he acted it was the same. He held the people always in the hollow of his hand, and the tradition still so holds them. Even in Germany when acting with a German company (he, speaking English) it was the same. Only one great blow the fates hurled at Booth—the horrible tragedy that tore at the heart of the whole world. You know what I speak about—the killing of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth—his brother.

It was at the very height of Booth's fame, April 14, 1865, came the tragedy that threatened to ruin and disgrace him forever. President Lincoln, while watching the performance of Laura Keene in "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theatre, Washington, was shot and killed by Booth's brother. It almost killed poor Booth himself. He was stricken—and left the stage, thinking never to return to it, or even to the world, so broken he was! To the very end of his life Booth mourned about his wretched brother, and he himself destroyed John's stage wardrobe (he, too, was an actor, you know). Late at night, in the basement of his own theatre (only one person being present), every garment worn and owned by his brother was put into the blazing furnace and burnt to ashes, Booth standing by—watching.

Of course, all this happened before my time in America, but Mr. Freisinger often spoke to me about it—(he was a great admirer of Booth)—telling me the whole story, which made a terrible impression on me then, and does even now when I speak about it after all these years.

Well, Booth did return to the stage and was taken to the hearts of the people with such an ovation as surely no actor or king ever received before. It was in "Hamlet" that he reappeared in 1866. The house was packed, excitement rising to the highest pitch. On Booth's entrance the whole house jumped to its feet—like one person—shouting and cheering. And so he came back—and went on acting almost to the end of his life. The highest ornament of the American stage (of any stage, in my opinion), and I'm not forgetting Salvini and Sonnenthal when I say this—two great actors.

Also Booth had a wonderful theatre of his own. He built it himself, back in 1869. It was a splendid theatre, my husband told me, costing over a million dollars—a lot of money for that time. Booth put on most gorgeous productions there, spending money like water. Nothing was spared to realize his high ambitions as an artist and a manager. But, my dear, the strain was too much for him. *Ach*, it would be too much for any actor! Managing a theatre, you know, is a business all by itself—to say nothing of acting! Too great a burden for any actor! So Booth finally gave it up, never again attempting management. Booth was always honoring, as we say, his profession, and never by a word or act would he have any misuse of it. (*Continued on page 184*)

If It Wears Well, It's Love —

By Claudia Cranston

SHE was pretty. She was young. She was Irish. And her name was Mary O'Collum. The Gifts Department buyer in the Fifth Avenue establishment of Reiser and Reiser.

Mary O'Collum's eyes were as blue as the sapphires which sparkled in the polished glass showcases of her department. Her skin was as white as the snowy corals with their round cheeks tinged faintly with pink. Her hair was blonde, and golden on the undulations.

Willie Morris, the slim, dark Women's Lingerie buyer, stood at the arched doorway of the Gift Department. He was watching Mary. Her large, beautifully shaped, resplendently manicured hands were sorting out milky-white pearl necklaces on a square of black velvet. Willie thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as the picture she made. And it is probable that he never had.

He came into the Gift Department and stood beside her; reached over to help her untangle pearls, so his hand could touch hers.

She elbowed him back with a round, smooth arm that showed below the short sleeve of her frock.

"Now, Willie," she laughed. "You don't know the real pearls from the paste pearls."

"What's that?" he barked. His clever merchant's hands fingered the beads. "The difference is just as plain as between chiffon and crêpe silk."

Mary's face flushed. For this was a taunt.

Mary had her heart set on a chiffon frock for her best dress to take with her to Paris. This was to be her first European trip with the other buyers, who all went twice a year. And great were the preparations she had made for the "coals she would carry to Newcastle," the clothes she would wear to Paris.

Willie Morris was trying to persuade her to take a crêpe silk evening gown from the Women's Department, instead of the chiffon evening frock from the Misses' Department. Both models fitted her. But for the past week she had swung irresolutely between the two.

"There's a big difference," Willie said now, "between them two models."

Mary puckered her red lips sulkily. To her the chiffon frock was a wistful dream. It meant something she had never had, but dreamed existed. Something she half fearfully hoped she would find on this trip.

Romance. That was it. To Mary the chiffon frock from the Misses' Department

Anything Else Soon Goes

The WAY of ALL CHIFFON

Illustrated by Thomas Webb

Mary was having tea with the Marquis in the Ritz garden. Their eyes met. "Will you marry me, Mary Marie? I love you," said the Marquis. Mary Marie promptly spilled the hot water

meant the glamour a young girl expects always, around the corner of life.

But how could Willie Morris know that? And how could Mary tell him? For so it is with the William's and Mary's forever. So separated forever are the dreams of hearts that are nearest each other. So tender must one be with shy, half-expressed desires, lest a fragile dream be crushed.

But Willie Morris had not yet learned this, and he crashed awkwardly on.

"The crêpe silk model is just as *chick* as the chiffon model," he continued. "And you would still be wearing the crêpe silk when the chiffon would be only a memory."

Mary took him up with her quick Irish wit.

"Yes," she said. "When the crêpe silk was gone, it would be forgotten. But the chiffon would always be a memory!"

Willie's opulent oriental emotions made him agree to this. A little appreciative flush came under his dark skin. But he stuck to his practicality, in spite of the promptings of his soul.

"But that chiffon dress is impractical," he warned. "That dress would soon go. Go the way of all chiffon!"

And while Willie Morris was not always glamourous he was always an opportunist, which is almost as good. And he proved it now. There was not a customer in sight, so he bent and kissed Mary's elbow.

She flushed scarlet. Glanced about the bright, silent, square room glittering with polished glass and beads and bracelets and rings.

"Willie Morris!" she exclaimed. "What would Mr. Reiser think if he saw you kissing me on the floor?"

"I think he'd be surprised. But I didn't kiss you on the floor. I kissed you on the elbow. And I don't believe Mr. Reiser would be a bit surprised if he saw me do it."

The warm, beauty-loving blood of Willie's ancient race was stirred by Mary O'Collum's coolness and charm. He had made love to her assiduously for two years, for Willie was nothing if not assiduous.

And everybody said Mary was just ready to say "yes" at last—and marry him. Everybody said the trip to Paris would settle it; that the romantic moonlight on the ocean, and the gay dances in the ship's saloon would be his chance.

Certainly the lighted look in Mary's Irish blue eyes now would have led any one to believe Willie Morris had no rival. Yet love is a magic thing of which no one is ever sure. And "Romance" with a capital R rivals any real man living. But Willie Morris had still this to learn also.

"Well, take whatever you will," he murmured now. "But I'm going to name one thing you bring back."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"A great, big, diamond engagement ring. From the *rue de la Paix* in Paris," he said, his black eyes sparkling.

Mary didn't say yes, and she didn't say no. She changed the subject.

"Now that we are going to Paris, Willie," she said, "you must improve your French accent."

"My French," gasped Willie aghast, he who had crossed the pond twenty times without a bobble. "What's wrong with *my* French—*sherry?*"

"You talk French just like an American.

That's what's wrong. And please don't call me '*sherry*.' Sherry is wine. *Chêrie* is the word you mean, if you are trying to call me 'dear.' "

"Well, ain't sherry dear?" snickered Willie. "Eighty dollars a case, ain't it!"

A snub was all he got for this. For Mary was trying to think in French, as the teacher had said she must do. But Willie expected to think in American right along—and he did.

"And Willie," Mary O'Collum continued now, "I want you to cut out that French word *chic* unless you can learn how to pronounce it. Don't ever let me hear you say 'chick' again."

"An' how does yerself be afther pronouncin' the worrd, me Irish colleen?" he managed to rally.

"I pronounce it just like it was spelled s-h-e-i-k—Valentino, you know—sheik!"

"Sheik? By golly! The sheik likes 'em *chic*. Why, Mary, you're good."

Mary tried to keep from laughing. "There you go *thinking* in American," she said. "As for me, while I am in France I intend to speak French, think French, and be French. I'm going to learn something."

"Yeh?" he questioned. "I'll say you will. If you think French with a French sheik you will."

But the laugh died on his lips. For it suddenly occurred to him that, after all, a French sheik was no laughing matter, with Mary on her first trip to Paris. He bent and hid the flurry in his eyes by kissing her elbow again.

He lifted his dark head just in time. For at the archway, entering the glittering Gift Shop, stood a vociferous Irish messenger boy from Mr. Reiser's office.

"Mr. Reiser wants yez. He wants the both of yez," the boy said. "In his stockroom on the tenth floor."

Mr. Reiser, in his stockroom on the tenth floor, was "styling his line"—selecting the different styles upon which to base his spring stock.

Suits were being "styled." Women's suits made in Reiser and Reiser's own workrooms next door—custom-tailored on Fifth Avenue—high-priced prestige models—designed for the clientèle known twenty years ago, when Mr. Reiser opened his shop, as "the carriage trade," and now called merely "the charge customers."

Mr. Reiser himself, the head of the firm, the greatest merchant on three continents, was popping about the huge stockroom like free energy. Mr. Reiser would have been as hard to "fix" as nitrogen.

He caught sight of the manager of the millinery workroom, entering the stockroom door. He flapped the black, short jacket he held in his hand up and down like a signal flag. One bosom of the black jacket was still rounded out surgically in white canvas cloth; one sleeve was still missing.

"Them terrible cash flyers you sent out, Henry. Them cash flyers advertisin' the copies of Paris hats!"

(A cash flyer is a big, sensational dodger sent out to cash customers only, never to charge customers.)

Mr. Reiser advanced. Rammed his words with the black jacket. The round-faced, good-humored young man in the doorway stood speechless.

"Now where did you send them cash flyers to, Henry?" Mr. Reiser asked. "Nobody bought a thing off of them cash flyers!"

"I sent them to—I sent them to—"

"Eh? Yes. You sent them cash flyers to

She was in his arms, and he was patting her only a Frenchman can, was having one of the high gone without me!" "Why, Mary, don't you know

shoulder. The French taxi driver, who loved love as spots of his life. "Oh, Willie, I thought you had that I would never go without you—never, never!"

the cemeteries!" Mr. Reiser barked. "You don't earn a cent in that millinery workroom, Henry. I don't see why you don't get out and give a better man your place, and—"

Mr. Reiser was raveling out a seam of an imported tweed skirt he had substituted busily for the hapless black jacket. He twisted a strand of the tweed in his sensitive, quick-moving, brown hands. "Eh. Yes. Shoddy," he muttered absently.

The round-faced young man at the door gulped and gasped, in an effort to get out something articulate before he should be forgotten utterly. "I—I want to thank you," he stammered, "Mr. Reiser—for that watch you sent me this morning."

"Eh? Well! Wasn't to-day your birthday? Ain't you been here since you was a messenger? An' your father before you?"

"Yes. Yes, Mr. Reiser."

Mr. Reiser pantomined to a young stock girl to bring him the blue suit dangling in her hands. He always talked one thing and did another at the same time.

"Yes? Well. You're a good boy, Henry. And that's a good watch," he said, measuring the wrists of the blue suit carefully around his fingers. "Eh. Yes. These sleeves is made for a dromedary, maybe?"

"Anybody would know a watch from Tiffany's was good, Mr. Reiser," Henry managed in one final gulp.

But he wasted his breath. Nobody noticed what he said.

"Somebody please send for Miss Claremont from the advertisin' department," Mr. Reiser called. "Somebody tell Miss Claremont I want her to bring the Sunday ad up with her. Tell her I said that Sunday ad has got bad grammar in it!"

He laid the blue suit on the short, outstretched arms of a little, short, fat-legged stock girl who stood looking wonderingly up at him.

"Now where's the buyers that's sailin' to-night?" he demanded. "Somebody get me the buyers that's sailin' to-night for Paris."

There was a general stir and outscattering. The group that surrounded Mr. Reiser changed. He never worked without a crowd. The more the throng swelled, the higher soared his spirits, the sharper grew his observation. For half the genius of the small, swarthy, famous Mr. Reiser, of Reiser and Reiser, was histrionic. Give him an audience, and he could push over a building!

"I want the General Manager here!" he called sharply now. "Right here! Now! Send for the General Manager, Mr. Sweitzbaum, right away, somebody. And get Gussie Reingold from the Misses' Dresses. Will somebody get me Schlossinger & Mueller on the phone? Yes. Eh. Somebody get the tailors from the workshop in here! *And get me the buyers up here!*" he yelped. "Can't anybody get me the buyers that's sailin'? Oh, *there* you are Willie. Where's Mary O'Collum? Oh, *there* you are, Mary."

Mr. Reiser turned his back upon the augmenting throng. Began counting the suits on the long line of hangers.

Miss Claremont, one of the advertising copywriters, came in with the Sunday ad. She looked avidly about. Miss Claremont was never bored with Mr. Reiser's stockroom. It was fascinating, full of wit and danger. The immense space was as vibrant as a forest full of scattered, scarlet leaves—that is, when Mr. Reiser was there; when Mr. Reiser was not there, it was merely a mammoth disorder.

A hundred feet square, perhaps, of bare floor space. Shades rolled to the top of the long rows of great windows. Cruel light coming in, year in and year out. Seamy side of everything showing—seamy side of lovely fashions, seamy side of life.

Rows of clothes-racks dangled with clothes, thousands of dresses. White tissue-paper and broken bits of pasteboard (*Continued on page 142*)

If You Find It Hard to Read

Try These Books Recommended by Emily Newell Blair

"IT'S taken me a week to read one book. That never happened to me before. How am I ever going to read enough books this month?" I asked my nephew, while I was visiting in Florida.

"Why not write an article about finding books hard to read?" suggested my nephew John. "There must be lots of people who find it hard to put their minds on books for the same reason you do, or even for other reasons, who would be interested."

"And why not?" I asked myself. For it certainly was a new experience to me to find myself needing to re-read pages, having turned them without comprehending a word; to have to force myself each time to pick up the book and keep at it. Like all new experiences, it gave me another viewpoint and set before me another valuation, and both the viewpoint and the evaluation may be helpful to others who for any reason find it hard to read.

It was not the fault of the books that I found them hard to read. At another time I might have galloped through "The Crusades" by Harold Lamb (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00), for it is an exciting story.

What prevented me was my absorption with my own thoughts, which were preoccupied with an effort to understand and reconcile myself to the tragedy of what must seem to human understanding an untimely death.

Yet the book must be read. And so, slowly yet determinedly, I set myself to do it. Again and again I found myself wandering, but each time I went back patiently over the blurred pages. Time after time I found I simply could take in no more, and shut the book, but in a few hours or on another day I opened it again. With my own problem pressing me for solution, or at least understanding, it was difficult to push my mind back to any interest in those iron men of centuries ago, who in an age where brute strength was lord and master, when feudal power made the same man judge and executioner of others while free himself from any higher law or control, developed their code of chivalry for the protection of the weak and poor, and for the defense of women by the exaltation of courage, service, and integrity.

I found it hard to follow Pope Urban in his plan to defeat his emperor opponent by uniting all the warring factions in a war to reclaim the Holy Land, under the banner of St. Peter, and thus re-establish the supremacy of the Church above the defiant kings. Yet I read on through the dramatic presentation of his stirring appeal outside the gray walls of Clermont to the waiting multitudes, which brought forth the shout "God wills it!" and kindled the fire that was not quenched until Palestine was drenched with blood and the whole autonomy of Europe was changed.

"The Crusades" is an epic of faith. Harold Lamb has caught the true spirit of the movement and transfers to his readers a vivid realization of just what that spirit was

Slowly I read of the response that sent men, and women, too, from their homes, kings from their thrones, to wander across Europe. Slowly I read of the gathering of the Gonfanons, of Peter the Hermit's pilgrimage and its fiasco, of the Byzantium court with its trickery and luxury, of the coming of the Iron Men, of the march of the Provençals, of the meeting with the Mohammedans, of the sieges, of the incredible acts of valor. I followed the story as it fell from an eye-witness, the unknown knight whose manuscript account of the Crusade was found years later in Jerusalem. I read of Robert of Flanders, of Bohemund of Sicily, of Godfrey of Bouillon, of Tancred, of King Baldwin of Jerusalem, of Adhemar, Bishop of Le Puy and papal legate—the life, the character, the exploits of any one of these would fill volumes.

And at last I read how they came to Jerusalem, like no other city in the world because it held within its walls the hopes of the multitudes of men. For five weeks what was left of the army lay in the Valley of the Damned. Then they moved to the attack with their bridge of fire and the next day marched in. But this was not the end of the Crusade. Later came the battle on the plain of Ascalon, sallies into Arabia, the coming of the Venetians to open trade connections. A quarter of a million men had died that 30,000 should hold Palestine. Reinforcements were needed. And they came, but slowly. Iron Men had been riding home to their ladies in the castle. They came absolved for their sins and happy. Others heard their tales and caught the fever. There were Hugh of Vermandois, Raymond of Toulouse, Stephen of Blois who had run away from battle, Conrad of Germany. But only the first host of men ever got through to Jerusalem. (*Continued on page 222*)

We WANT DADDIES

By Anne Shannon Monroe

Boys need man-companionship, daily association with men who will take time from dollar chasing to be pals with them and guide them along the subtle paths that lead to real manhood. And in this list Daddies come first—if they will only grasp the opportunity that is rightfully theirs

"HOW do you make *your* money?" asked seven-year-old Jimmy of a large, important-appearing man, a regular week-end guest at a popular beach resort.

The man removed his after-dinner cigar and looked down somewhat amazedly at the earnest-eyed child standing before him.

"Well, Jimmy," he began—then hesitated.

"Go on," prompted another, much amused. "Jimmy wants to know."

"Well," began the man again—and proceeded to do his best to put the workings of the banking business into words of one syllable.

"Thank you," said the little boy, and turning to the next man in the group, he repeated his query,

"And how do you make *your* money?"

And so he went from man to man, with every one in hearing watching the serious child, and wanting to smile over the confusion some of the questioned were thrown into; but suppressing the impulse—also attempting to suppress the child's aunt, who hurried in from the veranda and took him away.

Out in the moonlight he sank down into a big chair all alone and gazed off across the lapping green breakers, heavy with thought.

THE author of this keen little article, the purpose of which is to induce fathers to become better fathers, needs no introduction to the multitude who have read her "Singing in the Rain." She has been giving us her heart-to-heart talks at intervals for several years. And there are more to follow in early issues

"What is it, Jimmy? What's on your mind?" the aunt asked, slipping down beside him.

She had brought the little city-bred boy to the beach as her guest on his first long vacation, and she had been joyously making secret plans to claim him for all the growing-up ones to follow. For it is a heartsome thing to have in one's sole care anything so marvelous as a child who is unfolding beautifully into life. But lately a troubled look had come into his lovely little face, a look that all her efforts at creating new pleasures had not dissipated.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she gently urged.

"I'm trying to find a way to make money when I grow up, so I can go on vacations sometimes with *my* little boy," he said.

And then the aunt saw that his chin was quivering; and all at once it came over her that the perfect vacation she thought she was giving the child was not perfect at all. He wanted his daddy with him, battling sea waves, building sand castles, playing ball. He wanted his daddy there when the long, wonderful day was done to talk things over with, tell things to. He wanted his daddy—his anchor, the big friend at his back. Seeing other daddies come to the beach for visits with their children had stirred his deep childish longings till he had been moved to find out how they managed it, what sort of money-making it was that permitted such happiness—looking far ahead, planning things in the ideal way they should be for a little boy.

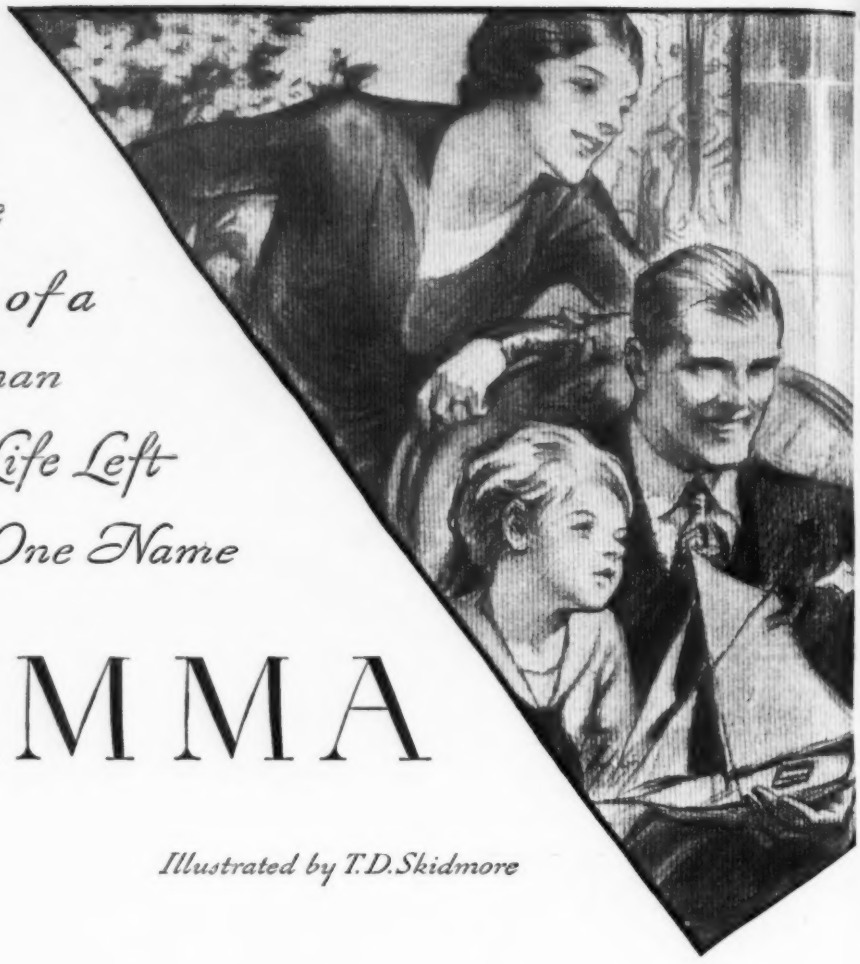
Another little friend of mine was only five when the cloud came upon him. Ronny had a devoted mother, but a daddy among the missing by choice. I found him sitting forlornly on his porch steps on the evening of the Fourth of July, his fire crackers neglected, his chin tucked into his tiny palm, his knees sunk together, the picture of downheartedness.

At last, under persuasion, he got out his trouble:

"I can see maybe how a daddy might go off and leave his little boy on Christmas, or his birthday, (*Continued on page 217*)

The Story of a Woman Whom Life Left Only One Name

MAMMA



Illustrated by T.D.Skidmore

THE cross-town car came to a stop at the east end of Forty-second Street. One passenger stayed on, a woman of about thirty who had been riding, the conductor thought, from as far west as Broadway.

"We go back now, lady," he said.

She smiled at him, but made no reply.

"This is the end of the line," he said.

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, you must get off."

She smiled again, but was silent. The conductor went to the motorman.

"Should I put her off?"

"What is she, pickled?"

"I didn't smell no liquor."

"She must be crazy or a hophead. Or maybe she just enjoys the ride. You might ask her where she wants to go."

The conductor returned to the woman.

"Where do you want to go, lady?"

"Home," said the woman. "I must get home and bake a cake."

"Where is your home?" asked the conductor.

The woman just smiled vaguely.

"Do you live in New York?"

"I think so."

"Whereabouts in New York?"

She shook her head.

"In the city or in one of the suburbs?"

"I think so."

"Do you live over in Jersey?"

No answer.

"Out on Long Island?"

No answer.

"Up in Westchester somewheres?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Do you want to get off at Grand Central Station?" asked the conductor.

"Oh, yes!" She said it almost eagerly.

"Where is your purse?" asked the conductor.

"The woman took it, the woman that was standing next to me."

"Whereabouts?"

"In the store. She stood next to me in the store and took my purse."

"Haven't you any money or any ticket?"

"My husband will take care of me."

When the car, now well filled, stopped in front of the Grand Central Station, the conductor came to the woman and touched her on the arm.

"Here's where you get off," he said.

He escorted her to the platform and watched her alight and enter the station. He thought perhaps he ought to have put her in the care of a policeman. Still, if she did not "come out of it," some one in the station would notice her and take her in charge. There was no danger of her being robbed if she had nothing.

The woman, who would have been rather pretty if she had had more color and had not looked so tired, wandered uncertainly along the lane into the upper-level concourse. She acted like a sight-seer, walking around the concourse several times and stopping every little while to regard attentively some prosaic object such as a ticket window, a closed gate, the information booth. At length she went up the slope that led to the waiting room. She sat on a bench, sometimes observing the people near her, sometimes dozing, sometimes smiling to herself as if her thoughts were pleasant.

Late at night, when the waiting room was nearly empty, a policeman found her asleep and awakened her.

"It's time to go home," he said.

"I'm waiting for my husband," said the woman.

"Where is he?"

"At the office. He's going to stop for me and take me home."

"Where do you live?"

"My husband knows."

"Don't you know, yourself?"

"He'll take care of me."

"Do you live in the city?"

"I think so."

"What's your name?"

"My name? My name's Mamma."

"What's your last name?" asked the policeman.

"That's all—just Mamma."

"What's your husband's name?"

"Dad. He's at the office, but he'll stop for me; pretty soon, I hope. I must get home and bake a cake."

"I think you'd better come with me," said the policeman. "We'll try and find your husband."

The woman got up willingly enough, and the policeman took her outside and turned her over to a colleague.

Copyright, 1930, by Ring Lardner

By Ring Lardner

She sat on a bench, sometimes observing the people near her, sometimes smiling to herself as if her thoughts were pleasant

"Steve, here's a lady named Mamma, and she's waiting for her husband, a fella named Dad. He was supposed to come for her when he got out of the office, but I figure he's been detained. You take her over to the Guest House, and if he comes here, I'll tell him where she is."

In the Travelers' Aid Guest House, the woman was given a bath, a nightgown, and a bed. But these comforts and a good breakfast failed to refresh her memory. At eleven o'clock next day she was still Mamma, waiting for Dad and eager to get home and bake a cake. And they took her to the city hospital's psychopathic ward.

"You must know where you live," said Miss Fraser.

"Yes," replied the woman.

"Well, tell me. We can't send you home till we know where it is."

"My husband knows where it is."

"Yes, but he isn't here."

"He'll be here this afternoon. He's coming for me, and he's coming early because it's my birthday. They're going to give me a surprise."

"Who are?"

"My husband and Brother and Betty."

"Who are Brother and Betty?"

"Why do you ask so many questions?"

"I'm interested in you," said Miss Fraser.

"Well, Brother is my little boy, and Betty is my little girl. They both had the flu. And Dad had it. And Doctor was frightened. He thought they were all going to die. But we fooled him. They all got well."

"What's the doctor's name?"

"My husband knows his name. My husband remembers everything."

"But we can't learn anything from him if you don't tell us where he lives."

"He lives at home, with me and Brother and Betty—at night, that is. In the daytime he's at his office."

"Where is his office?"

"He'll tell you that when he comes."

"But you see," explained Miss Fraser, "he isn't very likely to come because he doesn't know you're here. If you'll just tell me his name and how to reach him—"

"His name is Dad, and he's in his office because this is daytime."

"What does he do?"

"He'll tell you that, too. He remembers everything."

Miss Fraser gave way to Miss Parnell.

"I understand this is your birthday."

"Yes, and Brother said that he and Betty and Dad would surprise me with something if I would bake them a cake. I told them the surprise mustn't be very expensive, because we must save up to pay Doctor. Doctor will have a big bill, because he was there three and four times a day for nearly two weeks. But as long as everybody got well, what do we care how big his bill is? Are you a nurse?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I'm not a nurse. I mean I'm not a trained nurse, but Doctor said I should have been a trained nurse. He said I seemed to do the right thing by instinct. He said if it hadn't been for me, all three of them would have died—Brother and Dad and Betty. I didn't go to bed for a whole week. Sometimes I went to sleep standing up. Did you ever do that? It's a funny experience. But when it's all over, you don't mind what you went through, as long as everybody got well."

"Have you got any money? I mean, has your husband got any?"

"He makes a good salary, but we haven't saved. We have too much fun, I guess. The amount we spend for food, it's a disgrace for a family the size of ours. And Dad always wants me to look nice."

"Well, you need some new clothes and some new shoes and stockings."

"I guess you're right, but it's a queer thing, because I just bought what I'm wearing."

"How long ago?"

"Day before yesterday. And yesterday I was looking for some things for Betty when my purse was stolen."

"What store were you in?"

"I can't remember the name of the store—it's the same place I usually go. If I had my purse, I could tell you. But never mind; my husband will know. He keeps track."

The woman took a nap, and after it Miss Fraser renewed the siege.

"Can't you tell me now what your name is?"

"It's funny; everybody asks me that."

"But you don't tell anybody."

"Yes, I do. My name is Mamma. I told your sister.

"I have no sister," said Miss Fraser.

"She looked enough like you to be your sister, and she kept nagging the same as you do."

"Honestly I'm not nagging, but I do want to know your name and address so I can send you home. Brother and Betty are probably wondering what has become of you."

"No, they're not. They're at school."

"What school?"

"It's two blocks from where we live."

"What's the name of it?"

"Do you want to send your children there?"

"I have no children."

"Then why do you want to know the name of a school? You ask too many questions. When my husband comes, you can ask him anything you want to, but I'm tired of being nagged."

Dr. Phillips took a turn at "nagging." "Aren't you anxious to get home?"

"Yes, I am. I've got to bake a cake."

"Then why don't you try to remember your name and where you live?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Dr. Phillips."

"Well, thank goodness we don't need a doctor. We did need one, but they all got well—Betty and Brother and Dad."

"Will you try to describe the house where you live?"

"House! We're not rich! We live in an apartment."

"Where is it?"

"That's all right. My husband will take me there. He's coming for me this afternoon."

"He can't very well do that, because it's evening now, and besides he doesn't know where you are."

"You're too fresh! We have our own doctor, and we're satisfied with him. If we want to make a change, my husband will send you word."

"Is your husband in business for himself, or does he work for somebody?"

"He's in an office. He has an office all to himself, and you can't get in to see him till the boy tells him who you are and what you want. And then he's liable to say he's out, if you're somebody he doesn't want to see. I don't imagine he'd want to see you; you ask too many questions. And those girls ask too many questions. It's people like you that make him so late. He has to stay at the office and answer questions, and it makes him late. He'd have been here long ago, if it wasn't for you. And I've got to get home and bake a cake."

That night Mamma boasted a little about her children and didn't seem to care whether any one was listening.

"Betty is smarter and gets along faster in school. She can skim through a lesson once and almost know it by heart. She finishes her home work in fifteen or twenty minutes and then helps Brother do his. Brother has brains enough, but he dreams a lot. He doesn't concentrate like Betty. He is more on the lines of a genius of some kind. Everybody says he'll be an artist or a poet or maybe a great actor. I don't believe he'd ever pass in school if the teachers weren't so crazy about him. That and the way Betty helps him with his home work. My husband says Betty will make a better businessman than Brother. I hope neither one of them will have to work as hard as my husband does. I suppose they will, though, if we don't turn over a new leaf and economize. We'll have to for a while, to pay what we owe Doctor. I don't imagine he'll charge us as much as he would if he wasn't so fond of the children. Betty's his favorite, and I think my husband likes Brother best. I don't know which I like best. They're both lovely!"

During her second day at the hospital, Mamma answered (if you could call it answering) most of the questions put to her, occasionally losing her temper and scolding her questioners for their inquisitiveness. For two weeks thereafter she would not open her mouth in the presence of a doctor, a nurse, or a volunteer social worker. She cried a little, smiled a great deal, and several times daily told other patients that her husband was coming for her "this afternoon."

In vain her picture was published in all the papers, along with the scant details of the case—the date she had been found, her approximate age, a description of her clothing. There were no inquiries for her at the police stations, the other hospitals, or the morgue, and policemen assigned to the task of discovering her alleged family reported failure. The psychopathic ward was beginning to regard her as part of its permanent equipment. And then—suddenly she recalled her other name.

"Carns," she said, and said it again, "Carns."

She said it loudly, and Miss Fraser heard.

"What is that you're saying? Is it your name?"

"Yes. That's it—Carns."

"What's the rest of it?"

"I don't know, but my husband will remember. He'll tell you when he comes for me this afternoon."

To Miss Fraser "Carns" sounded unreal, but in the telephone book she found five "Carnses." Four of them reported that all members of their families were present or accounted for. The telephone of the fifth was no longer in service.

Miss Fraser got off the West Side subway on upper Broadway and walked downhill to Riverside Drive. She stopped at an address listed in the telephone book, the address of the Carnses whose telephone had been disconnected.

It was an old apartment building, but the doorman was new.

"No, I never heard of nobody by that name," he said. "But you might maybe find out from the janitor. He's been here all his life."

The janitor was away—had gone up to the hardware store. Miss Fraser talked to his wife, who first wanted it understood that her husband *(Continued on page 252)*

LITTLE MARKS

By Dorothy Beedy

BEHIND *the door,*
Upon the wall,
Are little marks
Of some one small:

FINGER *prints*
Of hands which seem
To reach for mine
In every dream;
The mar and scar
Of square-toed feet;
Dull echoes still
In my heart's beat.

BUT OH, *dear Life,*
The sweetest this—
A penciled cross,
A wordless kiss!
And close beneath
In letters clear,
Immortal words
Of "Mother Dere."

SUNBEAMS *dance*
And shadows fall;
Roses bloom
By garden wall;
People come
And go away;
But little marks,
They stay—and stay—

Frances Alda *Advises*

The GIRL WITH A VOICE

When I began, I was kept at such operas as "Faust." Eighty-four times I sang the rôle of Marguerite before I was allowed to go on to something else

ALWAYS I have said that to be a great singer, so much besides the voice is necessary. I can not say it too often. For the first sixteen years of a girl's life there should be no serious vocal training because her vocal chords are too immature to stand it. Children should be taught instrumental music—encouraged and taught to play the piano or violin—but not to sing, no matter how charming the voice seems. At five I had a child's pretty voice, but when, at twelve, I went to boarding-school, my wise grandmother gave special orders that I was not to receive lessons in singing or to be allowed to sing.

For vocal training a girl must wait, but for the "so much besides" which must enter into her equipment as a singer, education can hardly begin too early. If her voice shows promise, she should be surrounded from childhood with an atmosphere of musical culture. Her parents should make every effort to give her an opportunity to hear great music well performed. I am glad that those in charge of radio programs are introducing musical selections of higher quality.

Besides training ear and taste, besides acquiring a rich background of knowledge and appreciation through listening to good music over the radio, at concerts, at operatic performances, the little girl whose parents hope she may become a great artist should learn to play at least one musical instrument well. Many singers never play the piano, but they should have learned in childhood; it is essential to their education.

10 POINTS AND COUNTER-POINTS FOR THE YOUNGER SINGER

She should not attempt training before 16.

She should play at least one instrument, preferably piano.

Study abroad is not necessary—tradition to the contrary.

Let her beware of charlatans; singing teachers, like doctors, should be licensed.

The heavy rôles are not for her at first.

In New York $9,000 is her approximate budget for three years.

She must not yield to the diet craze.

It is not difficult to get a Metropolitan audition.

At this time concert work promises little.

Marriage and children are not only possible, but desirable.

Deportment is a part of training which is important and not to be postponed. I studied deportment when I was six. How to stand, how to walk to the center of platform or stage, how to bow, how to hold the arms—these are lessons to learn early, although many never learn them. Sometimes a girl who comes to sing for me thrusts her body forward, or holds it too far back, or her shoulders droop ungracefully to one side or the other, or she clasps her hands behind her back or obviously does not know what to do with them. No matter how glorious her voice, she will never be a successful opera singer until she acquires correct carriage and graceful movements.

Diction is another indispensable course in her early schooling. While she is a child, disregard the singing voice, but watch the speaking voice. It should be clear, cultivated, agreeable. Every one knows how rare such a speaking voice is today, even in our theatre. Many have said to me in surprised tones,

"Why, your speaking voice is beautiful, too!"

When I had to deliver a curtain speech, at my recent farewell appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, I could make myself perfectly audible in that great auditorium without (*Continued on page 207*)

When You Choose The Style of Your House

Here Are the Things to Consider

By

Dwight James Baum, Architect

A WEALTHY man, with plenty of funds at his disposal and an estate large enough so that his house is seen alone and not in close association with neighbors' residences, has a wide choice when it comes to deciding upon the style in which his house is to be built. He is not seriously limited by considerations of economy in space, plan, design, or materials, and in making up his mind he can range over the whole field of domestic architecture. But the average man has no such freedom. In the first place, he is almost always limited by the amount he can afford to spend on his house. Then he is limited by the possibilities of his lot, which is small and surrounded by neighbors. It is his architect's duty to study his needs with these things in mind, and choose for him a house which harmonizes with his individual preferences, and is comfortable, livable, and pleasing to the eye.

When a prospective owner comes to an architect to talk over plans for a new house, he generally comes armed with pictures and clippings of houses he admires. This is an excellent idea, for it helps the architect to form an impression of the general style characteristics desired. He can tell at a glance whether the client prefers a formal or an informal treatment, what materials he likes, and what traditional styles have the most appeal for him. Sometimes, however, these first conferences reveal the fact that, outside of certain desirable conveniences, the client has little idea of the salient characteristics of any style. He leaves all that to his architect. In other cases the client may insist upon conflicting features belonging to dissimilar styles, and the problem then is to find out what he really wants.

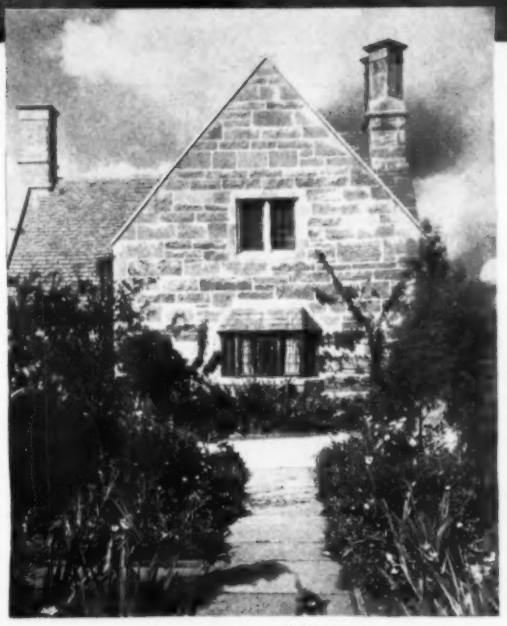
If you are about to build a house and have got thus far in your plans, I hope you will at this juncture be frank with your architect about how much you can afford to spend. Sometimes people name a figure and then keep going up a bit from time to time as the plans progress, as if they were at an auction. This policy never results in as good a house as complete honesty would create. The amount you can afford to spend has a good deal to do with the style in which your house is built. The least expensive types are those built on a rectangular plan with no waste space on either floor. The most expensive types are the rambling houses,

A New England Colonial house of clapboard is an economical style to build, and is well adapted to most sections of the country

If you like a low, sweeping gambrel roof and an air of cosiness, you will live happily in a Dutch Colonial house such as Mr. Baum designs

Photograph by John Wallace Gillies, Inc.

The symmetrical design, the bow windows, and fine doorway give this attractive house designed by Mr. Baum desirable dignity



Photograph by George H. Van Anda

The house at the left owes its steep gable and casement windows to English precedent. Roger H. Bullard, Architect

such as the English or the French cottage with high-pitched roofs and a great deal of wall.

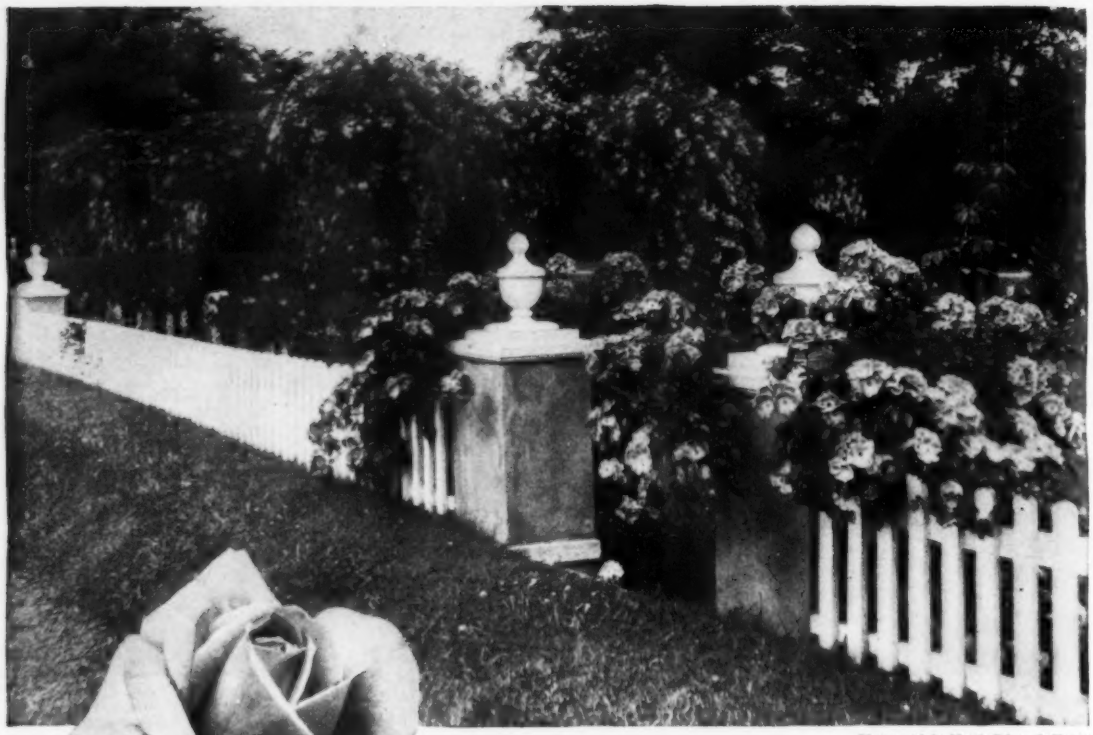
It is fortunate that the most economical house to build is also one that has developed in this country and is therefore most suitable in many sections from the point of view of tradition. The various kinds of Colonial architecture were determined by the lives of the settlers, conditions of the climate, and the materials at hand. Until after 1725, the Colonists had to rely entirely upon their own resources and owed practically nothing to foreign types. These early settlers were civilized people, bringing education, established customs, ideals, and traditions to a primitive land. They developed these in various ways, sifting out what they needed for their new methods of life, and they attacked the problem of home-building in the same way.

Land had to be cleared, so it was natural that lumber would be used for building as well as for fuel. Thus a race of carpenters sprang up to take the place of the masons they had relied on in Europe. Shingles replaced slate and tile for roofs. Houses were planned to economize on space and labor, and thus were developed the familiar early styles which with small modifications are so practical today. Even when families became wealthy, and imported designs for elaborate doorways, cornices, mantelpieces, and stairways—and frequently the actual pieces themselves—their houses usually retained their light wooden character and simple expression of the manner of living.

In the South, since brick was cheap and abundant, it was used instead of wood, and the climate called for the deep-storied porches which give so much charm and dignity to old Southern mansions. In other sections stucco came into vogue, and native stone was used. Some houses near quarries were even built of marble.

In plan the typical Colonial house had a small central hall from which the staircase ascended. On one side of the hall was the drawing-room and on the other the library or dining-room. The exterior with a central doorway and windows symmetrically arranged, directly expressed the plan. This simple plan, which made economical use of roof and walls, is still well adapted to the needs of the average family; and since there is such variety in the Colonial types, from the informal Dutch farmhouse to the dignified Georgian mansion, almost everybody can find a design in this tradition which will please him.

The relation of the house to the site is an important consideration in choosing the style. For a hilly site, a cottage of the English or French Provincial is often successful. Sometimes an informal Colonial farmhouse fits snugly on a hillside, but the dignified, four-square Colonial town house looks best on a flat site. The people of Florida and California have wisely turned to the Mediterranean for inspiration in house design. Spain, Southern France, and Italy, having the same brilliant sunshine and nearness to the sea, contribute the styles now referred to as "Mediterranean types," which look so much at home in these states. English houses, on the other hand, do not belong to the southern sections of either Florida or California. The sense of environment is being more and more considered in choosing a style. Traditional Colonial houses are built in the eastern part of the country, as well as others borrowed from northern Europe. In the Middle West, the level distances of the wide prairies have inevitably impressed themselves, and there has always been a tendency in the best architecture in that section to long, low lines. So far this tendency has not resulted in a strikingly individual design, but it has given to the best work a local flavor that is very pleasing. On the Pacific Coast, as I have said, the stucco Mediterranean styles are favored in southern California, but in the northwest, wood is the (*Continued on page 183*)



Photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Garden Pests
And How to Fight Them

By Romaine B. Ware

Fight! Fight! Fight! is the garden-lover's slogan. There can be no truce with the bugs

GARDENERS are naturally an optimistic lot; they do not go around looking for trouble, and that may be one of the reasons why so many of them allow the various insect pests and fungus diseases to gain a foothold in their gardens. Once the pests become established, they must be fought without quarter, or your garden treasures will seriously suffer, and many of them will entirely disappear. The successful gardener to-day must be vigilant at all times; he has to be on the lookout for the first aphids, the first trace of mildew, the first evidences of blight. The earlier he discovers the presence of these troubles, and the more promptly the proper remedies are applied, the easier it will be to control or eradicate them.

All this points to one thing, timeliness, and timeliness means also preparedness. If you are to combat the pests and diseases successfully, attacking them at the opportune time, you should be ready for the battle well in advance of their appearance. Preparedness requires not only that you provide yourself with the proper equipment and ingredients, but also that you know how to recognize the various ailments; that is, you must be able to diagnose the trouble before you treat it.

Garden pests divide themselves into several groups, the two general ones being insect pests and fungus diseases. The first may again be divided into chewing and sucking insects, each of which is attacked in a different manner. The fungus diseases are roughly divided into two groups, those that may be checked after their appearance and those that should be prevented from putting in an appearance.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture and the State Experiment Stations have been experimenting for many years to provide us with efficient weapons for carrying on the battle, and in recent years commercial manufacturers have entered the field. To-day sprayers, dusters, insecticides, and fungicides in great variety may be purchased at reasonable prices, and there can be no excuse that we lack the means to combat our troubles.

Among our most persistent pests are the aphids that work such havoc upon the tender growth of roses, shrubs, sweet peas, and many other things. The time-tried remedy for them is the concentrated nicotine solution. The directions are simple, but the successful eradication of these pests will necessitate repeated applications. Too, the sprays must be applied quite forcibly and as a very fine mist. They must actually contact the bodies of the insects, because as they suck the juices of the plant rather than eat the foliage, they can be destroyed only by the action of the solution upon their bodies. If you do not do a thorough job, the few remaining insects will quickly repopulate the host, and you will have to start all over again. Three or four applications, a day apart, will generally clean them all off. Dusting with tobacco dust is also done, but some gardeners do not think it is so efficient as spraying.

The leaf miner infesting columbine, the black fly upon chrysanthemum and nasturtium, the tiny insects that attack snapdragons, the red, brown, and black aphids that infest golden glow and similar things, the woolly aphids upon snowball, the white fly of your dahlias, and many other similar pests may all be controlled by timely and repeated applications of some of the contact sprays or dusts. Nicotine preparations, kerosene emulsions, soap washes, preparations containing or made largely of pyrethrum powder, and many others are all devised for this purpose. Some will work better than others, and among them something will be found to combat every pest.

Chewing insects and caterpillars may be controlled by using some form of arsenic. Paris green and lead arsenate are most commonly used, both in (*Continued on page 228*)

Keeping the Upkeep Down

By James Jennings Bevan, Architect

WHEN a man builds a new house, he surveys it with satisfaction and thinks to himself: "Well, that is done. Now I won't have to bother with it again for years."

He feels that he has put up a good, sound house that ought not to need any attention until it begins to creak a little with old age. As a matter of fact, during the first three years after a house is built a number of small things will need attention. I am not speaking of poorly constructed houses in which foundations and framing have been cheapened to the point of flimsiness, but of the stanch and solid dwellings all of us want to own. Naturally, the better the house, the fewer the repairs. It is possible to build of materials that are practically time-proof—walls that resist decay and weather, roofs that are indestructible, metal parts that won't rust—but not everybody can afford to use these expensive materials exclusively. Most of us have to watch the vulnerable parts of our houses and pay a small upkeep on them in order to save the big bills that neglect will bring in the end.

As soon as the weight of a house rests on the foundations, a certain amount of adjusting and settling naturally takes place. If the foundation and footings are solidly built so that the settlement is fairly even, no serious troubles will result, but little defects that are unsightly or that lessen comfort become apparent here and there. Another circumstance that makes small repairs necessary in a new house is the inevitable shrinkage of wooden studs, girders, and other parts of the structure, caused by the dry, overheated air of the house in winter. If these are promptly attended to and the house is kept at its best during the first two or three years, it will probably need no serious repairs of any kind for a long time.

If the small defects that show up in a well-built new house during the first two years are repaired, nothing serious can happen to it for years

The fact that first impresses any one studying the matter of repairs is the great importance of paint. I advise the owner of a new house to do a rather light paint job to complete the house and make it presentable for the first year, and then at the end of a year, when the house has settled, call in a reliable paint contractor and ask him to do a thorough job. If his force is so organized that he can inspect the house thoroughly and correct all defects, so much the better. Before the painting is done, check up on the woodwork. Even with the best of care nowadays, wood trim sometimes warps. When the wood is nailed in place, it always contains a certain amount of moisture, but throughout the winter when the heat is turned on this is likely to dry out. Then moldings separate; doors get out of kilter and bind, or locks don't catch properly; floors show a tendency to curl. A carpenter should nail down loose moldings, putty and paint cracks, and reset the doors or their locks, if necessary. A few boards in the floor may have become loose and squeaky, and if these are noted carefully, a nail or two driven through to the beam below will tighten them up properly. Scrape the floors to get rid of any unevenness caused by slight warping. Have the painter sandpaper the woodwork, putty any cracks, and put on one or (*Continued on page 124*)

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

Good Housekeeping Studio

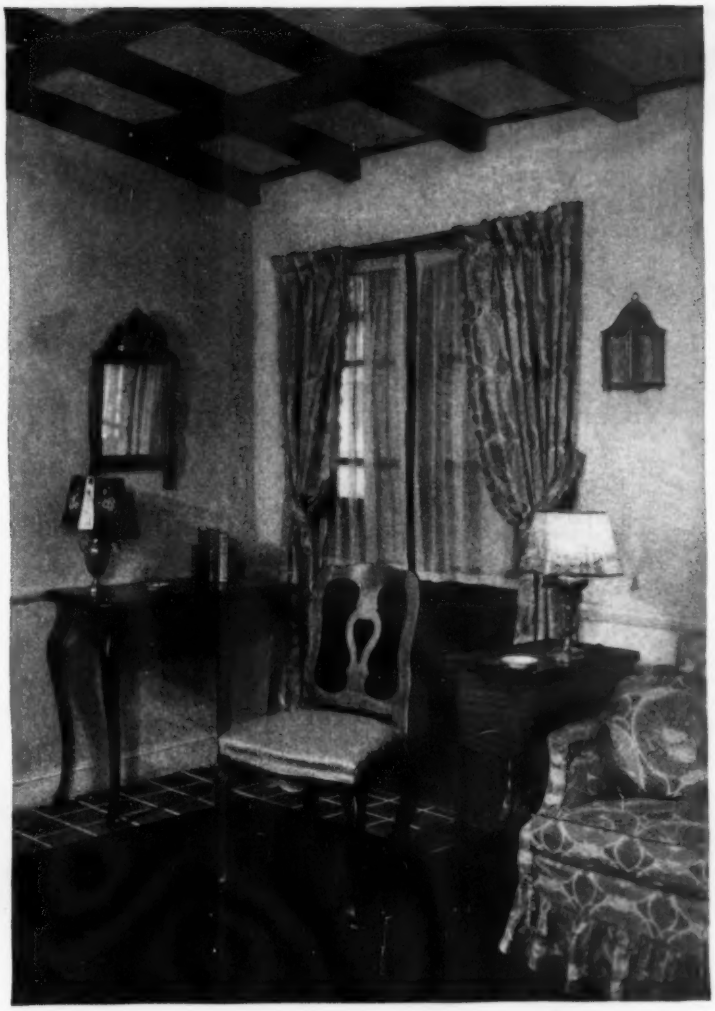
Builds and Furnishes A Living Room In The French Provincial Manner

By Helen Koues, Director

IN THE French Provincial house, the exterior and hall of which were shown last month, we now have this living room. In it something of to-day, the quaintness of the French Provinces of the eighteenth century, and the comfort of this practical century are combined. Though suitable for an all-year-round living room, it is especially appealing at this season, for a summer room. Perhaps you will find some feature of it you can adapt to your summer cottage or an American Colonial house. French Provincial and Early American furniture combine charmingly—in fact, this room holds many a suggestion in lamps and small tables that would fit quite suitably into rooms of several different types.

But let us consider it from the standpoint of its own *type*—French Provincial—and in relation to the hall shown in the May GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and the dining room which will follow next month. The elevations drawn by our architect, Henry Ives Cobb, Jr., and shown at the bottom of the opposite page, will give you some idea of the actual construction.

Since the room is in a house of moderate size, it conforms to it. It is 14′ x 20′ long. The feature of the room is the ceiling with its pitched roof constructed in the French manner, with 3″ x 3″ purlins notched into 3″ x 4″ rafters. (See Section AA.) The height of the room to the peak is 10′, to the eaves 7′ 6″. The two



A bergère, a typically French chair, upholstered in small-figured chintz, is drawn up by a walnut table of Louis XV Provincial style on one side of the room (shown on opposite page), while in the corner a smaller table with a lamp, and an attractive chair make an effective group

A corner of the room beside the entrance archway is shown at the left. The casement windows of the French type open out above a wainscoted section which matches the walnut color of the ceiling beams. The chair rail and surbase may match the walls or the beams, as preferred

long side walls are identical, with two casement windows on each side, also built in the French, not the English, manner, opening above the deep window reveal, while below the window a wooden wainscoting gives the character of the period. (See Elevation.) The casement windows have two cross-muntins without a vertical upright, giving each sash three pieces of large glass instead of six or more small pieces as in the English and American Colonial. A surbase, Section CC, and a chair rail, Section BB, complete the walls and are made of the same wood as the ceiling rafters.

Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites You
To Visit The Rooms Created By
The Studio
Now on Exhibition at
Our Publication Building
57th St. at 8th Ave.
New York

The John M. Smyth Store
Chicago

The New England Furniture
& Carpet Company
Minneapolis

In this case the Studio stained the rafters and window frames a walnut tone to look like the old wood, but covered the surbase and chair rail with the wall finish of Artstone instead of staining them. Either could be done. Since plaster with exposed beams is typical of early construction in all countries, France as well as England and Italy, it has been made a feature of this room, and an exposed beam, 5 ft. 2 inches by 10¼ inches, holding the masonry, is used across the fire opening. It is in character with the simplicity of the room and to be preferred to anything except a plain stone

Cooperating With Us:

Walls, Artstone Products; Hardware, McKinney; Fabrics, Amer. Bobbinet, Waverly; Rugs, Bigelow Sanford, Priscilla Turner; Sofa, Valentine Seaver; End tables, mirrors, chair, table, Cassard Romano; Tea table, Danby Furn. Co.; Desk, Baker Furn. Co.; Bergère, Louis XV table, 3-tier tables, side chair, Brunovan Inc.; Fireside chairs, Berkey & Gay; Lighting, Foxcroft, Olivette Falls, Kanné & Bessant, Hussar Studio, Mayhew Shop; Andirons, Horton May; Accessories, Carbone, Noble Shop, Chas. Hall, Koscherak, Mittledorfer Straus, Granata, Janusch, Adeline Carr

French Provincial furniture of moderate size fits charmingly into this room of 14 by 20 feet with its beamed ceiling and putty-colored, sand-finished walls. A sofa between two Provincial end tables with a coffee table in front of it forms an important group in the room, while another is the arrangement of wing chairs on either side of the recessed fireplace, comfortably suggesting a place to talk or read. The colorful chintz has a predominance of blue with accents of red and tan. A Knight Templar in his coat of armor is a brilliant note over the rough-hewn beam above the fire opening

mantel of good lines. Such a mantel would have far greater formality. As the chimney is built on at the end of the house, it is recessed in the room and gives a feeling of greater length and space. A small casement window on each side of it makes this a most livable corner at any time and any season.

The opposite end of the room shows an arched opening to the hall. The plastered walls are finished with a material called Artstone in a putty color, which is applied like paint but suggests stone by its rough sand finish.

To overcome any effect of coldness the floor is of red tile, mainly covered by a deep brown rug. This completed the treatment of the *background*, and it is the background with which any good furnishing begins.

Running through the principles on which the Studio works—type, background, scale, color and individuality—we now must choose furniture of the right *type*, and *scale*, and combine it happily with *color*, in a way which will express *individuality*. With the same principles in mind, you, my readers, would make a different room from the one I have made—expressing your preferences in color and in (*Continued on page 290*)

Quaint, Colorful, and Comfortable

The Studio Builds A Comfortable Informal Room for A Summer Camp

A SUMMER camp! North, east, south, and west they are found. Playhouses for idle hours that spell happiness and freedom and, more and more, beauty and comfort as well. A log cabin with necessarily simple lines, when nicely proportioned, has a decided primitive charm which ought to be preserved. Nothing should detract from its simplicity. It is possible, however, to choose harmonious colors, interior finish, and furniture. So this month, when our thoughts are turning to summer vacations, the Studio has built a room for a camp.

A manufacturing concern, which for a generation or so has been making chairs of unfinished hickory of sturdy build and attractive appearance, now adds a sofa and tables and a knock-down wall of Celotex with a sur-base, cornice, window frames, and strips to conceal the joinings of the Celotex. This wall (which comes by the running foot) the Studio installed in one of our exhibition rooms. It is nailed to 2″x 4″ studding and acts both as an insulation and as a wall covering. It can be fitted to a room of any size.

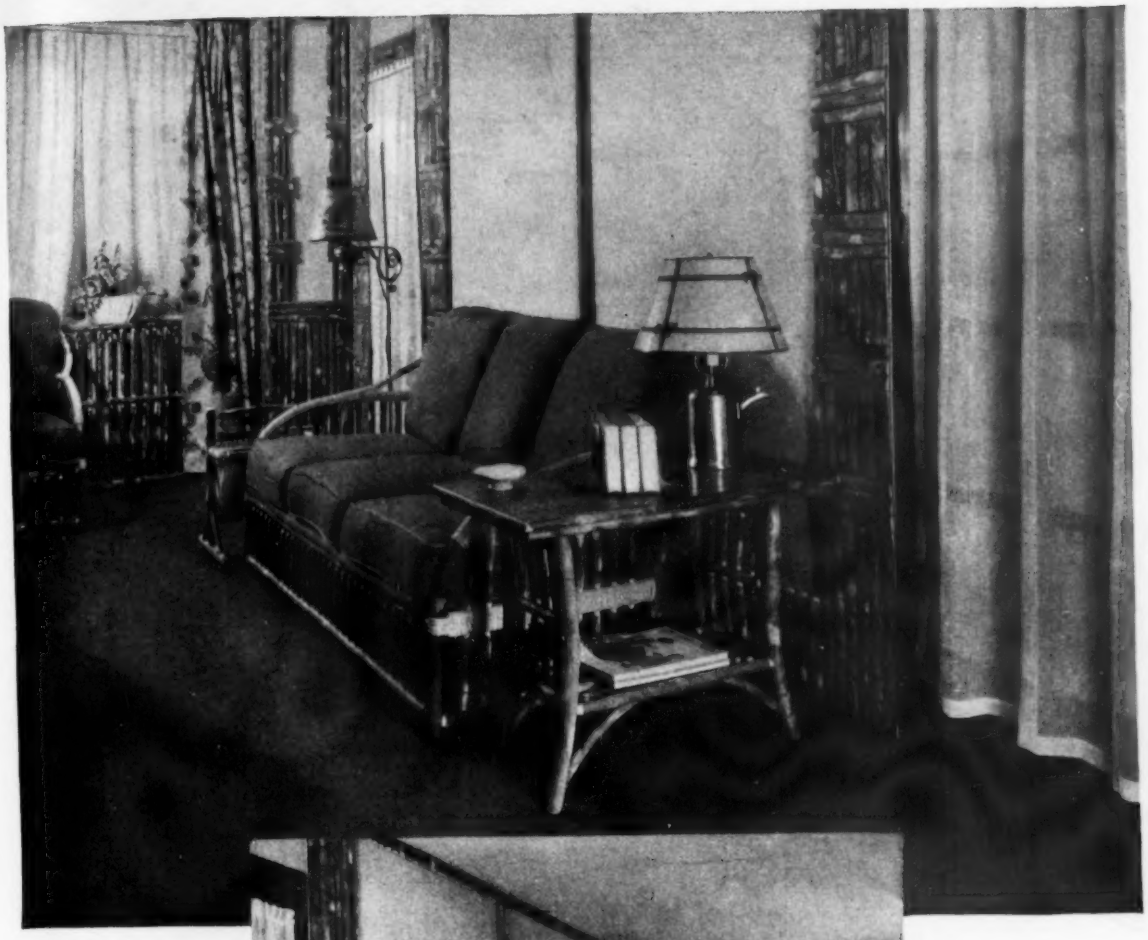
As there is generally a fireplace in a camp, we also used the fireplace designed to go with the walls. It, too, is of unfinished hickory, the flecked bark giving a pretty variation of gray-brown, which acts as a pattern against the plain tan Celotex.

The rug is an inexpensive, woven wool rug in deep brown, under a gay hooked rug in front of the fireplace. Black iron andirons of a simple pattern, a long iron log fork, a trivet, and a kettle on a crane extending from the side of the chimney over the logs are appropriate, and make possible a blazing fire and some jolly, informal cooking.

The curtains follow the wood tones; brown, green, yellow, and the red of autumn leaves in a bold (*Continued on page 290*)

To Those Interested in Decorating

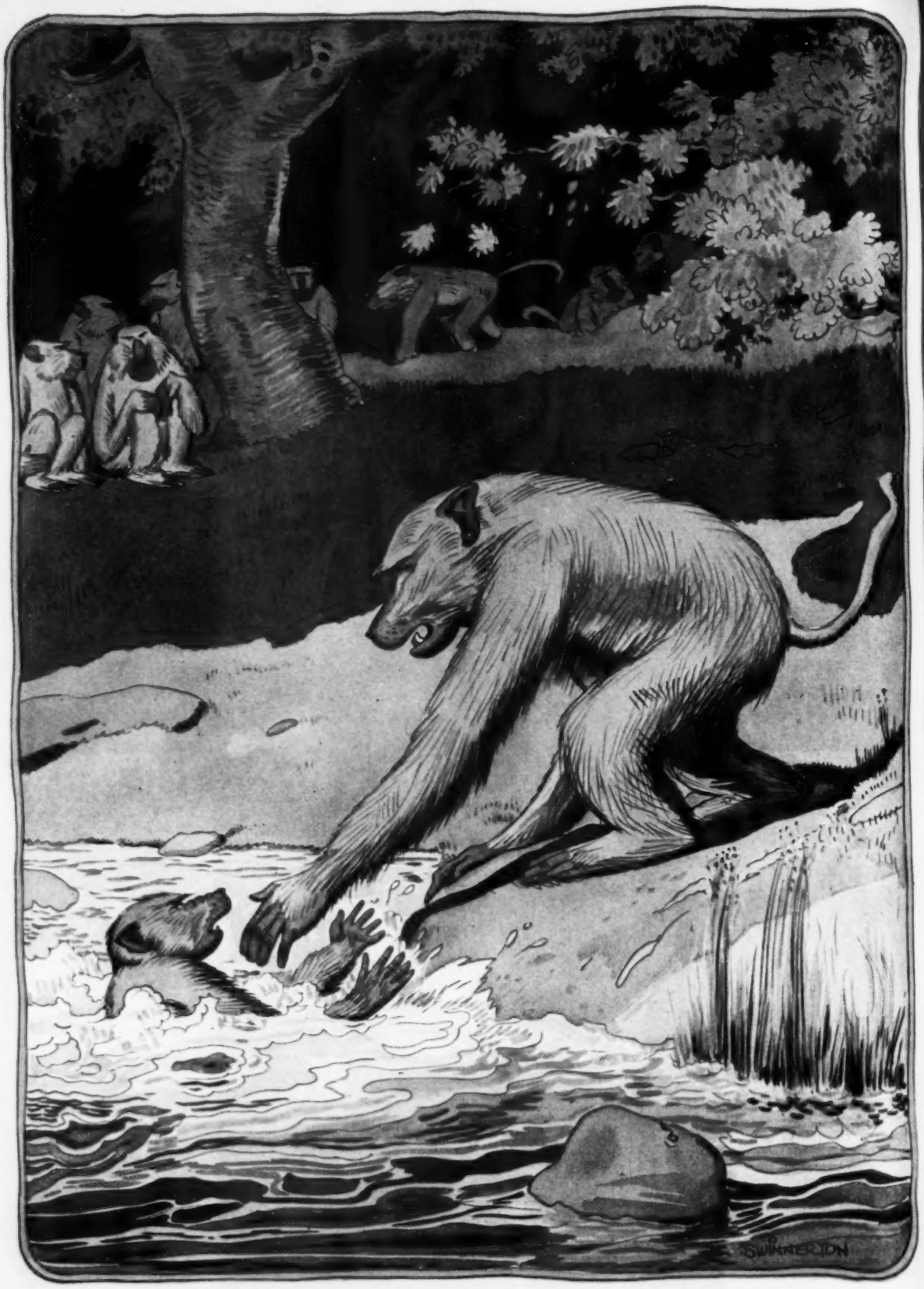
The Studio has been publishing for a number of years a series of folios—picture-books, in reality. These are usually twelve pages of the same size as the magazine, fully illustrated, and discuss in a practical way subjects such as the living room—the bedroom—or the history of furniture. We continually revise and remake them. Some of these which deserve your interest are: Principal Periods of Furniture Design Since the 12th Century, 25c; Decorating Details and Terms You Ought to Know, 25c; Porches, Terraces, and Sunrooms, 25c; A Garden Calendar, 50c. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C.



Simplicity and color are the first things one notices on entering this room. The hickory woodwork and furniture with the rough-finished tan walls make a neutral background for the bright orange of the coarse net curtains. Orange and yellow are repeated in the brown of the flowered cretonne. Plain green cushions add to the comfort of couch and chairs. Clear yellow pottery, green glass, a bowl of fruit, and simple linen are used on the table

Cooperating With Us:

Background and furniture, Old Hickory Furn. Co.; Net, Scranton Lace Co.; Cretonne, Marshall Field; Rugs, Thomas L. Leedom, G. E. Mallinson; Dishes, candlesticks, bowl, Fulper Pottery Co.; Flat Silver, Oneida Community, Ltd.; Smokador, Smokador Mfg. Co.; Ashtray, bowl, Kay & Ellinger; Glasses, Fostoria Glass; Napkins, Erskine & Beveridge; Fire Fittings, Horton May, Inc.; Lamps & Shades, Kanné & Bessant



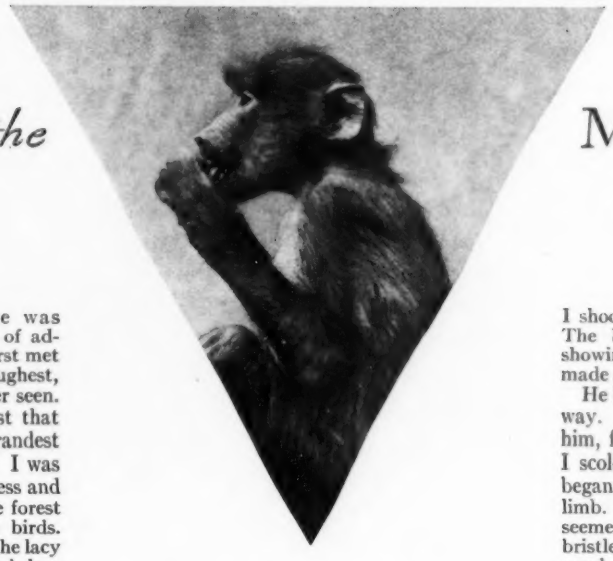
THERE is nothing that baboons hate worse than a bath. When Nick hit the water, it was the most disagreeable experience of his life. He coughed and gasped for breath. Mother rushed back and pulled him out

Drawing by
James Swinnerton

NICK

Old Mother Baboon's Baby

The Playboy of the Jungle



By Mrs. Martin Johnson

THE very atmosphere was charged with the spirit of adventure the morning I first met Old Nick, the biggest, toughest, meanest old baboon I have ever seen.

It was in the beautiful forest that borders Lake Paradise, the grandest body of water in all of Africa. I was filled with a feeling of restlessness and had a desire to get off into the forest among the wild animals and birds. Just after dawn sifted through the lacy roof of tree-tops, I had my black boy take my camera, and I took my gun, and away we went to Elephant Street.

Elephant Street is a roadway made by generations of the world's largest beasts as they have traveled to and from the lake. Once there, I scrambled into the branches of a tree, hoping to get a picture of an elephant as he roamed along this ancient highway of old Jungleland.

The forest had been in mourning, the night before, for the lost souls of its savage children. Slashes of wind made the huge trees sigh—sad and melancholy. A crêpe of fog draped the woodland. Cries of wild beasts seemed subdued and mournful. As I held my perch on a tree branch, tears of last-night's dew trickled like splashes of silver through the morning sunlight. I was a woman from a strange land, caught in a scene mysterious, mighty, and fearsome in its odd, wild beauty.

My mind was filled with dreams, as the branch that held me swayed lazily with the breeze. I visioned creatures strange and weird. I pictured stirring adventure. The sound of crackling branches jerked me from my reverie. I thought they were made by an elephant idling through the forest path, and I seized my camera, hoping to get a picture. The noise drew nearer, but still no elephant appeared. My nerves were taut. I was alert and keen for action.

Some instinct drew my gaze around to a neighboring branch of the tree, and there I beheld a vision which at first gripped me with terror. It was a huge baboon, battle-scarred, snarling and hideous. He stood there looking at me—eyes wide, fangs bared, and ears protruding. He was a cartoon of some grotesque old imp of the nether world. He looked like a distorted human cast aside in the making.

THE baboon is a funny old rogue. When startled or frightened, he seems to walk stiff-legged, making a noise in a gruff, chattering way that sounds as if he were scolding some one. His fur bristles up, and he looks as ferocious as possible, but it is only a bluff, for if you walk toward him he will run away. However, he will stop when he thinks he is out of danger, and begin scolding again.

Baboons go in groups of from fifty to two hundred, although we have seen many thousands of them together, when different groups congregated at noon on the shores of Lake Paradise.

They make good pets, but are always stealing—anything they can lay hands on around the house. When caught and spanked, they whimper like a baby, but in five minutes have forgotten all about the chastisement and are stealing again.

I was chilled with fright. Years of experience had taught me that the baboon is not dangerous unless cornered, and even then could only bite and claw, and is not liable to inflict a fatal wound. But—there we were in the same tree—this fearsome looking beast and I. All other baboons I had seen had run away after the first few seconds of curiosity, but this savage and ugly-looking fellow seemed to think this tree was his own private property, and he was not going to leave it if he could make me do so first. It was a battle of wits, and I knew it.

From what I have since learned of the baboons at Lake Paradise I know that the animal was just as surprised and startled as I was. He stared fixedly at me, thinking, no doubt, that I was a baboon of another species.

We watched each other. He grabbed a branch of the tree and shook it violently. I shook another branch just as hard. The baboon made a terrible face, showing his long, powerful teeth. I made a face and showed him my teeth.

He began to scold me in the baboon way. I'm glad I could not understand him, for his language sounded awful. I scolded him in turn. The baboon began then to prowl to and fro on his limb. I did the same on mine, which seemed to anger him exceedingly. He bristled the fur on his back and looked much fiercer. Here Old Nick had the best of me, as I had no fur to bristle. But my next effort proved the turning point of the struggle. I screamed.

It was a loud, lusty, prolonged scream that echoed through the forest. The animal had never heard anything like it in all his life. He decided almost immediately that I wasn't the kind of baboon he wanted to fight with, and tumbled away through the leaves, scorching the atmosphere with his screams.

I didn't remain in the tree much longer than he did, and I was all out of breath when I reached camp. Martin smiled when I told him I had seen the Old Nick, himself, but that baboon certainly looked like the devil to me.

I saw Old Nick often after that and learned that he was the bully, but not the boss, of the herd with which he lived. He was one of a large family that dwelt in the forest where we made our camp. When he first came into the world, he was a cute little fellow, timid, shy, and always clinging to his mother.

About the first thing Old Nick learned was to hold tightly to the soft, thick fur of his mother. No matter where she went he clung to her—in dizzy branches high above the ground, through rough, thick grass, over jagged rocks at the lake's edge.

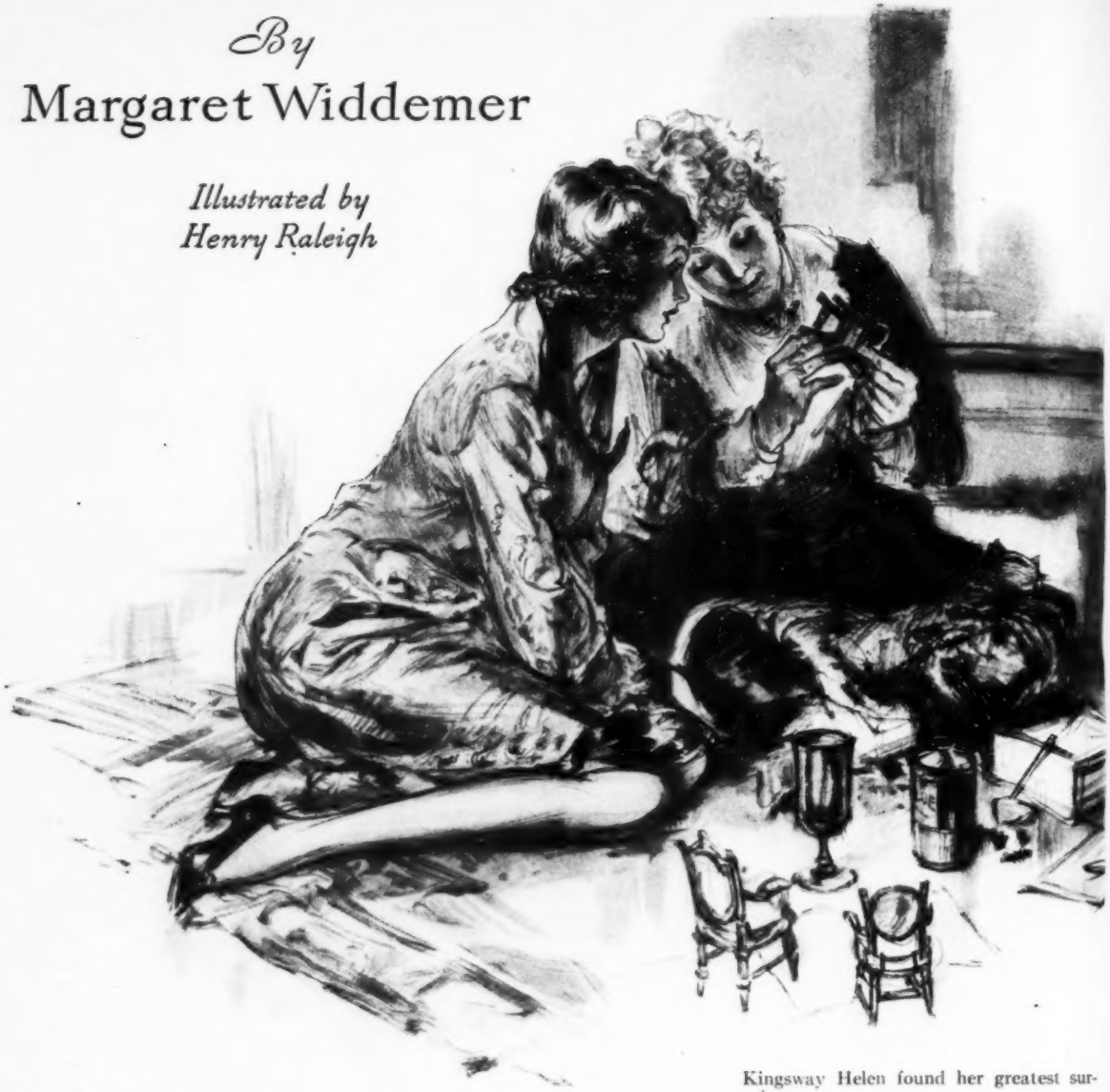
Mother guarded her baboon baby closely in the days of his infancy. She held him to her breast and fed him milk high on a swaying limb. Her arms held him when he slept. It was not healthful for any other member of the family to come near. Mother would slash him with her sharp teeth or strike him with her clawed hand.

It was mother's quick action and bravery that saved Old Nick from the claws of a leopard when he was very young. The little baboon was (*Continued on page 271*)

By

Margaret Widdemer

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



It Happened Like This:

HELEN had always been such a happy person that heartbreak seemed the last thing in the world that could ever come to her. Her worst worries had always been financial—and they were never her own, but always Jessica's. Jessica was her little married sister.

If Jessica had not sent her the red coat—Somehow Helen thought of that every time she wore it. And Jessica had meant so well. She and Lester had lapsed into another slough of unpaid bills, and Helen had come to the rescue. So in gratitude Jessica sent the lovely coat—which Helen, of course, would have to pay for.

It was just that week that Tommy Delamater became actually serious in his exaggerated love-making. He was going to Michigan to take a new job, and he wanted Helen to marry him and go along. But Helen was proud and sensitive. She would not go to Tommy with unpaid bills, without at least a modest trousseau. Within a few weeks she would be straight again—and then—then. . . .

So Tommy departed in a perfect whirl of promises and congratulations, leaving Helen behind to plan for her wedding.

She was actually on her way to the train when the letter came—the letter Tommy should have written weeks before, but had put off, as he put off everything that was disagreeable. It said that he had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer, and asked Helen to release him.

Helen moved through the first few days in a maze of misery. Unfortunately, her job was gone as well as her fiancé. She had been Tommy's father's secretary, and although Mr. Delamater was only too anxious to keep her with him, she felt the situation was intolerable.

A solution offered itself in the position of governess to the orphan niece of Ethan Kingsway, in the great estate that had always seemed a charmed place behind its forbidding walls.

Kingsway became a well-loved home to her, and its invalid mistress a never-ending delight. Patricia was sufficient of a mischief-maker to cause Helen to earn every cent of her salary. But in Ethan Kingsway Helen found her greatest surprise.

Ethan, years ago, had loved Helen's cousin Nina, who had jilted him remorselessly to marry a rich old man, whose son, Ronny, was almost her own age. A widow now, and in full control of the fortune which should have been shared with Ronny, Nina had decided to retrieve her past error, and had gone to Europe with the idea of meeting Ethan and renewing their past romance.

Somehow her plans had gone wrong, for Ethan was here in Kingsway, and Nina was still abroad. And far from being the inconsolable hero of the legend, Ethan seemed to be entirely happy, and not at all hostile to a member of the same family that had broken faith with him.

Occupied with her new duties, Helen saw little of the gay crowd which she and Tommy used to dominate. But the amateur movie they had all been making was unfinished, and she finally consented to go to Doris Milliken's to complete the work.

It was an ordeal, facing them all again, but Ethan made it easier for her by driving her to the door and promising to call for her.

ALL The KING'S HORSES

The Story of a Girl Who Found that it Takes Two to Make an Engagement But Only One To Break It

Ethan found all three concerned with the problem of stuffing Patricia's toy furniture. Mrs. Kingsway was showing Helen how to do it

She was on the dark porch when Ethan returned—just in time to see her farewell kiss to young Ronny, who had stolen a meeting with Doris in the garden. In a moment, she was swept up into Ethan's arms. His lips met hers—and to her own amazement found a response. And as they stood there, intent, bewitched, lost to sense of time and place—the great front door swung open, blinding them with light, and the whole laughing crowd stood still . . .

Ethan immediately took command of the situation. His poise was perfect, as he announced their engagement.

PART FOUR

THE gale of greeting, of wonder, of congratulation was over. It had been congratulation with a subtle note of respect in it, Helen realized afterward. She had never thought, in those hidden, enchanted days in the garden with the Kingsways, just how much of social control marriage to Ethan Kingsway would mean. Helen wanted to be loved, approved, but she had never wanted power.

Finally they were alone in the car together, rushing down the road in the crisp, starry evening wind. Patricia on the back seat was nearly asleep. Ethan, his eyes ardent, turned impetuously to Helen, taking her hand where it lay slim and brown and ungloved on her knee. She drew it away. Before that contact should become too known, too dear, she made herself speak. For she must steady herself; she must not take this lover unthinkingly. The icy words—the furious kisses—she must know whether she was to believe one or the other—or both.

"Ethan," she said with an effort, "It was very chivalrous of you to do that—but I don't want love on an impulse. And I don't want to have your love at all, unless you can believe in me. I—oh, I couldn't stand it, because I believe so in you."

Ethan ordinarily drove as easily and effortlessly as he did most things, but the car gave a jerk under his surprised hands as he checked it beside the road. She realized now that he had not been driving toward her house, but away from the village, as if he wanted time to talk.

"Why, Helen!" he said. "I know it was taking too much for granted. Forgive me. But—our talk on the way over—you knew I loved you. I thought you loved me. It was a crazy way to have it happen. But there wasn't any chivalry to it. Rather the reverse, I should think; I think I had a nerve!"

Helen laughed out in the suddenness of her revulsion of feeling. She dared to look at him; his face, turned to hers, was warmed, made gay with happiness. As they faced each other in the half-light of the road, it sobered into intensity. He bent to her. His arms went round her again, she felt his lips on hers, and everything was suddenly good and joyous and right again. She spoke into his shoulder:

"I thought—you were angry because you saw me being kissed by—I promised not to tell you who he was, even. I thought you'd gone back to not trusting people named Heather because of Nina—and had to love me, just the same—against your wishes. I couldn't stand *that*. And I thought perhaps you were helping me out because you knew how much I cared for people's opinion—but I'm better than I used to be, truly! And you did that just to keep me from being hurt and ashamed again."

"But, Helen, don't you know what you are to me? The King of Spain's daughter from the old rhyme—the most wonderful, the most perfect—the princess from the legends, always! . . . Helen, I'll confess. For a flash I *was* angry. I had just come to feel that you were mine, nobody else's. I hadn't even kissed you—and then I saw you in the arms of that boy in the shadow. I saw who it was—young Higginson. I'd heard he was in love with you. I spoke and acted out of—jealousy, first, I suppose—and then nothing more or less than the immediate, intense desire to know you were mine, to have you in my own arms."

She smiled at him a little in love and pride, as one smiles over some one very dear.

"But I don't know you very well yet, do I? I always thought you were so remote and self-controlled. You would go by, and speak to me, or look at me—and I suppose," said Helen, "like all emus, underneath I must have cared for you always, even when I was unconscious of it."

"I'm self-controlled because I have a lot of rather desperate feelings to hold under," was his brief answer. "And no matter how long you may have cared for me—I'm too glad you do now to care how long—it couldn't be as much or as long as I've loved you."

"And it never occurred to you to say so!"

"It did," he said dryly, "but by the time I had discovered that I couldn't get over you, and that even leaving America was no good, somebody else had carried you off. And I'm only too thankful to have had the luck of a second chance."

"Ethan! It is getting fearfully late for quiet little Kingsway Village. You must take me home."

She had not been used to a lover who was sensitive to her wishes. And she had not realized that, either. When Ethan, after no more than a rueful "Must we?" and a last kiss, turned the car back toward the village, she was surprised and touched. For it was not because he did not want to be with her. It was because he wanted her to have what she desired . . .

"Thank you, Ethan," she said with perhaps more intensity than the circumstances needed.

"Thank me—for what, my dear?"

"I think—for thinking about what I want. Perhaps it's being a cavalier of the Kingsway tradition!" She laughed a little, but she meant it.

"I don't understand yet. Wouldn't anybody else who loved you ever take you home when you asked him?"

He was light about it, but she suddenly saw it was true. She tried to explain without being disloyal to the people she had loved most and done most for.

"I think — perhaps — doing things for people has been a sort of self-indulgence with me," she thought aloud. "It's been a strain on their unselfishness. It's so hard to have people want to give you things, and be always watching to keep a balance between letting them give too much, and being ungracious about taking. And that's what, maybe, I've been asking of Nina, and my little sister Jessica."

She shrank from speaking to him of Tommy's careless hands that had snatched at her too swift generosity—Tommy, who had met her sensitive thoughtfulness for what he wanted with an eager insistence on more things that he wanted!

"You mean, you've given to people so delightedly that they haven't realized any reason for doing any giving back to you. They've seen you enjoyed it, and shirked their share."

"Not shirked."

"Yet," said Ethan thoughtfully, "if one doesn't give—whether time, or things, or devotion—as if it were a pleasure, one's being—discourteous."

"Oh, you know that? You see that, too? I was getting to feel I was silly."

"Probably you are, and probably we are." He laughed. "Don't think I don't know, sweet. You and I were brought up in the same tradition. It's nearly a lost one now, or perhaps it was never very widespread. But don't think I don't know it, too, that pleasure in giving, that shock at finding too much taken . . . You'll find me demanding in some things, Helen, I'm afraid. But I appreciate some things that you are, better than any one else ever has. I am learning what I have in you. You're safe with me."

"I know," she said.

AFTER he had left her, making her promise over and over that she would come back to look after Patricia the next day—"Mother and I are going to continue to be stern employers, darling! Not one day are you to be allowed to miss!"—she sat a long time in the transformed little room that had seen her in such grief, staring out the window into the dark where one star shone, not seeing anything but the happiness that had come to her; a happiness in which she was wrapped, surrounded—safe. That was it. She was safe with this courtesy of Ethan's that was chivalry. He was not at all what she had thought him. She was a little awed at the intensity that hid itself under his lightness, the sternness of the loyalty and pride hidden under his quiet undemandingness. No, he'd never ask anything of her she was not willing to give—he was too proud. But oh, how to live up to those unspoken standards of his?

"He thinks I'm wonderful now, because he didn't think I was as good as I was, before. Oh, I must try to be very, very wonderful!"

And then she remembered that part of what she ought to do was to look after Patricia, and that if she didn't get to sleep after this wonderful evening, Patricia would have a far too easy time of it tomorrow. She looked at the star once more. It stood over Kingsway House. She would sleep under that star some day. She rose from the window. She must go to sleep now—even if she was so happy she was restless. She pulled down the shade.

PATRICIA flew at her, of course, with shrieks of delight, when, trying to look as if nothing had happened, Helen came into the library next morning. But it was no use. Her yellow-brown eyes were more alight than usual, and her tall, slim body in its sedate, smart, brown cloth dress, white-collared and white-cuffed, moved more lightly, more happily, than it had. She felt as if even small Patricia must know the difference. And then she smiled at her own silliness in thinking "even Patricia." Patricia had a hawk's eye for differences.

"Oh, you look all pleased and happy! I knew you'd like the the idea of marrying Ethan once you got used to it," said this amazing child.

There was no use pretending to Patricia.

"Who told you?" Helen demanded.

"Marietta. Everybody in the house knows. Didn't you notice anything when Marietta let you in? Ethan must have told Cousin Ada last night. She was as pleased—you'll see. And Cousin Ada told Marietta when she was helping her get to bed. And of course Marietta told the cook and Andrew."

Patricia leaned nestlingly against Helen, and rubbed her fair head against her.

"I don't think a girl that's just engaged ought to have to teach anybody the first day, do you? It isn't fair to you, Helen darling."

The Imp of Satan of Marietta's description looked up at Helen out of Patricia's gray Kingsway eyes: but because they were like Ethan's Helen couldn't be anything but gentle with their owner.

"On the contrary," she said, her arm tightening around the restless, little, slender figure, "I think she ought to be given a treat. Surely you wouldn't deprive me of the pleasure of teaching you, Patricia!"

Patricia went off into a sudden shout of laughter. "Oh, Helen, you *do* know how to handle me so well!"

She looked up at Helen, her impish mood still on her.

"Oh, that's what Marietta meant by being well rid of your lover and doing better. I bet Ethan is the doing better!"

Patricia was excited to her depths by what had happened, and it took all Helen's strength of mind—which wasn't so much at that, to-day—to pin her down to a copybook. But Patricia won out, after all; for they were scarcely settled together at the

I HAVE FOUND SUCH JOY

By Grace Noll Crowell

I HAVE *found such joy in simple things:*
A plain, clean room, a nut-brown loaf of bread,
A cup of milk, a kettle as it sings,
The shelter of a roof above my head;
And in a leaf-faced square upon a floor
Where yellow sunlight glimmers through a door.

I HAVE *found such joy in things that fill*
My quiet days: a curtain's blowing grace,
A growing plant upon a window sill,
A rose, fresh-cut and placed within a vase;
A table cleared, a lamp beside a chair,
And books I long have loved, beside me there.

OH, I HAVE *found such joy! I wish I might*
Tell every woman who goes seeking far
For some elusive, feverish delight,
That very close to home the great joys are:
These fundamental things—old as the race,
Yet never, through the ages, commonplace.

Nina broke the silence. "Ethan will always have to share your heart with Ronny, I suppose. Never say you weren't warned, Ethan!" Helen, hurt, surprised, did not know what to say

long, low, carved library table, Helen's dull-gold head bent by Patricia's fair, cropped, little nape, over a copybook that said "E E Encourage Earnest Endeavor E" before the door opened, and Mrs. Kingsway's slender, bent figure stood there. She was smiling and holding out the hand that was not needed for her cane, with that radiance of happiness over things she liked which had always made Helen love her so.

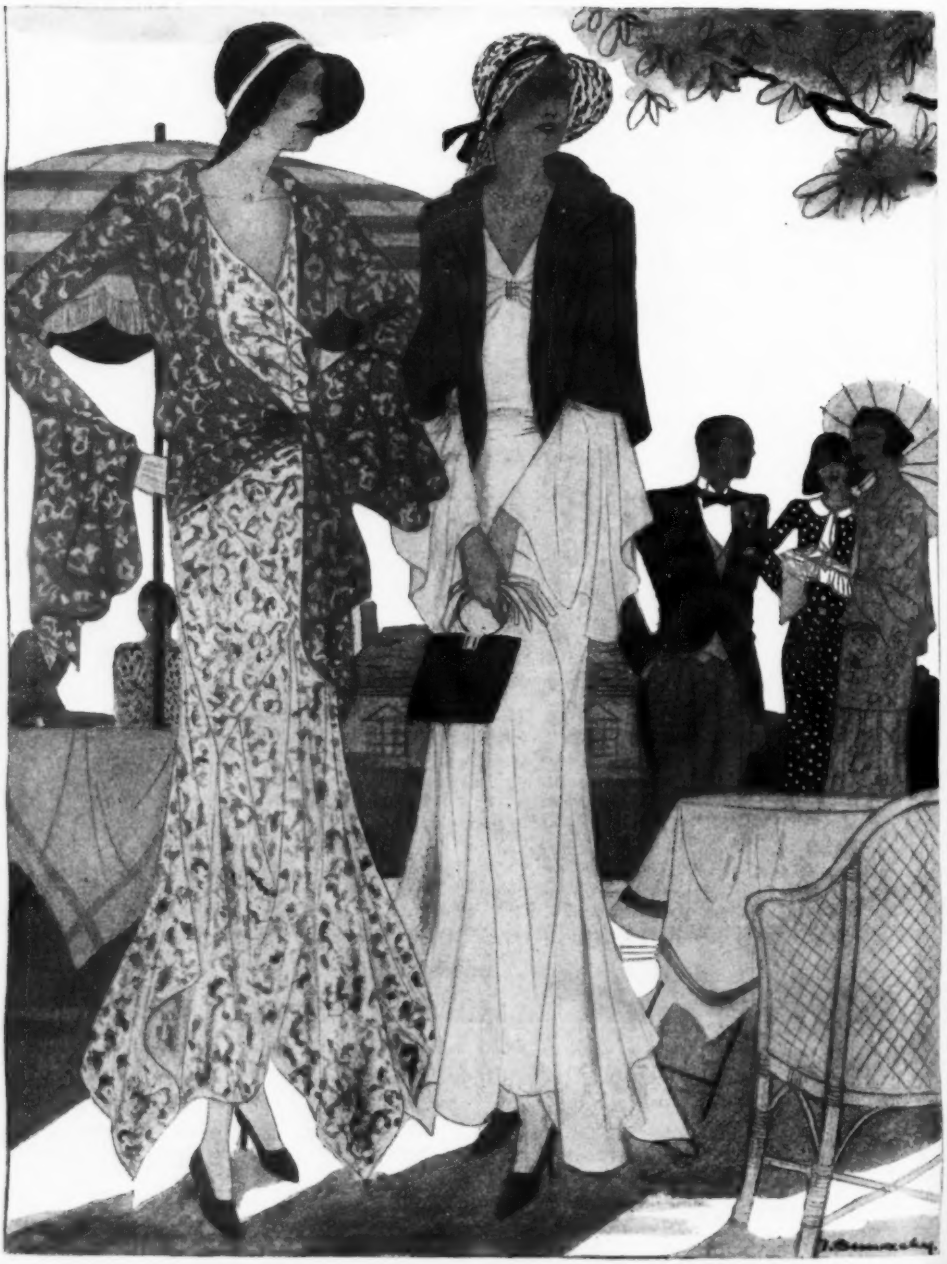
"You naughty girl to make me come all this way down to say how glad I am!" she said.

Helen sprang up, laughing and blushing, and caught Mrs. Kingsway in her arms.

"I wasn't going to be official," she said. "I thought I'd give Ethan time to break the news. And, oh—dear Mrs. Kingsway—I was as near as nothing not coming at all this morning. Only a stern sense of my duty to this (*Continued on page 128*)

FASH

Helen Kouer,



ROUFF
LELONG

IONS

Director

Paris Designs A Jacket Or Cape for Every Frock

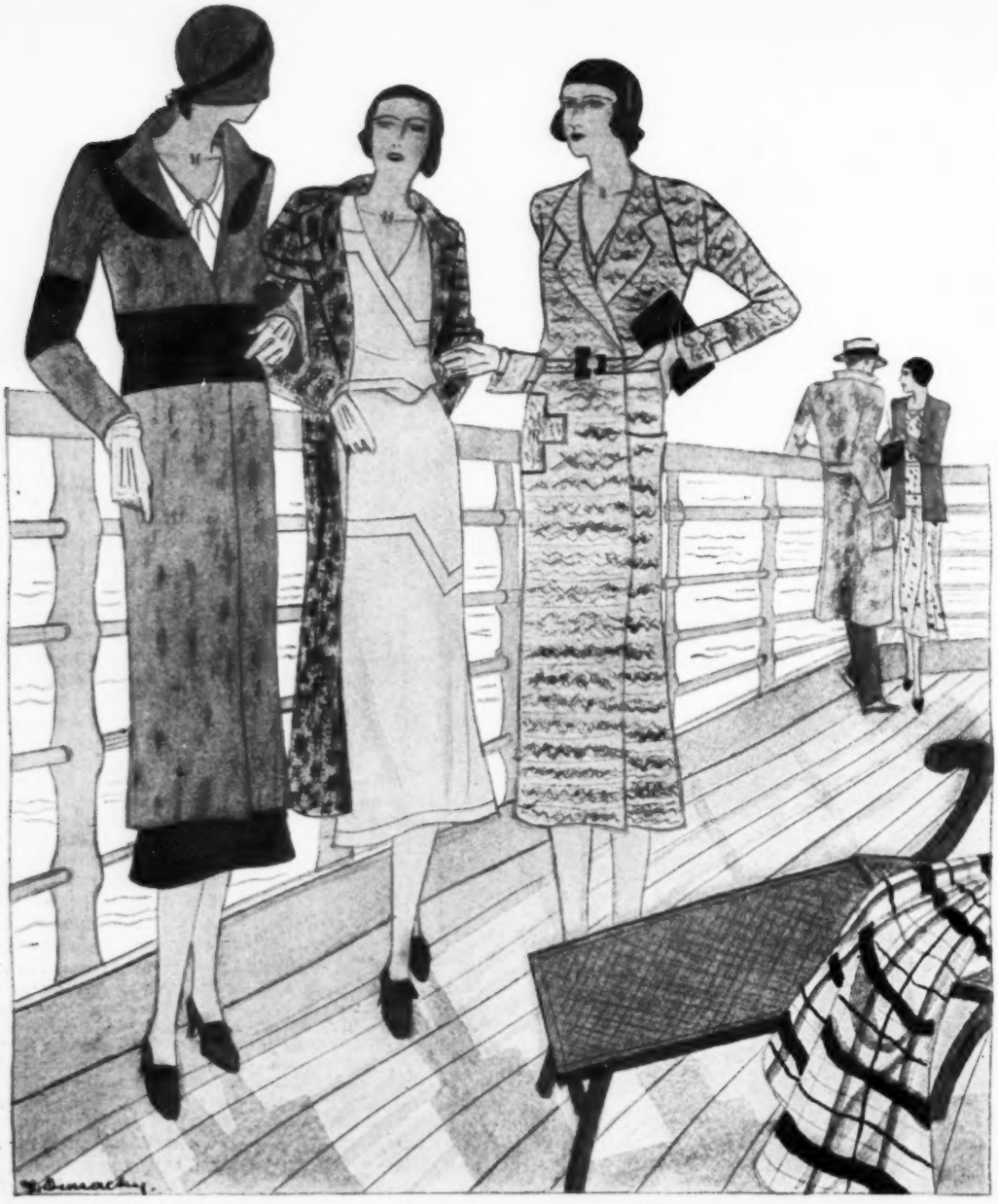
LOUISEBOULANGER

AS THE summer advances and warm-weather clothes appear, afternoon frocks assume new importance and take on a distinction all their own. Not since the war has there been this distinction, and not since the war have there been the formal, leisurely afternoon occasions to wear them. Garden parties are in vogue again, formal luncheons, formal teas, and even the at-home hours call for afternoon clothes that belong definitely in the party group. And the charming thing about the newest afternoon frocks from Paris is that they are complete with either a cape or a jacket, always a soft affair in no way resembling the straight coat of other seasons.

Two really lovely afternoon ensembles are illustrated in the picture on the opposite page: first, a garden-party frock of white printed chiffon with a faint red pattern, the jacket of red chiffon with the pattern of the frock reversed. This was designed by Rouff. The Lelong afternoon gown of plain crêpe de Chine, in a faded shade of pink, is completed by a darker velvet cape, very short and light in feeling. All these details of the ensemble, this necessity for a soft coat, for longer gloves, for lines that differ vitally from the lines used for street wear, are the outcome of a greater formality, and a stronger respect for time and place and occasion. They have given a new zest to suitable dressing and marked as dead the days when one could go to a bridge or garden party in a printed frock with a straight wool coat that possibly did not match. The little light jacket that is so important and so smart for formal afternoon occasions is usually a simple thing, and one frock may have two different jackets, thus lending variety to your wardrobe as well as a helping hand to the economical person with a limited budget.

Even for the city, there is a new formality in frocks for luncheon and such occasions. Not so long as the garden party frock may be, but, nevertheless, soft, with little capes or jackets, longer gloves, altogether feminine. Sometimes these are on the order of the soft silk suit, with jabot necks instead of collars; sometimes one-piece frocks, cut more intricately, but of heavier material than the country or garden-party afternoon frocks. One point seems fixed, however, and that is that for the city black or dark shades will remain preferable, even in hot weather, to the lighter shades, and if they are printed, the design is even, often a pin dot or a faint plaid or a chine effect. Flower prints this year are reserved mostly for garden-party types or for evening wear, in sheer fabrics such as georgette or chiffon. The Louiseboulanger printed chiffon frock on this page has the draped neck and short, tied sleeves so popular this summer.

Hats, too, have a softer feeling, and the larger hat will be seen at resorts and many luncheon parties, in a variety of soft straws, as well as in silks. Large hats usually do appear in the summer time, but this year they will be seen and worn more than they have for a long time. But no matter how wide the brim, all crowns, on all smart hats, fit the head snugly, as you will see in these three.



SCHIAPARELLI CHANTAL DANA

Travel in Clothes Both Smart and Comfortable

IN CHOOSING clothes for traveling, comfort, practicality, and smartness are of equal importance. Smartness is lost unless there is suitability, and with suitability there is usually comfort. Take, for instance, the three travelers on the deck of the steamer, above. They all wear close-fitting hats, their shoes are of the walking type, and their coats are long and comfortable. They are dressed for the occasion, and have that air of smartness so important to the traveler of to-day. These coats tell a fashion story of their own, too, for they are all from Paris, chosen at three important houses, and they are long, showing that the longer coat for travel has come back to its own. It is a necessity for keeping off dust and dirt, for extra warmth in changing climates, and also, in a way, from simple, traditional good taste. Then, too, these coats are practically straight, with interest concentrated about the shoulder lines or at the place where the waistline would be if marked. Schiaparelli's, the first above, demonstrates this latter treatment well, with the strip of darker color at the waist and the dog-leash belt to hold the coat in slightly. It is of string-colored kasha, trimmed with brown kasha bands at the shoulders, waist, and hem of the skirt. The two other coats are both tweed. The one in the center is a putty color that is excellent for traveling, and is worn over a crêpe frock made on the same lines. This Chantal coat has an interesting shoulder cut, as has also the Dana coat, which is a classic type for traveling, and is made in a beige tweed, slightly raglan in cut. Notice the comfortable, slip-on type of washable

sports gloves, and the absence of any jewelry at the throat.

Then look at the two travelers who have stopped for luncheon while motoring. They, too, have small, close-fitting hats that no amount of wind can dislodge, their shoes are of the comfortable walking type, suitable for traveling costumes, and both are wearing suits designed in Paris. One carries a dotted scarf, which she will tie at her throat when they are ready to start on again. The suit from Groult is of the classic type, of navy blue cheviot sprinkled with white, and strictly tailored. The other, of Louiseboulanger's, is one of the 1930 suits, with longer skirt, waist high and belted, the jacket a new length and cut on rather voluminous lines. It is of green and white mixed tweed, the blouse of white satin. Green tweeds are very smart this year.

Since travel-by-air has become so popular that some people think nothing at all of trips from Boston to New York, Chicago to New York, London to Paris, or Paris to Berlin whenever the occasion arrives—either for business or pleasure—clothes for these have come to be as important as the others. And the Louiseboulanger suit, below, in tweed, is right in every way. It is not necessary to wear helmet, windbreakers, and the like. These are reserved for the woman who pilots her own plane. And the smart traveler who merely buys her ticket and then steps into one of the luxurious passenger planes of to-day needs remember only the points mentioned for traveling anywhere, by train, or motor, or steamer. If clothes are in the mode and comfortable, of suitable tweeds or silks, in neutral colors, they will be smart, and after all, that is what every woman of taste wants to be when traveling—to look smart and to feel comfortable.

And a word about packing. Don't take too many things. After you have decided where and when you are going, make a list of the things you will need on the steamer, including deck clothes —which means sports clothes—and evening things. If by train, a suit is the thing; if by motor, a suit, or a coat and dress; if by airplane, the same, and include, of course, the right accessories.

LOUISEBOULANGER
GROULT

CHANTAL RÉGNY

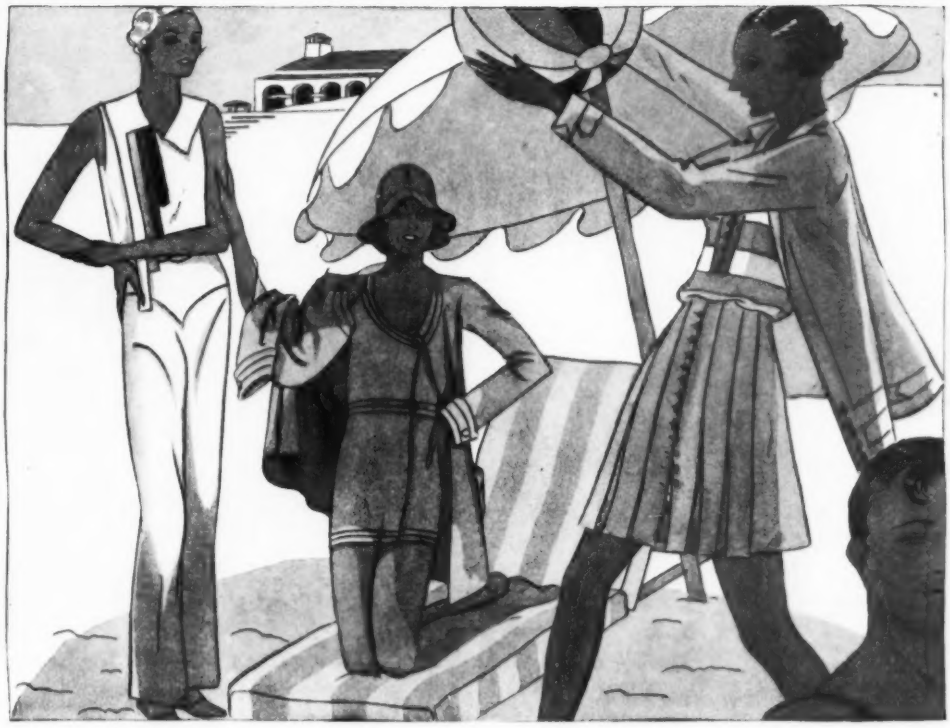
Good Housekeeping
Cordially Invites
You To Visit
Our Paris
Information Bureau
For
Suggestions and
Advice About
Shopping

Good Housekeeping,
15 rue de la Paix,
Paris, France

Play Clothes from Paris For All Summer Sports

THE new sports clothes, like the mode itself, show a change. They are less severe, rather than more feminine. Skirts are longer, and waistlines at normal. Those for golf, for tennis, and for bathing are workmanlike, of course, as good sports clothes should be, but with all this they are different from the sports clothes of two seasons ago. And as is true for other times of the day, for morning, for afternoon, and for evening, nearly everything has its own jacket or cape. There are three tennis ensembles on this page, each with its jacket, the one above and the two at the right. The one above, of Régny's, is a sleeveless dress of white shantung with wide fagoting trimming the neck and front, worn with a sleeveless jacket of yellow and white cravate silk lined with yellow linen. The striped washable silk, at right, with its matching, long-sleeved jacket, is a one-piece sleeveless dress on tailored lines, the stripes in light and dark rose. Schiaparelli's suit has a skirt of white crêpe de Chine, a blouse of cotton jersey, and a coat of white wool. There are some circular and bias cuts in sports frocks and skirts, but usually they are straight with plaits, as is the case with these three. Plaits seem more businesslike for sports wear. The other sports ensemble, on this page, which also has its own

DANA SCHIAPARELLI



BOUDREAUX RÉGNY PATOU

NOWITZKY

jacket, is the one for golf at the top of the page, of bright green tweed, designed by Chantal. The blouse is white crêpe while the cravate, which is a small scarf, is of dark purple, to match the lining of the coat. These little scarves are very smart this year, usually in plain, not printed, materials, the enormous handkerchief and more voluminous rectangular affair having gone out of vogue not long ago. A word about the béret, which is worn by this young person in the golf suit. It is so very comfortable for sports, especially active sports, that in England and France it is a classic, worn in a perky manner, the band turned in, the forehead showing, one eyebrow more in evidence than the other—really youthful in effect.

Bathing suits seem to grow shorter and shorter, and more and more to look their part, which, after all, is to be the briefest kind of affair of the lightest possible weight. In the water, wool is best. On the beach, after a swim, or just sitting in the sun, there are pajamas, coats, and capes to wear, but in the water the brief little suit is the most comfortable. The one at the left was designed by Mary Nowitzky and is made of tweed, a new material for bathing suits. It is in brown and beige, with waistband of heavy grosgrain in red, mauve, orange, and blue. The hat is of tussor with grosgrain bands to match. The Boudreaux pajamas, at the top of the page, are light blue shantung, and the little scarf ends in darker blues. The Régny suit, in the center, is of yellow jersey, with a matching coat of yellow crêpe de Chine lined with the jersey. The last suit is Patou's, in blue toile de soie, with a striped top in light blue and darker blue. The plaited skirt which buttons in front is joined to the top of the suit, and the belt is separate. As is true for many sports costumes, this suit is completed by a jacket of the same material as the suit, the jacket having long sleeves to serve as a protection from the sun's rays after a swim.

Palm Beach and the Riviera Establish Summer Fashions

WAS there ever such a setting for pretty women and pretty clothes as Palm Beach or the Riviera? No wonder they set the summer fashions. Every one is in a holiday mood and wishing to look her best. At Palm Beach this winter one was impressed with the casualness of the clothes. No fussy dresses were seen even at afternoon teas, the sports mode predominating until sundown. This means that casual sports clothes will be the rule at summer resorts, and that these photographs of smart people taken on the Riviera and at Palm Beach illustrate important fashion points.

Colors White—dead white—leads, but never in the off-white shades so popular last year. Charming with white are accents of color such as bright blue, red, or green. Next in importance are pale blue and pink—blue is especially good for beach wear of every kind; some green is expected also.

Daytime Dresses The one-piece dress, sleeveless or with polo-length sleeves, is a general favorite, in linen, piqué, shantung, crêpe, or striped silk shirting—very new is the cotton mesh frock. Belts are at the normal waistline and skirts slightly longer. A nice example of this type of dress in white linen is seen at the left above. Plaits have returned and are particularly appropriate for sports, usually introduced at a well-fitting hip-yoke; boléro-effects are smart and buttons widely used as seen on the opposite page above.

Jackets are the rule, and complete separate dresses in a matching or contrasting shade. Navy flannel coats slightly fitted at the waist are popular. Suits in linen, flannel, or shantung with a handkerchief-linen blouse have a decided vogue and are characteristic of the season. Smart is the suit in the group at left, of striped silk shirting with hat to match.

Knitwear Knitted materials are extremely important for summer in all kinds of tweed and lacy weaves; especially so for suits as shown on opposite page. The box-plaits and

The South Launched White, Blue, and Pink for Summer

purled white edge of the cardigan indicate its newness, as does the tailored white silk blouse buttoning to the neck.

Golf and Tennis New for golf is the polo shirt, sometimes of wool and sometimes of cotton mesh, as shown at left below on the opposite page. This type of shirt is always worn tucked in at the waist, and gives the skirt, absent for many years, renewed fashion importance. Sweaters are giving place to this type of costume, but are still used as part of a three-piece costume—skirt, sweater, and cardigan. For tennis on private courts both at Palm Beach and the Riviera shorts were often seen. These shorts were completed by polo-shirts of a matching material in linen or shantung. They also promise marked popularity for beach wear where long, wide trousers of linen or jersey often replace pajamas.

Hats and Shoes Some of the smartest hats were of fabric—linen, shantung, or striped silk shirting. Straws such as bangkok, panama, and rough tweed weaves were seen everywhere, usually with wider brims. In solid colors they matched a dress or jacket, or in white they repeated the color accent of the costume with a colored ribbon band. Felt, either plain or in combination with linen or bangkok, still had a following. The basque béret remained important for active sports. Brown and white sports shoes in a pump or strap model remained classically smart, as did gillies, and the linen pump was charming with linen dresses. Socks were worn for active sports, but always in white or a solid color, never in fancy patterns. White doeskin pull-on gloves were usually worn.

Evening Clothes Sheer fabrics predominated such as chiffon, crêpe romain, and tulle. Chiffons were plain, preferably black, white, or in pastel shades or printed in multicolored designs. Laces were smart in soft shades, and flat crêpe and satin continued good. The newest hemlines were even and ankle length, and nothing could be more charming with these dresses than the short velvet or velveteen jackets.

With a white frill around the collar and a becoming surplice line where the blouse ties at the side or in back, this two-piece, dotted, flat-crêpe dress is charming; the skirt, plaited in front, is on a bodice with silk vest, collar and cuffs; navy or black with white dots, or brown with tan; 16 to 44; $12.75

With all the difficult sewing completed, the semi-made one-piece, sleeveless frock of dimity (above) is darling, and serviceable, too. The V neck has a white band and jabot, both fagoted; the skirt is plaited in front; belt and buckle included; green, blue, or maize with white circles; 14 to 44; $3.45

For summer parties, the lovely, sleeveless, printed-chiffon dress (1st, right) with long-sleeved jacket tied in front, comes in black and white, or navy and white, or black and white with color, or brown and white with color; the dress with flounces in front, panels in back, over white silk slip; 36 to 44; $19.75

A charming, printed-crêpe dress, chosen for the woman, in women's sizes, is the center frock, at right. The yoke is hand-fagoted and has a detachable silk vest and bow; the skirt, a hip yoke; the belt easily adjusted, plaits in panels at the sides; in a gay floral print on navy or beige; 38½ to 48½; $16.75

Who could resist the darling, printed, flat-crêpe frock (3rd, right) with little, plaited shoulder capes? The neck is square; the belt ties in back; plaits are at sides, and in front and back; in white with red-orange-and-black, blue with pink-yellow-and-black, or pink with green-orange-black; 12 to 20; $16.50

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HOW TO ORDER

All you need to do is send your own check or money-order, together with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, and your order will be promptly filled. Each and every one of these pretty dresses was chosen by the Director of the Fashion Department from one of the fine shops on Fifth Avenue; and if you are going to a wedding or a party, or are planning to take a trip, or just going to stay at home, you will find among the dresses on these two pages, and on page 83, and page 234, the very prettiest summer things we could find. And aren't they lovely? So feminine, so charming, and sure to be becoming to you! Send your order to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. and you will receive just the frock you want

"Wear a Pretty Frock," that Is Summer's Fashion Story

SLEEVES AND JACKETS

This summer you will want to be just as pretty as you can and wear the prettiest dresses you can find. For a long time after the war, short dresses and bobbed hair were the fashion. Now everything is different—hair is longer, hats are softer and more becoming, and dresses are really pretty, with bows, frills, jackets, and sleeves of every kind. See the embroidered sleeveless dress, above, or the lovely one with dots and little sleeves tied above the elbows, or the one with embroidered jacket; and, opposite, the printed chiffon with its jacket, for garden parties and weddings; or the one with little plaited capes—they are all as pretty as can be. If you are planning a wedding, send 25c for our new illustrated bride's portfolio published by Good Housekeeping Fashion Department

Only $4.95 for this lovely, sleeveless linen dress, the top part embroidered in dots and trimmed with pearl buttons and buckle, plaits at sides and in front; comes in white, maize, pink, or orchid with dots embroidered in the same shade; or in green or blue with dots in a darker shade; 14 to 42; $4.95

Semi-made is the pretty linen frock and eyelet-embroidered linen jacket, above, which come with all difficult sewing finished; sleeveless frock with plaits at sides, a bow in the color of the jacket, the jacket with patch pockets and pearl buttons; jacket green, rose, or blue; dress white only; 14 to 40; $8.95

In baby-pink, baby-blue, white, or beige, the practical and becoming silk shantung sleeveless frock, at left, has a matching jacket; the dress with plaits in front, an all-around, adjustable belt, and double tab at the V neck; the jacket with tucks at shoulders, and diamond pockets; sizes, 14 to 42; only $16.50

One of our prettiest dresses for summer parties or to wear just to be cool, is the sleeveless, white voile peasant frock (left, center) trimmed with the embroidery and smocking in reds, yellow, blues, and green. The charming round neck ties with a tassel, and it is embroidered at the hem; 14 to 42; only $9.75

With all the difficult sewing completed, the semi-made, polka-dotted, handkerchief-lawn dress (left, 1st fig.), with little tied sleeves, is only $2.95; the collar is made, circular skirt attached to hip band, pearl buckle included; white dot on navy, light blue, or orchid; or black dot on white; sizes 14 to 40; $2.95

Our Shopping Service Will Buy All These

This lovely blouse, the four charming frocks below, all the pretty dresses on pages 80 and 81, and the frocks and flowers on page 234 were chosen for you from shops on Fifth Avenue, at special prices, and are all excellent in quality and style

With becoming V neck and flattering frill, this pretty, dotted-batiste, sleeveless blouse may be worn tucked in or outside the skirt. It comes in white with tiny dots in green, or red, or blue; and in all the sizes from 34 to 42; the price only $1.95

Semi-made is the printed, rayon, flat-crêpe frock, below, with short sleeves and a plaited frill; all difficult sewing is finished; circular skirt is put on at the hip yoke; the belt is easily adjusted; comes in green, blue, or rose print; 14 to 40; $3.95

With a georgette frill, and tied cuffs and a vest to match, the one-piece, printed-crêpe dress, below, is beautiful; the skirt is semi-circular; the belt ties to suit; in assorted colors on a pretty navy or brown background; 16 and 18, 38 to 44; only $19.75

Of striped tub silk, the one-piece dress, below, with short sleeves and detachable silk vest, is semi-made; vest made up, plaits in skirt finished, pearl buttons included; comes in blue, green, or black stripe on a white ground; white vest; 14 to 40; $4.50

TO ORDER

Just send your check or money-order, together with color and size desired, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N Y.C. See pages, 80, 81, and 234; also send 25c for our bride's portfolio

In orchid, pink, green, linen-blue, or white, the flat-crêpe, cape-sleeved dress, below, is semi-made; the shoulders joined, collar attached, bow and sleeves made, tucking done, gored skirt finished, pockets set on; belt included; 14 to 40; $7.95

Patterns For Summer Frocks

By Caroline Gray

HOT-WEATHER clothes for town and country are the subject of this month's patterns. The cardigan suit below, in navy or brown silk crêpe with a white handkerchief linen blouse, is appropriate for town, while in colored linen it is smart for sports. The belted skirt is cut in four sections: a modified, circular section makes the back; and two circular side sections may be pressed into plaits below the hips. A straight, shaped panel makes the front of the skirt. The blouse, which may be tucked in or worn over the skirt, has long sleeves and a plaited collar, jabot, and cuffs.

The sleeveless frock of white silk or cotton piqué is just the thing for active sports. It is smart with the double-breasted flannel coat above. While the frock shown is sleeveless, the armholes finished with stitched bias bands like the deep V-neck, a pattern is included for long or elbow sleeves. A front panel and inverted plaits give width to the skirt, and the colored, adjustable belt matches the novel neckband.

The unlined flannel coat does not require expert tailoring, but should be pressed by a tailor when finished, as the seams must be bound.

Delightfully cool is the printed silk dress, which has a white handkerchief linen jabot, collar, and cuffs. The circular skirt falls gracefully from the flat hip yoke, and the waist blouses softly above.

J-37

Flannel makes the coat, design J-37, above, 35c; printed silk the dress below, design J-38, 50c; crêpe de Chine the suit, J-39, 60c, and silk piqué the sports dress, J-40, 50c. All in sizes 34 to 42

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JUNE, the month of travel, brings with it the important consideration of correct luggage. Style is essential, but comfort is indispensable. The ensemble vogue general in fashion to-day applies to luggage also, for it is smart to have everything match—trunks and bags alike. To achieve this effect much of the newer luggage is covered in striped canvas which is light in weight, practical, and easily distinguishable.

Whether you are going to Europe, Maine, or the Far West, a full-sized trunk is needed, and two excellent models are here shown, both canvas covered. The Wheary trunk of smoke-gray woven Duckoid with a brown stripe, complete with hangers, drawers, and ironing board, has ball-bearing rollers on the base and a silk-plush-cushioned top. The Hartmann model of tan canvas Ducord has also a

brown regimental stripe, but is marked in a different manner.

With either of these trunks a wardrobe case is essential. This is particularly true in Europe, where heavy trunks are hard to handle. Be wise and leave your large trunks at a central point and branch off on short trips with hand luggage. A good example of this type of baggage is shown in the Mendel Tourist on the opposite page, a canvas-covered portable bag with wardrobe conveniences. On the same order is the Winship Migrator, an extra-length wardrobe hatbox of natural Irish linen bound in black or tan leather. Again the Belber wardrobe case of black polar-seal leather, above, by means of a special hanging device, keeps evening dresses entirely separate from other clothes or accessories.

A pigskin bag is always smart, and the Revelation model fulfills the need of a hatbox, shoe case, and clothing carrier. It is preferable to carry shoes separately, hence the Oshkosh shoe case on the opposite page, of red and yellow striped duck, each compartment flannel-lined. A word on the traveling shoe accessories illustrated. Keep your shoes in shape by using Nouveloid flexible trees of metal and celluloid, while Tecs washable shoe bags of knitted material prove indispensable for packing. They tie at top with a drawstring.

Practical for all kinds of travel is the Seward locker case with inside tray. The problem of the right-hand bag is solved by the Zipp-O-Grip leather model carried by the girl in a plaid coat. Not to be forgotten is the Snuggle rug, of fringed English plaid woolen, bag-like in shape, with a Talon Hookless Fastener closing, which insures perfect warmth.

LOVE ME, L

Illustrated By James Montgomery Flagg

Queenie came home—Queenie, putting up her paws, being kissed and patted and welcomed

MR. HANFORD PARKISON sat on the dusty red plush of a Boston-New York day-coach, experiencing for the first time in his seventeen years the terrible ravages of starvation.

He ignored the ignominy of riding in a day-coach, though that surely was a blow to any gentleman's pride; he forgot that he was bound for home and Christmas holidays and holiday joys; he forgot for the moment Miss Margaret Leighton, whose photograph he wore next to his heart. He had not eaten since breakfast, he was starving, and he was worried about his physical ability to hold out for the duration of the trip. He was also acutely uncomfortable. His midsection ached with emptiness and craving. He felt weak and languid. Sharp pains darted around and about his person. Momentarily he expected to swoon.

At his well-shod feet reposed a smart and capacious, pigskin, collapsible bag—Grandfather's tribute to a young man on arriving at the ripe age of seventeen. Over his head in the iron rack reposed another highly correct article of luggage, a hockey stick, two sweaters rolled into a leather strap, a brief-case, a violent yellow slicker, a pair of skates, a leather jacket, a camera. His clothes were faultless and crisply pressed. His coonskin coat hung over the seat, a formidable barrier dividing him and the small, squirming, fuzzy-headed African female who represented the democracy for whom day-coaches exist.

But although he looked what he was, the perfect prep-school aristocrat, Mr. Parkison was hungry. He was hungry because of financial straits, a condition over which he obviously had no control. He had done a great deal of intricate financial maneuvering during the past week; he had sold, wagered, traded, charged, he had floated a couple of substantial loans, but all he could salvage from a deluge of last-minute bills, debts, obligations, was one buffalo nickel, which coin now carefully stowed in his pocket stood between him and complete ruin. (For his carfare he was indebted to the overflowing purse of a generous roommate.) The nickel was to serve a useful purpose. He would use it to telephone to Grandfather from the station in New York. Whereupon Grandfather would send the car and possibly a sum of money, and life would flow on normally again. Grandfather could be depended upon in such emergencies. Dad couldn't. Dad had inhibitions, several of them. One concerned something he called "gilded youth." Another had to do with one's marks at school. A peculiar party, Dad, and difficult. Mr. Parkison sighed.

The little African at his side began munching ecstatically at a ripe and mellow banana, maddeningly fragrant. He closed his eyes that he might not see. Red streaks and black stars raced and danced behind his lids. Yep, he was dizzy—from hunger. Pretty soon he would pass out. And now came hallucinations. He saw amid the streaks of fire and giddy stars luscious visions: beefsteak, pie *à la mode*, ham and eggs, hot chocolate heavy with whipped cream, French fried potatoes, coconut cake, hot dogs with much mustard. He moaned gently. The little African, buried in banana, turned bright, wondering eyes toward the handsome, young white gentleman with closed eyes who made such funny noises.

Then with heroic effort, Mr. Parkison squared his shoulders, planted his gaze on the dingy winter landscape. But he was sure he was ill. He felt his pulse earnestly. He wondered if he were pale. Or maybe he was flushed; he probably had a high fever. Undoubtedly he would be very low all Christmas vacation, pernicious anemia or a nervous breakdown.

At Grand Central Station he was startled to discover that he could pick up his bags with something like his old customary arm-power. He gathered up everything with large and clumsy coonskin arms and staggered forth. Porters importuned, but he tottered on, trailing skates, sweaters, a long tail of dragging yellow raincoat.

In a telephone booth he called Atwater 8232.

Adolph, Grandfather's handsome, young, Swedish butler, answered.

"Hello! Adolph? This is Hanford. Is Gramps there? . . . What? He isn't? Why —where— . . . Oh, my gosh. *No*, gee whiz, I'm right here in New York. At the Grand Central . . . Well, I *was* coming home to-morrow, but I didn't. I mean, I'm not. I mean I'm here *now* . . . Well, listen, Adolph. Uh—listen. I'm here at the Grand Central, and I haven't any money. I gotta get home. Listen, could you send Steel down with the car? I look like an army. And could he bring—well about a coupla dollars, I guess. I wanta grab a sandwich. . . . *He isn't?* Good night, where is he? . . . Well, who *is* there? . . . Well, couldn't she answer the door and everything and couldn't you hop the subway and come down here? . . . Oh, gee, that's great. Oh, gosh, you're a

LOVE MY QUEENIE

After All, A Woman is Only A Woman — and a Good Old Dog is no Joke

By Sarah Addington

prince, Adolph . . . Twenty minutes? Oh, gosh, that's swell. I'll be at the information desk. Say, step on it, Adolph, will you, please? I'm about starved. Yeah, just a coupla dollars 'll be all right. And listen, have that girl telephone home, will you? Tell 'em for heck's sake to have sumpin for me to eat . . . Attaboy."

DULCEY was waiting for him. She was standing at the front door, her face mashed against the curtained glass, and before he had paid the taxi driver she was out on the sidewalk, hurling herself at him.

"Gee, Dulce," he said huskily, dropping everything to catch her suddenly in a big, bearish hug.

She helped him carry his luggage inside. They got it into the big entrance hall, and she said:

"Celia's out." (Celia was their mother.) "So are the maids. Mam'selle's asleep. I fixed you a simply splendid lunch."

"Gee, where?"

"In the kitchen. Come on."

He ate at the servants' red-checkered table while Dulcey hustled to and fro, happy and important. Between gulps of scummy cocoa and bites of thick bread and hard fried eggs and sliced tomatoes (unpeeled) and cake and jelly and cookies and olives, he watched her proudly. Most guys thought it was sappy to like your sister, but they didn't know Dulce. She was only twelve, but she was such a really good kid. She had on a plain little green dress now, its front covered with greasy signs of her cooking; her gray eyes were wide and intent; her black hair flew; her thin little legs scuttled. When she had brought the last laden dish from the refrigerator, she plumped down on a chair.

"Atta girl. Gee, is this a feed!"

"Is it all right?"

"*I'll* say."

"Why were you so hungry, Hank?"

"No lunch."

The little African began munching a banana. Mr. Parkison closed his eyes. Luscious visions—beefsteak, pie à la mode—danced before him

"No lunch? Why?"

"Oh, I dunno. Where's Celia?"

"At a hen-squawk. You said you were coming home to-morrow."

"Well, I was. And then I got permission. Are the parents out to-night?"

"I guess so. Mam'selle and I were to have ze leetle *souper* in ze nurseree togezzaire."

"Mam'selle still the same old smack?"

She nodded. "Yes, but I don't mind her now. She's got high blood pressure, or maybe it's low. Anyway she's sort of sick. Poor old nut. I feel sorry for her, Hank. Isn't that funny? I don't tease her any more. You wouldn't believe how we get along now. She sleeps most of the time anyway. She cried the other night because I was so charming to her, she said. It's really better this way."

"Sure." Hank nodded sympathetically.

He had understood Dulcey's warfare with the sharp-faced, nervous governess; he understood her compassion now. If the old girl was sick, that made everything different.

"Heard anything—" He swallowed. "Anything about Queenie?"

"Oh, Hank!" Dulcey's small, pale face glowed. "She's going to be all right!"

"Honest?"

"Yes. Celia called up the hospital yesterday. The puppies all died, but she's going to be fine."

"Oh, gee."

"But the doctor says," went on Dulcey impressively, "she must never try such a thing as puppies again. He said it was ridiculous for an old lady like her to be getting so gay."

Hank grinned. "I bet it was that dumb-lookin' chow in the country."

"Sure it was. She was crazy about him."

"When can we bring her home?"

"Before Christmas, the doctor said."

"Oh, boy!"

"Hank, are you really going to make the basketball team?"

"Looks like it."

"Oh, Hank, isn't that wonderful?"

"Well—" began Hank modestly.

"I think it's marvelous. Only five boys out of the whole school."

"Well, they gotta put somebody out on the floor."

"And you'll get an A to wear on your sweater, won't you?"

"If I make the grade I will. Darned old Latin—"

"Dad'll be tickled. Because then you won't begin smoking."

"I'm not hankerin' to smoke."

"I am." Dulcey leaned over the table confidingly. "I want to wear a black lace dress with a train and smell all perfumey and smoke cigarettes and vamp men."

Hank chuckled. "Well, you got a lotta time before you begin that tripe."

"Do you think it's tripe?"

"Sure. Vamps are out of style."

"Not in the movies they're not. Does Margaret smoke?"

"Nope," he replied briefly.

"Are you crazy about her, Hank?"

"I like her pretty well," he said airily. "Come on, let's go upstairs. Do you have to do anything about this stuff?" He surveyed the disordered kitchen.

"Oh, no."

spoke up Dulcey. "If you were a proper woman, you'd just naturally *be* home when your son pops up unexpectedly."

"And you're too fresh," answered her mother from the mirror.

"She's fresh, and if you ask me, she's beginning to flap," offered Hank.

After the dance they sat in a corner. Nobody talking, but he wasn't listening to her. Margaret,

CELIA and Dad were dressing and, as usual, to an audience. Celia had once said she felt like Louis the Fourteenth every time she changed, because it was always done with spectators. Hank was stretched out on her chaise longue; Dulcey was squatted on her bed.

"I do hate this," grumbled Celia for the hundredth time. "Going out the first night you're home. If it weren't a formal dinner—"

"You're too giddy, that's what you are,"

"Who's beginning to flap?" asked Dad, coming out of his dressing-room in a bathrobe.

"Me," said Dulcey.

"Flap me no flappers," murmured Dad. "Where the devil are my shoes, Celia?"

"Find them, Dulcey. Poor dear, you know he never can find his shoes."

"Why," queried Dulcey dragging herself off the bed, "do women always have to wait on men? When I get married, my husband's going to have a valet."

Dad snorted. That was the kind of talk he hated in children. "Supposing he's poor?"

"He won't be. Or if he is, you're rich."

"Dulcey, don't be silly," said her mother.

"But Dad *is* rich. I don't see why everybody in this family except Hank and me is always pretending we're just about to go to the poorhouse."

"Well," said Celia shortly, "it's certainly abominable taste to talk the way you do."

"All right," said Dulcey. She went over to her mother seated at the dressing-table; put her arms around the pretty white shoulders. "Kiss me, sweet. I must go out and sell my matches now. It's bitter cold, and I have only a little shawl, but my poor old mother and father are hungry—"

"*Dulcey!*" shouted her father.

"Don't, Dulcey," begged her mother. "You're very amusing, of course, but we want to get dressed."

"An evening with the Parkisons," drawled Hank from the low chaise longue.

"Isn't it jolly?" came Dulcey's muffled voice from a closet. "Just a nice, old-fashioned family."

Celia giggled, but Mr. Parkison was staring fixedly at his image in the door mirror. The image was buttoning a collar; its face was puckered with anxious lines. Impudent children he disapproved of beyond anything in the world, and he had one who was seldom anything else. He also was scandalized at the modern child who, born with a golden spoon, expected everything else to be golden, and he had two of these. Frederick Parkison believed in rearing the young frugally, simply, stoically, and for all his efforts and Celia's they had two young persons who took extravagance absolutely for granted and indulgence as their portion. It was in the air. It was modern America, modern youth. And he hated it, the whole money-spending, money-wasting, pampering elaboration of children's lives as it was being done in America in the current century. He thought it shoddy, undignified, vulgar, subversive to good, hard human fiber. His perplexity, his desperation, was that he and Celia seemed so completely helpless. Hanford and Dulcey, for all their careful training, were just like all other children to-day, luxurious, materialistic, movie-mad little spend-thrifts.

came to claim her. He was stuck. My gosh! She was in the affectionate embrace of the blond boy, whirled by

HANK and Dulcey supped with Mam'selle in the old nursery on the top story. Mam'selle had a spirit lamp and a little icebox up there; they heated soup and fetched out milk and stewed fruit and crackers and made a picnic of it. Then, after Dulcey went to bed, Hank went down to the music room. Bob Dilling had telephoned suggesting a movie, but Hank somehow was not in the mood for movies. It was sappy to play the piano, except jazz, but he wanted to play Ethelbert Nevin and think of Margaret. He put her picture up on the piano, turned off all the lights but one in a far corner, and played "Venetian Love Songs" to Margaret. Gosh, he'd like to be in Venice with Margaret! He hadn't liked Venice and its gondolas much last year when they were there; it was too darned slow. But he hadn't been in love last year.

At half past ten he went to the kitchen, came upon half a caramel cake, helped himself to it liberally, tossed off a pint of milk, and finished up with a can of sardines. Then he climbed the three flights to his room, a big one at the back of the house.

He liked his old room. He had been in it now ever since he (*Continued on page 159*)

Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

In using a so-called "waterless cooker," several vegetables may be cooked in the inset pans at one time

Vegetables cooked in a tight-fitting saucepan, with a small amount of boiling water, will be full flavored

SHALL WE COOK WITHOUT WATER?

An Answer from the Institute

By Dorothy B. Marsh

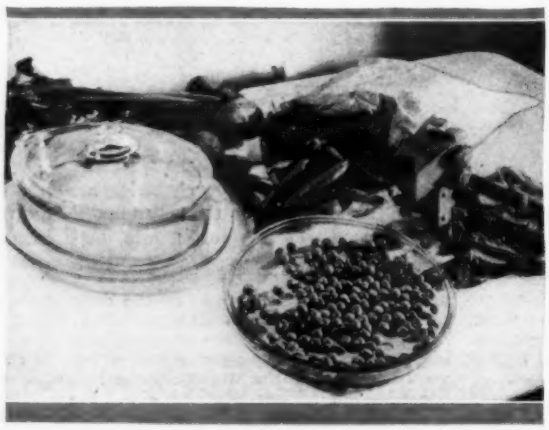
Of the Institute Staff

IN SEPTEMBER, 1927, we had an article on this page with the same title as that above. We are answering the same question, and we are answering it as we did at that time. Much was said then, and much is still being said, regarding "waterless cooking." And now, as then, we wish again to make our position clear with regard to this much-talked-of method of cooking vegetables.

"Cover with water and boil until tender" is no longer the standard method of cooking vegetables. All too often the vegetable water is drained into the sink, carrying with it fine flavor and valuable minerals which have cooked out of the vegetables. So, as a result of work carried on in our kitchens, Good Housekeeping Institute has long recommended that most vegetables be cooked in a tightly covered saucepan with a small amount of water, or steamed or baked in the oven. By "a small amount" of boiling water we mean enough to cover generously the bottom of the utensil in which the vegetable is to be cooked, usually about one-half cupful. Some vegetables, however, need special cooking methods, and these we shall discuss later.

We have found that it is neither practical nor essential to the food value of vegetables to attempt to cook them in a saucepan without any water—a method being still advocated by some. In extensive tests made in the Institute kitchens most of the vegetables cooked in a saucepan without any water—whatever the weight of the utensil—had scorched and lost some of their color by the time they were tender, in spite of our constantly watching both pot and flame to avoid this condition. As for food value, vegetables cooked the Institute way—in a small quantity of water—are just as nutritious as those cooked without water—particularly when the small amount of water left after cooking them tender is served with them, or boiled off in the saucepan.

Vegetables can be baked in a covered casserole, either alone or with other foods for the same meal



For the successful cooking of vegetables in a small amount of boiling water, the housekeeper needs no special utensils other than well-designed, sturdy, durable saucepans of the usual type, having tightly fitting covers, such as those approved by the Institute.

For steaming vegetables, there are steamers in the use of which boiling water is placed in the bottom. The vegetables are then arranged in the inset or insets above. The steam from the boiling water cooks the vegetables until tender. It must be remembered, however, that such a steamer is not a pressure cooker, for the temperature inside these cookers does not exceed 212° F. Therefore to cook vegetables in this way will take just as much time as to cook them in a saucepan on top of the

stove—and may require even more time.

There are also now on the market, so-called "waterless cookers," the uses of which we have discussed in full in the article "Shall I Buy a Cooker" in the February GOOD HOUSEKEEPING of this year. These waterless cookers can, of course, be used in cooking vegetables, and they differ from steamers only in that they depend largely upon the natural moisture of the foods being cooked to produce steam enough to cook them. In order to preserve all the steam and moisture, they have tight covers held in place by clamps, or by the tightness of the fit. If one or more vegetables are being cooked in the inset pans, and there is meat below, we add a small quantity of water to the meat. This may not always be necessary if vegetables are cooked around the meat. But we have found that, for the sake of safety, it is better to add a little water. No water, of course, is ever put in the inset pans with the vegetables. As in the steamer, there is no pressure created within a waterless cooker to give the higher temperature which would shorten the time of cooking. Therefore the vegetables will generally take longer to cook tender than when they are cooked in a saucepan on top of the stove, because they are really steamed. We do not find that either potatoes or string beans cook very satisfactorily in the insets of a waterless cooker.

Steam pressure cookers, too, can be used to cook vegetables, and because of the comparatively high pressures and correspondingly high temperatures possible to maintain in them, the usual cooking time periods for vegetables can be considerably shortened. Therefore such a cooker is particularly satisfactory for vegetables which require long cooking periods, since so much time is saved. In cooking vegetables of the cabbage family, as well as turnips and onions, in the steam pressure cooker the maximum full flavor of the fresh vegetable is retained. Therefore the personal taste of the family should determine whether or not such vegetables should be cooked by this method.

And now as to the methods of cooking the various fresh vegetables to preserve their natural color, flavor, and food value. We recommend that in general all vegetables shall be cooked in a small quantity of boiling water in a tightly covered saucepan. Spinach and similar greens can often be cooked without any added water, the moisture clinging to the greens after washing them providing enough steam. A steamer, waterless cooker, or the oven may also be used. You will notice that boiling water is used. Because long cooking tends to rob vegetables of their bright colors, everything must be done to shorten the cooking time period as much as possible. Thus by having the water at a full, rolling boil when the vegetables are put into it, and by keeping it boiling during the entire cooking period, considerable time is saved.

Photographs by H. I. Williams

At your request we will gladly send you Good Housekeeping Institute's time table for cooking vegetables

Just cover the bottom of the saucepan which is to be used, with boiling water, one-half cupful or more. The exact amount will depend upon the diameter of the saucepan. Then add the vegetables, which have been prepared in the usual way. Cover the saucepan with the tight-fitting cover and place the vegetables over a full heat. As soon as steam is noticeable, lower the heat enough to keep the water still boiling, and continue cooking until the vegetables are tender. Resist the temptation of lifting the cover to test for tenderness. Follow as closely as possible a time chart for cooking. When the vegetables are tender, turn them into a serving dish, and season as desired. Any water left in the saucepan can be poured over the vegetables or boiled off.

And just a word about the time period for cooking vegetables. Far too many housekeepers ruin their vegetables by cooking them so long that they not only lose their color and flavor, but become uninteresting in texture. *We believe that vegetables should be cooked until they are just tender and no more.* Upon request we will be glad to send you a correct time table for cooking vegetables which is the result of long and controlled tests carried on in the Institute kitchens.

Of all the vegetables we serve, probably none are more frequently poorly cooked than cabbage, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, broccoli, turnips, and onions. Not only do they often have a disagreeable flavor and strong odor, but they take on an unappetizing brownish color as well. Overcooking is generally responsible for these results. It is true that in cooking these particular vegetables tastes differ—we find it so here among our own Institute staff members. Perhaps your family prefers the maximum full flavor which is obtained by cooking them either in a small quantity of water, in a steamer, in a waterless or pressure cooker or in the oven. However, if you prefer a milder flavor and are particularly critical as to the color of the vegetables, then you can cook these vegetables in plenty of rapidly boiling (*Continued on page 203*)

Steaming vegetables often requires even more time than cooking them in a saucepan on top of the stove

For full-flavored canned vegetables, heat them in their own liquor in an uncovered frying pan or skillet

KEEPING SUMMER CLOTHES FIT

Is Easy — But You Must Know How to Do It

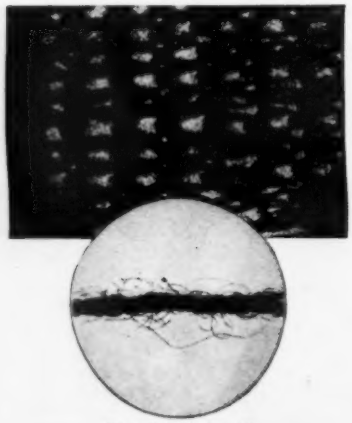
By Eva Wilson, *Of the Institute Staff*

ON this page in April we discussed the care of silks and showed a printed silk that had just been pressed. You may be interested to know what happened to that dress. It was worn by one of the members of the Institute Staff, and when it was necessary to have it cleaned, we decided to try washing it. As it had not been bought as a washable silk we squeezed the end of the belt in warm soapsuds, rinsed it in warm water, and pressed it under a white cloth, using an iron with the regulator set for silk. Neither the orange silk facing of the belt nor the orange-colored figures showed any loss of color. The green background of the silk did lose a little of the color, for the soapy water was faintly tinted, and a slight tinge of green showed on the white pressing cloth. But the white and orange figures on the material were not at all stained and were clear and bright.

As there were two distinct grease spots on the dress, we took them out by sponging with carbon tetrachloride. Then we put the dress into a lukewarm suds. We squeezed the dress lightly through the suds until the colors were clear, not over five minutes —then rinsed it quickly three times in lukewarm water. After squeezing it with the hands as dry as possible, we spread the dress on a clean cloth and drew another dry cloth inside it and through the sleeves. We then rolled the dress tightly in the first cloth, squeezed it a few minutes to absorb more of the moisture, unrolled it, and shook it until it was just the right dampness to press. The whole process of washing, up to the time the dress was ready to press, took less than fifteen minutes.

There are circular ruffles on the dress and circular insets in the skirt, but no plaits. The ruffles and insets were laid flat on the ironing board and ironed straight with the weave of the material. We ironed the dress on the right side, as it gave a pleasing finish to the silk. The dress is fresh and attractive now and probably will be washed many times during this coming summer to retain its freshness.

You can wash many of your summer silk dresses as successfully as the one just described. But test the colors first, use lukewarm suds, work rapidly, and dry the garments quickly. If you do not use a heat-controlled iron, be careful that your iron does not become too hot for silk while you are pressing. Crêpe silks will shrink when wet, but if pressed while damp they may be stretched to the right size as you iron them. Plain colors often run—but if there are no trimmings that might be stained, a slight loss of color will not injure the dress.

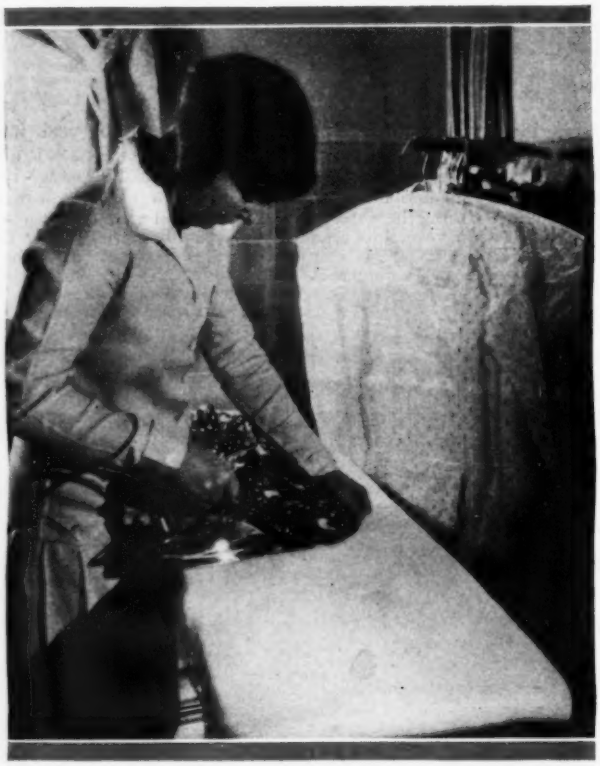


Micro. by Louis Schmidt
Courtesy Laundryowners National Association

Illustrated above are a magnified section of a wool sweater, and a bit of wool yarn

Your summer wardrobe may contain woolen garments such as sweaters, sports hose, and dresses. You can wash these without their shrinking and keep them soft and fluffy. The tiny wool fibers that make up the yarn from which woolen garments are woven or knitted are covered with little scales. Careless or wrong methods of washing may cause these scaly fibers to intertwine, tighten, and shorten so that the garment shrinks. The little spaces in the fabric are filled up, and the material becomes hard and matted or felted. When this happens nothing can be done to restore the garment to its original size and softness.

To wash a sweater successfully be sure, first, that the colors are fast. Then measure the length of the front, the back, and the sleeve along the seam, the width across the chest and between the shoulders. Prepare a lively suds of mild soap and lukewarm water. Squeeze the sweater in the suds, forcing the soapy water through the fabric. If it is badly soiled, wash the sweater in a second suds of the same temperature as the first. When clean, squeeze out as much soapy water as possible and rinse the garment in two or three waters *all of the same temperature as the wash water.* When thoroughly rinsed, squeeze out as much water as possible, *but do not twist or wring the garment.* Keep the sweater together in the hands. Do not let any part of it drag and stretch from its own weight. Lay it on a clean, absorbent cloth and pat and smooth it into shape to fit the measurements taken. When it is partly dry, you may turn the sweater over and dry the other side. It is best to wash woolens, especially heavy



In pressing circular ruffles or skirts, the iron should follow the weave of the material and not the outline of the ruffle

sweaters, on a clear drying day, for they may mildew if they are too long in drying.

You may buy in most department stores forms for drying woolen hose of any size. Sports hose dried in this way look like new. If forms are not used, it is best to lay the hose flat and shape them on absorbent cloths to dry.

We have found in our work at the Institute that woolen dresses show the best results when dry cleaned. Should you undertake to wash a simply made dress, proceed as you would in washing a sweater. After squeezing out all the water possible, hang the dress straight and even, pulling it to

Sweaters should be measured carefully before washing, and shaped to fit those measurements after they are washed

garments are fresh and crisp and appear to be new. Occasionally we have garments which show a tendency to lose color when washed, so we use mild soap and lukewarm water for washing or rinsing, and experience no difficulty. We do not leave these garments in the water longer than necessary, for quick drying is as essential for colored cottons showing a tendency to fade, as it is for silks.

We are often asked how to "set" colors in wash goods. This is not possible. We have found, however, that using mild soap and water of low temperature, drying the garments quickly,

Woolen hose dry quickly on forms like those illustrated below, and appear to be new when removed from them

Small washers are convenient for washing the type of garments mentioned in this article, when the greater portion of the laundry is not done at home

Photographs by H. I. Williams

the required length, or it may be laid flat and then shaped. When nearly dry, press it on the wrong side or on the right side under a cloth, until dry. One of the principal reasons why we suggest sending woolen dresses to a professional cleaner is because it is difficult to press wool satisfactorily at home.

You may feel that your summer wardrobe is not complete without a few cotton dresses. Nets and sheer fabrics of cotton are fashioned into attractive afternoon dresses and dance frocks, and they must be kept immaculate and fresh if they are to retain their beauty throughout the season. "It is cotton, so why not wash it?" you ask. But washing is only half the problem; there remains the pressing. If simply made and without fine plaitings, the pressing of these dresses does not present many difficulties. But if the style of a dress demands special care in pressing, we advise sending it to a tailor or a professional cleaner.

You may be interested to know how we wash our linen and cotton dresses here at the Institute. Although few of the dresses we wear in our laboratories become really soiled, they are washed two or three times a week in order to keep them fresh and attractive. As we wear only fast-colored fabrics, we put all the clothes, regardless of color, into the washer together. We use a suds hotter than for silk, but not so hot as to be uncomfortable for the hands. The washer operates from five to ten minutes; the clothes are passed through the wringer and rinsed two or three times. The first rinse water is the same temperature or a little warmer than the wash water. The other rinses are cooler. The cottons and thin linens are slightly stiffened with a thin, well-cooked starch—1 tablespoonful of starch to 1 quart of water. The articles are put into the hot starch, passed through the wringer, and hung to dry. We dry them in heated dryers, of course. Probably many of you dry your clothes out of doors. If you do, be sure to hang colored garments in a shady place to prevent fading from the strong sunlight. When ironed, these and not leaving them rolled while damp will control and prevent fading to a great extent.

Dresses become soiled while hanging in our closets, especially in the cities. Garment bags afford an excellent protection for dresses worn infrequently. Bags of transparent, dust-proof material are convenient, because we can find the dress we wish without opening the bag. Containers of heavier materials to hold one or more dresses add much to the neat appearance of our closets.

Let us add a word of warning. Have your summer clothes cleaned frequently. It prolongs the life and beauty of a garment and preserves the fabric, to clean it before it becomes so soiled that even the most suitable method of cleaning that garment is not effective.

In pressing any delicate fabric, the iron must be clean and smooth to avoid staining the material or catching and pulling the fine threads so that the weave of the goods appears uneven. Broken or stretched fibers may cause holes in the fabric.

Looking Into Your Refrigerator

You can prepare the greater part of luncheon or dinner early in the day and put it in the refrigerator ready to cook or serve

THE use of the refrigerator all the year round is rapidly increasing; for housekeepers are appreciating the fact that the heated houses of to-day do not offer any safe or satisfactory place for the storing of perishable foods, outside of a good refrigerator, at any season of the year. The window box for storing foods during the cold weather is becoming a memory, and the refrigerator is now an essential piece of kitchen equipment all year long.

The warm summer months, however, usually make extra demands on the refrigerator. Iced drinks and chilled desserts are popular, and housekeepers find that they must more frequently replenish their supply of ice or ice cubes and that they must carefully plan the use of their refrigerator space to make room for the many foods set away to chill.

Sufficient storage space in the refrigerator is becoming increasingly important. If there is generous space in the food compartment, we may arrange our kitchen work much more conveniently. For we may, if we wish, prepare the greater part of our luncheon or dinner early in the day and put it in the refrigerator ready to cook or serve. During the summer it is not only more convenient but also more pleasant to do the greater part of the cooking in the cool of the morning.

When entertaining, the extra space needed in the refrigerator for chilling foods will crowd the shelves unless we have sufficient space in the food compartment. In considering a new refrigerator, then, it will pay you to give special thought to the size that will meet your needs. Those who entertain a great deal and who have a serving pantry between the kitchen and the dining-room find it convenient to have a second refrigerator in the pantry for storing the salad greens, the salads, the cold desserts, and the iced drinks.

Generous space in the food compartment also simplifies meal planning. Milk, fruits, green vegetables, and other perishable foods should, of course, be well represented in meals that keep us fit. All these foods must be kept in the freshest possible condition until they go to the table, and therefore we must provide space in a good refrigerator for them or put up with the inconvenience of hand-to-mouth buying in planning the meals.

Do not stock up ahead any more than necessary, however, for this will overcrowd the refrigerator shelves. Besides that, perishable foods, especially milk and the salad greens, will be freshest and richest in food value if used within two or three days at most. So purchase the more perishable foods frequently.

And speaking of overcrowded refrigerator shelves, if you take a critical look at yours now and then, you may find that you have tucked away several things that are using space to little advantage. Do you not sometimes, in clearing the work table, put into the refrigerator a bottle containing a lonely pickle or two or three olives or a plate with a curl of cold bacon on it? Or have you, in a thrifty moment, set away for future use several dishes each with a spoonful or two of left-over vegetable or cereal or sauce and then overlooked them until they had dried out or had gathered a film of mold over the surface?

Has It Been Tested and Approved?

The printed list of all household equipment and appliances Tested and Approved by the Institute is now ready and you may secure your copy by sending 15 cents to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service at 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City. It is nearly a quarter of a century since our testing service was established, and this list is the up-to-date record of our work.

Use it as your buying guide in selecting all new equipment.

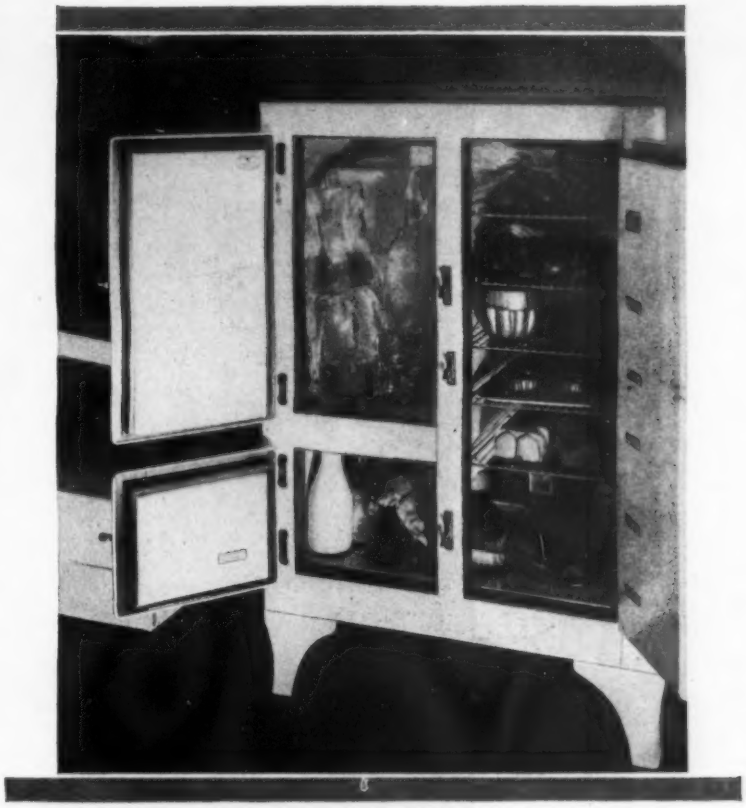
Our complete list of Institute bulletins will be sent on request. A few recently off the press are revised editions of Salads and Salad Dressings, 25c, and House Wiring and Lighting for Service, 15c. There are many others on the list.

For early canning and preserving you will need our bulletins: Canning Methods Up-to-date, 25c; and Jellies, Jams and Pickles, 25c. Others that may be of special interest to you at this season are Full-Flavored Vegetables, 25c; Meals That Keep the Family Fit, 25c; Easy Methods in Cleaning, 25c; and Sandwiches and Hors d'Oeuvres, 25c.

By

Katharine A. Fisher

Director



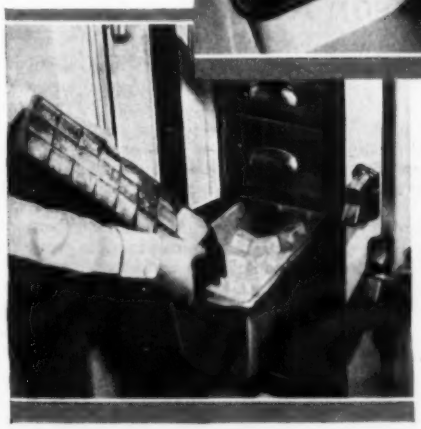
This refrigerator has been filled with ice as it should be for keeping low temperatures. The food is properly placed

When we keep such left-overs, it is wise to plan for their use the next day if possible, or consign them to the garbage can at once. Nor is it good use of valuable refrigerator space to store food that would keep just as well in the kitchen cabinet.

For nearly a quarter of a century, Good Housekeeping Institute has been testing household refrigerators for the purpose of providing housekeepers with a reliable guide in selecting a new refrigerator. This guide is our list of Tested and Approved refrigerators, a list which represents only a fraction of the many refrigerators tested at the Institute, since a large proportion of those tested have not been able to give a refrigerating service that met our standards for approval. A refrigerator approved by Good Housekeeping Institute will maintain temperatures which will keep the household food supply in good condition if the refrigerator is used properly.

Laboratory tests point to the need for storing the more perishable foods at a temperature below 50° F. Such a temperature can be maintained in the coldest part of the food compartment of any iced refrigerator carrying the Institute Seal of Approval, provided the refrigerator is kept well iced—at least half-full all the time—by means of frequent deliveries, especially through the summer. It is mistaken economy to save the ice from melting by covering it with a paper or "blanket," for it is the melting ice that produces the necessary low temperature. Foods that spoil readily, such as milk, uncooked meat, and soup stock, should be stored in the coldest part of the food compartment. In the side-icer type this is the compartment directly beneath the ice chamber, the warmest part being on the top shelf opposite the ice chamber. With the top-icer type the coldest part is beneath the cold air flue, the warmest at the up-take flue.

A temperature below 50° F. will be maintained automatically in any part of the food compartment of those refrigerators on the Institute Tested and Approved List that are equipped with a refrigerating unit. In selecting a refrigerator from this list, however, inquire first into the kind of servicing maintained (*Continued on page 245*)



The cold storage compartment for keeping an extra supply of ice cubes is being replenished from the rubber tray. Each cube can be pushed out without loosening it with hot water

Most foods keep better if stored in covered refrigerator dishes. The large container illustrated at the left keeps celery, salad greens, fruits, and all similar foods delightfully crisp and fresh

The ritualistic shave is a pleasure, clothes are washed by ten, and dishes may have that scalding rinse, when the "H" on the tap delivers what it indicates—a plentiful supply of hot water

Getting Out of Hot Water

Is a Problem You Need Not Face If You Have a Good Water Heater

By Helen Whitson Kendall

Of the Institute Staff

"A WONDERFUL trip," said one of our friends recently upon his return from Europe; "but how glad I am to be home where I can get plenty of hot water!"

What a wealth of comfort in the thought—a modern hotel—an up-to-date apartment house—a well-regulated household with none of the petty annoyances induced by an inadequate supply of hot water!

The ritualistic shave is a pleasure, clothes are washed by ten, and dishes may have that scalding rinse when the "H" on the tap delivers what it indicates, no matter how early heavy demands are made upon it. But something must be happening behind the scenes before such comfort and convenience become reality. Somewhere constantly at work there must be a water heater of some type or other. It may be a storage tank kept full of hot water by a thermostatically controlled heating device, or by a small coal heater. Still another method of supplying constant hot water is the instantaneous type of heater heating the water as it is drawn from the tap. Any one of these devices will supply hot water whenever it is wanted—day or night.

For many years Good Housekeeping Institute has made extensive tests on all of these types. In fact, we have a number of water heaters of different types constantly under observation and test, and we shall be glad to send you, upon request, the names of approved water heaters which will provide your home with an adequate hot-water supply.

In contrast, picture the household depending upon less convenient and less modern devices for the hot water supply. Hot water, yes, but when? Certainly not at the turn of the tap. There must be a wait for the water to get hot enough for the shave—for the dishes—for the laundry—depending upon the amount of hot water needed. This often results in the heating of small amounts of water in the teakettle, whereas when larger quantities are desired, a round trip to the basement may be necessary for the purpose of lighting the heater and, sometime later, turning it off. How can we avoid this inconvenience and provide for a constant supply of hot water?

The solution is, to some extent, a question of cost. Is the comfort of having hot water on tap, night or day, worth the extra money? It is the cost of convenience, an item which is uppermost in the mind of the user of modern equipment. By the cost of convenience we mean in this case the added cost of always getting hot water when opening the tap. But, you may ask us, how much added cost? And our answer is, that because of the wide differences in the habits of families, it would be practically impossible to arrive at any one figure. One family may require (*Continued on page 246*)

The Bride "Measures" for Success

And Finds That Accuracy Is the Thing That Counts

By
Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff

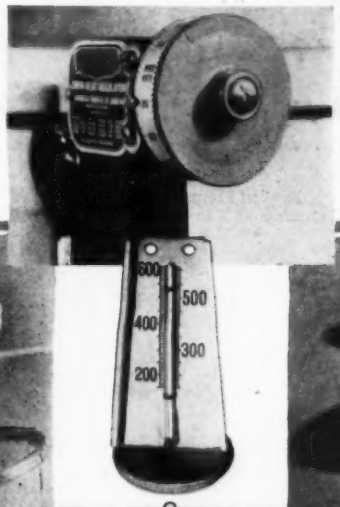
To measure liquids use a cup with the one-cup graduation below the rim, and for dry ingredients use one with the graduation at the rim, and level off with a spatula

It is time-saving to have a two-cup measure as well as a one-cup, as you will need to measure only once when a recipe calls for one and one-half or two-thirds cupfuls, etc.

NOT so many years ago a bride resigned herself to the thought that good results in cooking were acquired only after a long period of trial and error. But modern methods, used with modern food products, have proved that long practice is not necessary—that *accuracy* in measuring and in following tested recipes means much more.

Ingredients, time, temperature—three things to be measured accurately, every time. First, you must know how much of each ingredient is needed. To find this out you must follow a standard recipe, such as those which are worked out in the Institute kitchens before they are printed on these pages. Many hours have been spent on these recipes to be sure that they are just right. Then you need tools to measure these ingredients. For this, approved measuring cups are essential, those "measuring up" to the Institute's standards, which are the same as those of the United States Bureau of Standards. Get a set or two of approved measuring spoons as well. Next, you must know how long to cook the finished product and at what temperature. This is easy, if you have the Time and Temperature Cooking Chart which the Institute has worked out after years of research in its laboratories.

The bride need not worry about temperatures if her oven is heat-controlled



Always sift flour before measuring it, then pile it lightly into the cup. If it is packed down, there will be more flour in the cup than is needed in the recipe, and your results will not be perfect

Good Housekeeping Institute
Cooking Time and Temperature Chart

Baking Temperatures

Roasting Temperatures

Deep Fat Frying Temperatures

Measure time and temperature accurately, following the Institute's Chart. Use an oven thermometer if oven does not have a heat-control

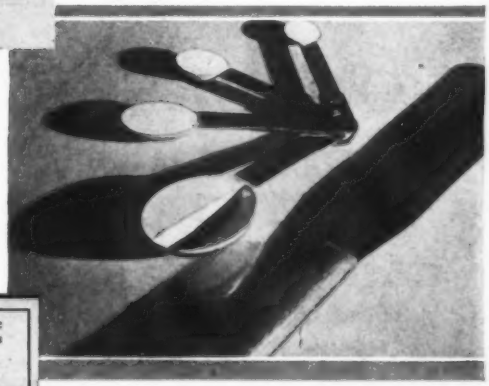
Finally—if you are using an oven—you must be sure that it is heated to the correct temperature. If this oven is not equipped with a thermostatic heat-control, get an Institute-approved, portable oven thermometer to guide you. Four easy steps to success!

There are a few other helpful points about measuring. It is time-saving to have a two-cup measure, as well as a one-cup, since you will need to measure only once when the recipe calls for one and a fraction cupfuls of any ingredient. To measure a liquid use a cup with a one-cup graduation line below the rim, and to measure dry ingredients use one with this graduation at the rim. A heat-proof glass cup is splendid for measuring boiling liquid.

Be sure to sift flour before measuring it, and pile it lightly into the cup. If it is packed down there will be more flour in the cup than is needed in the recipe, and results will not be perfect.

To use a measuring spoon, fill it full, and level it with a spatula. If you need half a spoonful, divide the full spoon lengthwise.

You will be surprised to see how soon accuracy becomes a habit, and how easy it is to have perfect results every time, if you will make it a practice to "measure for success."



To measure by spoonfuls, fill the spoon full, level off with a spatula, and should the recipe call for half a tablespoonful, divide it lengthwise, as illustrated. Make a habit of accurate measurements

MENU I
Broiled Ham with Fried Bananas
Lettuce and Tomatoes **Coffee**

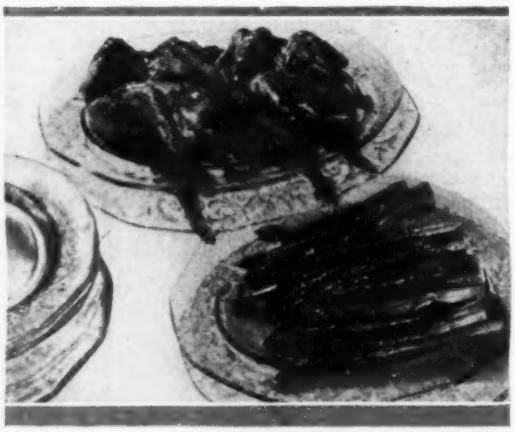
COURSES - COURSES - COURSES!

They Are All Right in Their Place, But Usually A Man Wants a Simple Meal

By Byron Mac Fadyen

AREN'T there times when you tire of planning, or even thinking about the simplest course meal—when you hanker for just one thing and wish you *dared* serve it by itself or with just the minimum of other foods?

You often enjoy such a meal when you go into a restaurant. You look up from the menu and say—"Lamb chops, lettuce salad, and coffee—that will be all." Men invariably order such abbreviated meals—not because it is all they want—but because it is *just what they want.* This tendency of men is apparently hereditary. You doubtless remember the story of Esau who was so entranced by the mess of pottage Jacob was making that he traded his birthright for it. Notice it was not a course dinner that Jacob was making—merely a one-dish meal.



MENU II
Broiled Chicken
Fresh Asparagus **Cheese**
Coffee

Why, then, shouldn't such menus be given a place in the home? How wonderful it would be if we had a few courageous ladies to declare in words similar to those of Patrick Henry's, "I care not how many courses others may have, but as for me"—well, who wants to join these daughters of the new revolution?

On first thought, a one-course meal may seem to violate the accepted rules of a balanced diet. But it needn't. The simplest meal as you will observe, can be both delicious and nutritious. Such being the case, instead of scrubbing or paring some potatoes, preparing green vegetables, making a pudding, cooking some meat, buzzing an egg-beater, and having the entire range steaming "full speed ahead"—why not reduce your kitchen work to the lowest common denominator and eat something that just hits the

spot. Simple though it may seem to be?

Let me illustrate what I mean by Menu I shown on page 98. Now, here is a meal that will satisfy that frequent craving for some savory smoked ham—without eggs. You can fry it or broil it. The bananas can be sautéed quickly in the same pan when the ham is done. Serve them on the same platter—make your tomato and lettuce salad and pull up your chairs to the table.

Notice that this menu—in spite of its simplicity—is nutritious. Observe also that this meal requires the minimum of kitchen work. And when you taste the contrasting flavors of ham and bananas, when you "eat hearty" of that simple salad, you'll be perfectly satisfied.

If you don't like ham, here is a meal I had in a famous restaurant which is perfect for a home menu:

Broiled Porterhouse Steak
and Paprika Butter
Sliced Cucumbers Coffee

The steak is broiled in the standard way. The paprika butter for the steak is made by melting a large lump of butter—about three tablespoonfuls, in a small saucepan. Blend in ¼ teaspoonful dry mustard, ½ teaspoonful lemon juice and ⅓ teaspoonful paprika. Pour this over the steak.

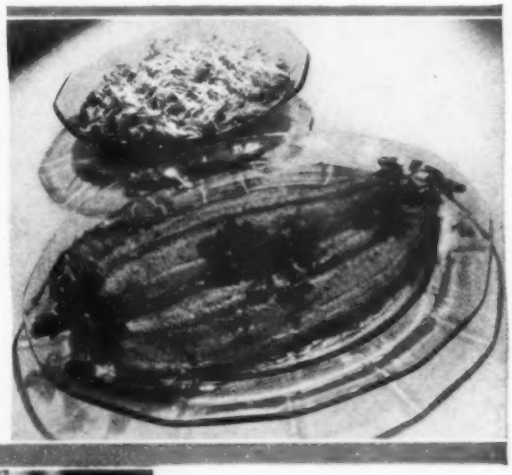
My suggestion regarding the cucumbers is that you slice them very thin and let them stand about one hour in vinegar, slightly salted and diluted, with one-third as much water. Then drain and serve plenty of them with French Dressing on a lettuce leaf. In combination with the hot, juicy steak you have something delicious.

The matter of cost may prove an obstacle in this menu, and some that I shall suggest later. However, if you consider the price of the main article of food in relation to the rest of the meal, you will find that you are not spending much more than you would invest in an assortment of ingredients for a standard meal. It is the extras that make the meal which you are serving run up in both money and work.

For example, a fine, thick steak and cucumbers do not cost much more in January than an assembly of pot roast, baked potatoes, spinach, celery, and Apple Betty with an appropriate sauce. And a broiled lobster with green peas would not greatly exceed the price of some fresh fish surrounded by vegetables in season, salad, and dessert. Also, a broiled chicken with fresh asparagus, coffee and cheese, as illustrated in Menu II, is often not so costly as stewed chicken with boiled rice, canned peas, cold slaw, lemon meringue pie, etc. Of course you may not have leftovers with which to make another meal after one of these one-course affairs—but what of it?

The incentive in preparing any of these one-course meals is that you will be able to give your sole attention to the star dish. You can afford to fuss over it, season it, make it extra nice, and not be too exhausted to enjoy it. Even a single vegetable, prepared with care and served with a flourish, will bring its reward. I know a couple that takes delight in an asparagus supper when that delectable vegetable makes its first appearance in the market. All they have is *plenty* of asparagus on hot toast.

This asparagus supper describes definitely how to get the utmost from a single dish. I hope it will give you an idea. And don't be afraid to try out such a meal on your friends. Of course, it may be well to avoid your fundamentalist acquaintances who might be dazed if they didn't get their appetizer, soup, meat-potato-vegetable, salad and dessert menu. But there are many other folks who would compliment your courage and originality. As a matter of fact, people are eager to try new foods—foreign dishes and menus—and brag about their adventures afterward. Here's your chance to give them an experience.



MENU III
Broiled Mackerel
Shredded Cabbage with French Dressing
Rolls Coffee

Fish is a fine food to experiment with, and Menu III is worth trying or improving. In preparing this menu, after you have put the mackerel on the broiler, brush it with this mixture—⅓ cupful salad oil in which a clove of garlic is cut up fine, 2 teaspoonfuls vinegar, 1 teaspoonful dry mustard, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful paprika and ½ teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce. Brush frequently while broiling and then remove to a hot platter. Pour a tablespoonful of the mixture over the fish and serve. *Talk about flavor!*

MENU IV
Fried Tomatoes Creamed
Toast Coffee

In Menu IV the vegetable gets the attention. First, cut in half, six medium-sized tomatoes which have been carefully washed and dried, removing, of course, the stem ends. Dip these slices in flour and have ready on a plate. Now fry six slices of bacon which have been cut in pieces about two inches long. When done, arrange on a large, hot platter. Next sauté your slices of tomato, a few at a time, in the bacon fat. After you have turned the slices, sprinkle their tops with sugar, salt, and pepper. Try to keep the sugar from getting into the fat. As fast as your tomatoes are sautéd, place them on your platter with the bacon. Finally mash two slices of your ripest tomatoes in your skillet, stir in enough flour to make a paste, then add milk to make a gravy, allowing one tablespoonful (*Continued on page 204*)

MENU V
Lobster Mexicane
Brown Rice Coffee

Conclusion— In Which

THE FOOL of

Is Wedded To His Utterly Charming Folly

"There's a clergyman coming to call on us. Two clergymen. Three clergymen." "Are you mad?" asked Fenella. But it was quite true. "Lock the door!" said Sebastian in a panic

CONCLUSION

"THEY told me you were up here," Sebastian said slowly.

He was very tired. The evening's effort had left him exhausted, so that he spoke and thought with difficulty. He put a hand up to shade his weary eyes and asked if she was alone there.

"Yes."

She got up. It seemed to be an hour before they were in each other's arms, in heaven, after all that long torture of separation.

"Sebastian . . . I love you. . . ."

"Now that it's over, Fenella, will you—"

"Oh, my darling, I will! Anything—anything you want."

But even as she said it, she was frightened. Their passion was so strange and violent; it was like a storm, or something that must come to an end before life could go on again.

"If only we could go away together!" she sighed.

"To-night. We'll go to-night."

"If only we could!"

They did not see Caryl come through the door. And when they did see him, there was no need to tell him anything. All the truth, even more of it than Fenella herself knew, was plain to his eyes. He fell back against the wall, staring at them dumbly, and when she looked at his gray face, she thought in terror,

"We've killed him."

She felt Sebastian's fingers tighten on her arm and found that she had made a movement to go to Caryl. Looking up quickly, she caught an extraordinary expression on her lover's face, the shade of some tortured perplexity that possessed him to the exclusion of everything else, so that he seemed to have lost sight of herself and Caryl in the stress of some other, more titanic battle in which he was being defeated. She looked again at Caryl, who was clutching at his throat as if he could not breathe.

His voice was gone, but his lips said,

"When?"

"We couldn't help it!" she burst out. "We've tried. We've fought against it. But it's no use. Before Sebastian went to Paris we knew that it must come to this. We were waiting till he came back to tell you. I can never forgive myself. . . ."

Caryl moved suddenly away from the wall, ashamed at having leaned against it. His voice tore itself free. "Where did this begin?" he asked, coming a step toward them.

The FAMILY

Illustrated by W. G. Ratterman

By Margaret Kennedy

Fenella looked round at Sebastian for help. He muttered,

"The Adlersee."

"Steineck," she said. "He kissed me at Steineck—you remember, Caryl?—and ever since then. . . ."

"Before then," said Sebastian. "The first time I touched her. Before that, even. Before I knew she was yours. I looked at her, and I thought, I'm going to have that girl."

Caryl took no notice of him. He was waiting for Fenella to go on.

"Ever since then . . ." she faltered, shrinking closer to Sebastian.

"Oh, stand up and answer for yourself," exclaimed Caryl furiously. "Come away from him." He caught her by the shoulders and wrenched her away from his brother. "Ever since then—" he demanded—"what?"

"I've known that it's he I must marry, not you."

"Marry?" He spun round upon Sebastian. "You mean to marry her?"

Sebastian nodded gloomily. He had shut the door into the darkened box, so as to escape from the noise of Stravinsky. They were all imprisoned together in the hot little tunnel, silent, almost suffocated by the fire of Caryl's grief and anger. It was Caryl's moment, not theirs. They waited for him to speak.

"He doesn't love you, Fenella. And you don't love him, either. You haven't behaved like two people who love each other. You're both ashamed of yourselves."

"We are! We are! Because we've treated you so—"

"No. It's not that. If you'd really loved him, you'd have told me before. You wouldn't have been able to help telling me. But you're ashamed because you know he doesn't love you, and you know I'm the better man, and yet you'd rather have him."

"I would rather have him." She tried to speak steadily.

"Then take him. I'm not standing in your way, if that's what you want. Please God, I'll never see either of you again."

The door slammed. He was gone. Fenella ran a step or two down the passage, calling his name, but it was too late.

"I never thought he'd be so angry," she said breathlessly. "I never thought he'd look—like that. I thought he'd be dreadfully unhappy. I thought he'd beg me to change my mind. I thought— "

Sebastian laughed rather grimly.

Fenella had said she did not care a straw what people thought. But as the clergyman knocked politely on the front door, she followed Sebastian through the back scullery window

"What on earth did you expect?" he said, as he struggled with a yawn. "You've always seemed to look forward to this telling business as if it was going to be something pleasant. But you didn't expect he'd give you full marks for the way you've behaved, or me either, did you?"

Fenella shook her head unhappily. She could not say what she had expected. Naturally she had thought that it would be painful, but she had clung desperately to the hope of feeling better after it was over. For though she dreaded Caryl's anguish, she had vaguely counted on his ultimate approval. She had wanted him to reassure her on the difficult fact of her passion for Sebastian. If he had ever admitted that their love was the equal of his own, she would have known what to say. But he had in fact told her to take Sebastian because she did not deserve any one better.

"Sebastian," she said urgently, "you do love me, don't you? You will marry me? You did mean it when you said you wanted to marry me?"

"I'll do anything you like," said Sebastian wearily, "as long as we get out of this place. I can't breathe here."

He pushed the box door and let in a whirlwind of Stravinsky. Fenella at the same time opened the other door and let in her mother, who was tired of being pushed about behind the scenes. Sebastian made a horrified escape into the box. But as he could not jump from it into the stalls, he had to stay there and endure simultaneously esthetic torture and an introduction to Lady McClean.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE latch-key rattled, and slow feet came trampling up the stairs. One person? Two people? Gemma could not tell. She braced herself against a disappointment. She sat quite still in her chair, waiting. The door was opening. A strange man came in. He shut it behind him.

"Caryl!"

She recognized him and knew that he had come back alone. In the shock of that despair, his strange looks, so haggard and so old, were lost upon her. She could only know that he had come alone, and that she must bear it. She must say something, it did not matter what. Her voice was talking for her. She heard herself mutter with an odd little laugh,

"Well, old—old gray-face?"

Caryl took no notice. He stumbled across to his bed and flung himself down, hiding his face in the pillow.

"What is it?" she said at last. "What has happened?"

"Go away."

"Was it—was the Ballet a failure?"

"No." His face was still hidden, and his voice was muffled by the pillow. "Go away, Gemma. I must be alone."

She grew cold with fear as the worst thing in the world leaped suddenly into her mind. "Is he dead?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Sebastian."

"No. I wish he was!"

At that she ran across and tugged fiercely at his arm.

"What has happened to him? You must tell me. You must tell me, Caryl; you *must* tell me. Why didn't you bring him back? You said you would. Why didn't you? What has happened to him?"

Her distress called him back to reason. He mastered himself and sat up, muttering:

"God forgive me, Gemma! I'd forgotten you . . . what it is for you."

"Is he all right?"

"Yes, he's quite all right. Wait a minute. I'll tell you in a minute."

He sought about for words, and a first inkling of the truth came to her. It came as a relief. She knew that nothing awful had happened to Sebastian; it was merely something that he had done. But then he was always doing things.

"He's—got Fenella," Caryl managed at last to say.

"Fenella!"

Even Gemma, who knew so well the things that Sebastian was always doing, could not immediately accept a treachery like this.

"Fenella? How do you mean?"

"She loves him."

"Oh, how could he? How could he?" she cried. "But it's not true. It can't possibly be true. She's not like that. She would never . . ."

"They are going to be married. That's what I'm trying to tell you."

"Marry? He'll marry her? But he can't. What about me?"

"He's left you. He won't come back to you."

She looked quite blank at this, quite stupid, as if he had spoken in a foreign language. And then, sitting down on the floor, she began to laugh.

"That's a nice thing, isn't it? That's a very nice thing to do!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Gemma, don't laugh! I can't bear it."

But she could not stop. "It's so funny. Don't you see how funny it is? You've thought of nothing but marrying her for a year, and now he's got her, and you've got me! You've been landed with me instead. When I think of the way you went on in Venice because the McCleans thought I belonged to you—"

"Oh, stop!"

"Was there ever anybody like the pair of you? If you weren't a born fool, you'd have killed him long ago."

Caryl thought so, too. He could hardly bear the sight of Gemma, and he pulled her up from the floor almost roughly, saying:

"I'm glad you think it's funny. You go off and laugh somewhere else."

"You hate the sight of me, don't you?"

"No, Gemma. I don't. I'm very sorry for you. But I want to be alone now."

She stopped laughing and nodded agreement. "To-morrow," she said, "I'll go away. You shan't have to see me again."

But he could not let her do that. He knew too well what might become of her. She caught one of his hands, twisting his fingers nervously.

"You'd much better turn me out to-morrow, Caryl, and not ask where I'm going. If you keep me much longer, you'll be landed with more than you bargained for, perhaps."

"I always am," he said.

"Yes, but there's something you don't know."

"What do you mean?"

She threw her arms round his neck and whispered. Between her sobs and her whispers he took a minute to understand what she was saying. But when he had grasped it, he pushed her face back so that he could see it.

"Gemma! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. I was waiting till he came back, to tell him."

"You mean—it's his child?"

"Whose else could it be? I belong to him. I always shall, even if he never comes back. Of course, it's his."

"Are you glad?"

She gave him a strange look. For a moment there was a remote wisdom in her eyes, an acceptance, a knowledge of things too far-reaching for joy or sorrow. He felt his own misery recede before it. He knew how small a thing this hour must be in the great sum of things that are felt. They sat pensive for a long time, not thinking of Sebastian and Fenella any more, but of the future and a life that would pass beyond their own. Then, as if answering his question, she said,

"Yes, I'm glad."

"Sebastian would marry you if he knew this."

"Would he?"

"I know he would. It is a serious thing, and he is a serious person. You must tell him."

"But Fenella."

"She must give him up."

"Why should she, if she wants him?"

THE TOY BALLOON

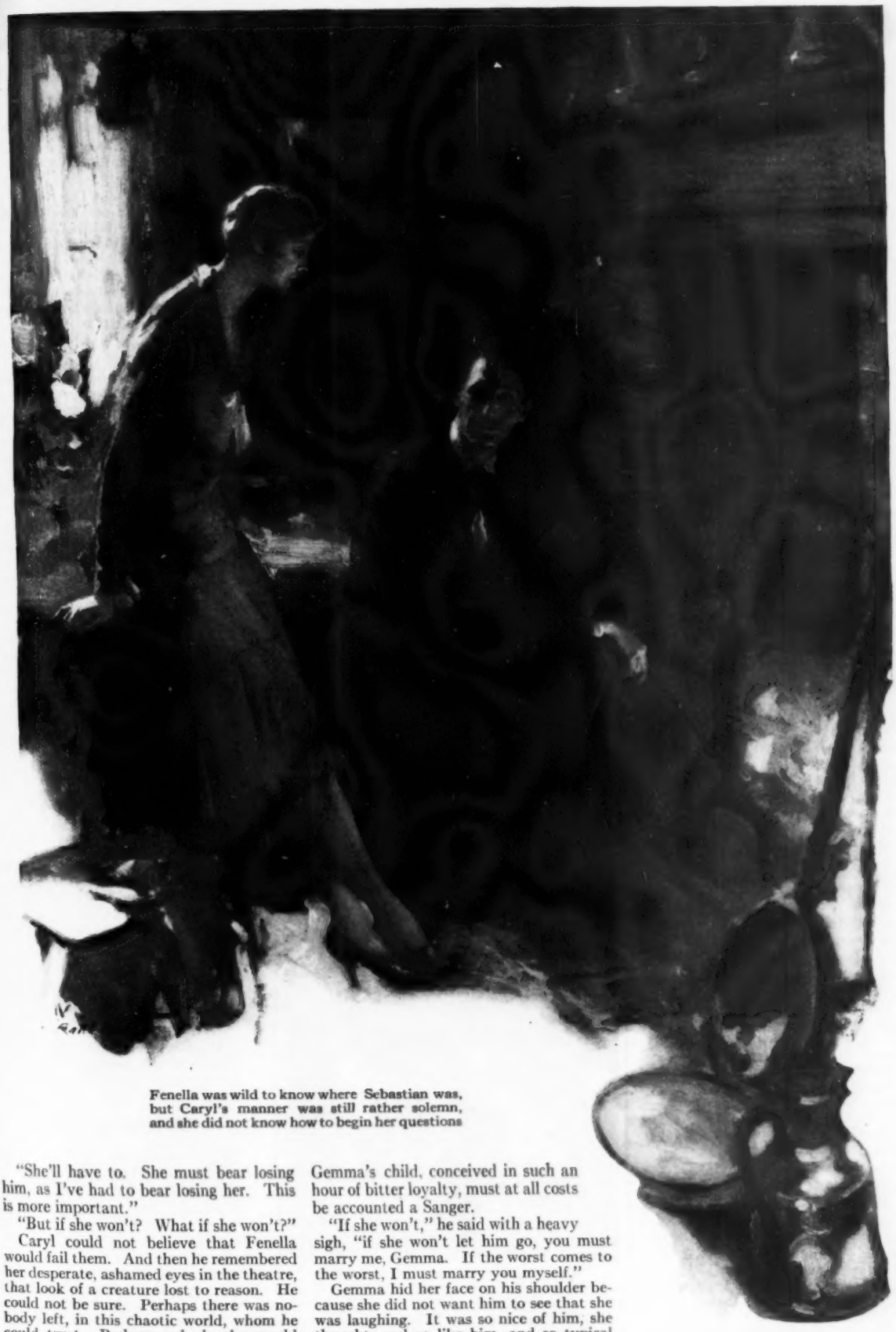
By Edith Tatum

MY SOUL *is clad in color, bright*
As any painted toy balloon
And anchored fast in glowing noon
Or in the morning's amber light.

I'M TETHERED *to a host of things—*
A little house all filled with dreams,
A garden, where when sunset gleams
You come to me on twilight's wings.

ABOVE ME, *sky, out there the sea,*
And everywhere the starry sweep
Of endless distance blue and deep—
For such I hunger to be free.

THE CORD *that holds me is so slight*
A sudden summer storm might break
Its fragile strength . . . but for love's sake
I would not yet take eager flight.



Fenella was wild to know where Sebastian was, but Caryl's manner was still rather solemn, and she did not know how to begin her questions

"She'll have to. She must bear losing him, as I've had to bear losing her. This is more important."

"But if she won't? What if she won't?"

Caryl could not believe that Fenella would fail them. And then he remembered her desperate, ashamed eyes in the theatre, that look of a creature lost to reason. He could not be sure. Perhaps there was nobody left, in this chaotic world, whom he could trust. Perhaps nobody else would feel, as he felt, that Sebastian's child must not come nameless into the world; that Gemma's child, conceived in such an hour of bitter loyalty, must at all costs be accounted a Sanger.

"If she won't," he said with a heavy sigh, "if she won't let him go, you must marry me, Gemma. If the worst comes to the worst, I must marry you myself."

Gemma hid her face on his shoulder because she did not want him to see that she was laughing. It was so nice of him, she thought, and so like him, and so typical of a lifetime spent in tidying up the havoc wrought by his *(Continued on page 275)*

OUR OWN FOUR WALLS

Shelter a Group of Famous Writers Coming to You Next Month

LOST TRIBE

"THE country's getting too civilized to be safe!" Meaning Alaska. That's what one of the men says in Edison Marshall's new novel beginning in next month's issue. "Another illusion gone!" we grumbled until, getting into the catapulting action of the story, we realized that the old Indian agent who has spoken is alarmed at the encroachment of unscrupulous white men upon the remnants of a remote lost tribe whom he has fathered.

Any one who has read Edison Marshall's novels of the Northwest—"The Missionary" was the last we printed—knows the pulse, the majesty, and the breathless conflict that animate his tales. We asked him to tell our readers something about himself:

"The Marshalls of my blood were an adventure-loving clan, landing in Virginia in the middle sixteen-hundreds, taking part in all handy wars, and steadily moving westward. The men before me were tall, raw-boned Methodists, leading citizens of their frontier communities; but as they died in batches in our wars, and in settling up the West, the breed is almost extinct.

"My Grandfather Marshall died in the Gold Rush of '49; my father followed the out-trail in 1870, but returned later to marry an Indiana school-teacher, a daughter of the New England Allens and Fairbankses. In Rensselaer, Indiana, he owned and ran a daily newspaper for thirty years. I was born there, in 1894, inheriting from my mother a dangerous tendency toward writing poetry.

"In 1907 father's pioneer instincts made him sell out and buy a big fruit ranch in Oregon. The mountains, rivers, and forests at my door stirred my inherent love for the wild places of the earth. Because I had to tell somebody about it, I began to write outdoor stories.

"From the State university I went to an officers' training camp in Georgia, where I met and married a daughter of the Old South. Much to my amazement, my stories, 'The Heart of Little Shikara' and 'The Elephant Remembers,' were O. Henry Memorial Prize stories, and the former won first prize in 1921. At last my serials began to appear regularly in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, prior to book publication.

"To write these serials, I had to travel wide—and I wanted to, anyway. Every year I trek to some far wilderness—Alaska several times, the Far Arctic and the Siberian Coast, finally Africa. Sometimes I shoot big game, but more often I just look at it and take its picture. Sometimes I blunder into serious trouble."

IRVIN S. COBB can reel them off or reel them in with equal ease. His fame as an after-dinner wit is better known than his skill as a fisherman. But he will renounce the grandest of banquets (including the fish course) in order to be up early next morning for a sweet spell of fishing or shooting. Next month, we are proud to announce, he appears in Good Housekeeping with a story entitled "Cabbages and Kings." From its quiet introduction in a duck-shooting scene it swerves dramatically to the primitive emotions of women and their men in the Tennessee mountains. And we are bold enough to compare it in importance with Cobb's classic, "The Belled Buzzard"

WE MADE up this picture especially for "Little Jimmy" Armstrong, aged 6, who is one of big Jimmy Swinnerton's clamorous admirers. Here an ostrich is coming to life from the artist's pen to strut right into a forthcoming issue with one of Mrs. Johnson's stories

AN AUNT IN NEED

AUNTS are all right. Well, they're not *bad*. Take Aunt Margaret McKennan and her two little nephews, Jimmy and Billy Armstrong, who live in Rye, New York. Jimmy went in for bookbinding on a six-year-old scale so that he could preserve Mr. James Swinnerton's pictures—the bright-colored ones in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. Twenty-four of them. Two years to get them together. It takes a fellow's time and care.

And then—tough luck. Billy came down with scarlet fever. Oh, he got over it, thanks. But while he was getting well Jimmy lent him the Swinnerton "book." It had to be burned afterward—doctors being fussy about things like that. And then Aunt Margaret was the friend a fellow needs.

She called on us and told us the story. We know a man-sized tragedy when we see one. Our stock-room was scoured, and to our delight we found the whole series.

Listen, Jimmy: Mr. Swinnerton is planning more surprises for you. After finishing the pictures for Mrs. Martin Johnson's jungle stories, he will illustrate a series of children's fairy stories about the Mayas. They are Mexican folk little known by most youngsters, but quite familiar to the artist. He lives in the Arizona desert, and his canvases of Indians and big western landscapes have been praised by important art critics. Of course, everybody knows his newspaper comic, "Little Jimmy."

TRIPLE AUTHOR

"I SIT down, pen in hand, and I can not tell whether it will be L. Adams Beck or E. Barrington. My stories come as memories come, clearly and undisputed. Whether it will be Mrs. Beck describing the life and thought of India two thousand years ago, or E. Barrington at home in the French and English society of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is no effort; it is only, as it were, to remember and relate."

What an exceedingly pleasant way to write! It is in the character of E. Barring-

ton that the well-known author of "The Glorious Apollo" relates next month the story of a lovely little French princess who married a king of England when she was only seven! No, this isn't fiction. It's historical fact that came as news to us. Maybe our education is sadly lacking—or maybe you can't name the king and queen, yourself; or guess the romantic tragedy that befell them.

The story is scarcely more intriguing than is the character of the author. E. Barrington is an Englishwoman whose writings appear also under the names of L. Adams Beck and L. Moresby. Strange and inexplicable, she surrounds herself in her big house in British Columbia with the mysticism of the Orient. When quite a young woman, she traveled in Tibet, where she became a student of Eastern philosophy. Years ago she adopted the diet of an Oriental disciple—fruit, nuts, salad, and cereal grains.

FROM SOCIETY TO SOVIET

OUT of the exclusive Colony Club ballroom in New York on to the seething dance floor of the "Young Communists' Masquerade" in Vladimir, Russia. Out of the Social Register into the black list of the G. P. U.—the feared Soviet secret police!

It's an almost incredible story, really. Here are two Junior League girls, sisters, still this side of twenty-five, who went adventuring alone and without the knowledge of their parents into the little villages of Russia. Both are devotees of Russian art—one being an art student.

Adelaide and Helen Hooker went gallivanting into Red Russia unescorted and without a thought of arrest as spies

They talked with peasants and Red soldiers and the caretakers of closed churches; they slept in dirty *traktirs*, or village inns, with their door barricaded; they drove in open sleighs over frozen steppes; they washed in teacups, and kept on their clothes at night against the cold.

All their blithe vagabonding might have gone unnoticed if they had talked less politics and especially refrained from boldly photographing a certain prison. It ended with their arrest by the G. P. U. under suspicion as counter-revolutionists. And among their papers was a picture of one of the Czarina's intimate friends!

Well, the Misses Adelaide and Helen Hooker are safely back in New York. Their father is Elon Huntington Hooker, a noted civil engineer, who numbers among various activities the presidency of the Anti-Bolshevik League of America although that fact had nothing to do with their trip.

Adelaide Hooker, of Spence School and Vassar, writes the story so vividly and vivaciously that a trained correspondent could give no clearer picture. It begins next month.

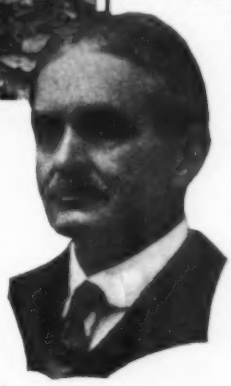
"Is it true," she was asked, "that in Ford's factory, if a workman is late, he is pushed into his machine and mangled?"

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

to make a tour of the world, without stirring from the comfort of your armchair, under the auspices of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING next month. The broad itinerary and the celebrated guides will be as follows:

Alaska	EDISON MARSHALL
Tennessee	IRVIN S. COBB
England	E. BARRINGTON
The Mediterranean	ROBERT HICHENS
South America	FRANCES P. KEYES
Russia	ADELAIDE HOOKER
Africa	MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON
America—and Travel	HENDRIK VAN LOON

Edison Marshall, whose new Northwestern serial begins next month, practices what he preaches in his alluring tales of the far wilderness



At 65, Robert Hichens, author of thirty-two books, continues to add to his notable record

BARGE PARTY

FEW writers can put upon paper the glowing glamour of the far-off places with quite the touch of Robert Hichens. His novel "The Garden of Allah" is now twenty-five years old, but no one who could climb over the edge of a cradle at that time is likely to forget it In all he has written thirty-two books—the first of them at the age of seventeen, and its title (if he'll permit us to repeat it) "The Coastguard's Secret!"

Next month we shall print a Hichens short story that throws into contrast a mother's quest for happiness in the luxury of a Mediterranean cruise against the simple ties that call to her through a small boy at a boarding school.

Here's part of a letter from a Hichens fan in London:

"Robert Hichens, as usual, spent the winter in Egypt, at Luxor, where he has a bungalow in a grove of tall palm trees within a minute's walk of the Nile. Hichens gets up most mornings at six o'clock and goes for a ride on horseback toward the Arabian desert. He comes back at 7.30, and works till lunch. He works again after sunset.

"Recently Thomas Mann, Hichens, and John Knittel took part in a night fête on the Nile, with Julia Marlowe, the celebrated American actress, Herr Hans Ungec, and others. A barge was arranged as a dining room with hangings, eastern carpets, coloured lanterns, and festoons of flowers, and by moonlight under the stars, towed up stream by a powerful motor boat. The guests enjoyed an excellent dinner to the accompaniment of a native band. After dinner an Egyptian singer invoked the night in a passionate voice, and there was native dancing. The fête ended with a midnight visit to the Temple of Luxor when the moon was full."

Another Poem by Mrs. Coolidge

We were calling upon Mrs. Calvin Coolidge at Northampton not long ago, and in the course of a talk that ranged from pets to theology she recited a friendly little poem that we asked her to let us print.

About a year ago there appeared in this magazine an extremely moving poem by Mrs. Coolidge, written on the anniversary of the untimely death of Calvin, Jr. It was quoted in hundreds of papers throughout the country. Next month her new poem will open the magazine. It is called "The Quest."

Summer Is the Time to Help Yourself to

FREE SUNLIGHT

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau Of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

Tells You How to Do It

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Put young America in sun-suits to romp all day in the great outdoors—and they will not need so many "sun-substitutes" next winter

LOOKING over some of the subjects we have discussed in these pages during the past eight months, I have been struck with the emphasis we have put upon various nutritional substitutes for the natural benefits of summer. Ultra-violet lamps, canned foods, cod-liver oil, sunlight-transmitting windows, reducing diets. All these are substitutes for things that are much more cheaply available to all of us if we make good use of the next four months. Would it not be a good idea, then, to take stock of some of these offerings that summer hands us and prepare to use this summer to its fullest extent?

First, let us consider excess fat—overweight. All through the winter season this over-weight has been imminent. Meals smelled and tasted good. Cold weather stimulated appetite, but kept us largely indoors. We rode back and forth to our offices and factories. Muscles got soft and flabby. Overcome by culinary temptations, we have all probably eaten more than we could burn up, and our thrifty bodies have packed away the excess in aprons and pads of fat. Limited by weather, we discussed ways and means of cutting down calories, the avoidance of starches and fats, the substitutions of bulky, low-calorie materials such as fruits and vegetables to provide the satisfying sense of bulk without actually increasing the fuel. These considerations took us into the dangers of too rigorous reductions in diet, such as the Hollywood diet, and made us consider in some detail the extent to which canned foods could be used without losing the precious vitamins and mineral salts of fresh vegetables.

All this discussion arose mainly on account of the weather. We were eating more than we could burn up, because the weather conditions prevented the use of our legs and arms. We considered canned foods because fresh fruits and vegetables were limited in kind or too expensive, and even though they were good substitutes we occasionally sighed for the taste of the fresh product. There is a song which was at one time very popular, and which had for its refrain "the best things in life are free." Summer is a striking example of this viewpoint. Now, when all nature is inviting us out of doors, shall we continue our winter habits or wake up and utilize to the utmost the chance for exercise, the variety in fresh fruits and vegetables open to us? Did you know that fresh strawberries are about as good a source of vitamin C as oranges? If vitamin C is a tooth builder and protector, let's seize the chance the new berries and fruits offer to get a respite from the winter varieties and combine health with pleasure. The winter fruits will taste all the better when we go back to them.

Why were we interested last winter in ultra-violet lamps, irradiated foods, certain window glass material, cod-liver oil, and vitamin D concentrates? Primarily, because of the weather. Every purveyor of these products tried to translate their values into terms of sunlight.

You may even recall that our medical authorities got somewhat alarmed over these claims and hastened to advise that the rays themselves were not a complete substitute for exercise in natural sunlight. They pointed out in some detail that exercise determined to a degree the extent of the benefits derivable from sun exposure. That deep breathing, motion of muscles, and absence of smoke and dust from the inhaled air were contributory factors which open-air exposure conferred and which made lamps and glasses only partial substitutes.

The weather has changed. We have four or five good months ahead with a sunlight far richer in (*Continued on page 122*)

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Why the vegetables are so beneficial in this soup!

IT often happens that home-cooked vegetables lose much of their valuable mineral goodness in the cooking water which is thrown away. But of course this is retained in soup.

Remember, too, that in Campbell's Vegetable Soup there are no less than fifteen different vegetables—an extraordinary number seldom used except in Campbell's. And they're the very pick of the finest fields and gardens.

We all need vegetable foods. Here they are in remarkable abundance and richness. A soup that's a meal! 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

ASPARAGUS	CHICKEN	CONSOMMÉ	MUTTON	PRINTANIER
BEAN	CHICKEN-GUMBO (OKRA)	JULIENNE	OX TAIL	TOMATO
BEEF	CLAM CHOWDER	MOCK TURTLE	PEA	VEGETABLE
BOUILLON		MULLIGATAWNY	PEPPER POT	VEGETABLE-BEEF
CELERY				VERMICELLI-TOMATO

Heap Big Indian
Chief you see
And my name is
"Soup-for-Me"!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Smiling through this summer's sun baths

CANNON TOWELS IN ALL-OVER COLORS COST AS LITTLE AS 39c—AND THERE ARE OTHER STYLES TO SUIT ANY TASTE. AT PRICES FROM 25c TO $2.50.

■ laughing at next winter's wash days

WHEN you go to the seashore this year you can take along lovelier, livelier towels that match your holiday mood . . . that classify you with the smartest people there, and anywhere. ■ Cannon stylists have created towels that are new to the last thread. In soft tones of peach, jade, orchid, maize, rose and turquoise . . . all color . . . all terry . . . reversible . . . with matching wash cloths and bath mats. Full of original ideas and yours at very, very easy prices. ■ Like others in the large Cannon family, these towels are made for work and wear. They dry the skin gently, thirstily, thrillingly. They stay fresh and young through sand scuffles and bathroom battles, for countless tomorrows. ■ Long, strong fiber and close, even weave give Cannon towels a finer fabric. Experts can see and feel the difference. Any one can prove it by use. Hotels, clubs, hospitals and other large towel users —good housekeepers on a grand scale—buy more Cannon towels than all other kinds combined. So do most smart and thrifty women. Naturally this brings costs down and pushes quality up. You'll never pay too much for a towel that wears the Cannon label. ■ At a quarter each or two-fifty—for baby, or daddy, or any one you know—there's always the very thing at the Cannon counter of your usual store. Exactly suiting the person, the purpose *and the purse*. Even the new reversible towels can be found for less than fifty cents each. . . . A good way to buy them is in the smart and practical ensemble sets, wrapped in Cellophane. A good time to do it is now—for chic and charm this vacation and for bathroom luxury all the year 'round. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

■ TO TEST ENDURANCE

A great hotel made its own careful test before buying. Typical towels of all the well-known brands were sewed together into a great sheet and laundered a hundred times. Cannon towels showed far less wear than any of the others. On the basis of this strenuous test and on the basis of evident quality—this hotel now uses Cannon towels exclusively. So do the great majority of all hotels, clubs, hospitals, railroads and steamship lines. So do most homes.

CANNON TOWELS

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

It illustrates in color the new reversible CANNON TOWELS.

CANNON MILLS, INC.
70 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

■ Please send me your booklet on modern towels. This request places me under no obligation whatever.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____ GH-10

A woman who puts herself into the hands of a quack beauty surgeon runs a terrible risk

What About PLASTIC SURGERY?

By Dorothy Cocks

BECAUSE of the widespread interest in face lifting and beauty surgery, Ruth Murrin has turned over the Health and Beauty page this month to Dorothy Cocks, who has interviewed one of the greatest plastic surgeons in the world, and who answers in her article the questions every woman asks about face-lifting. For those women who want to keep their contours youthful by natural means, Ruth Murrin has prepared a new Powder Puff for this month on the subject of Youthful Contours. It will be sent you if you write for it, enclosing a stamped, envelope—a long one, please!

I HAVE infinite sympathy with every woman's desire to keep young. All the tons of cold cream and rouge that we use in a year here in America seem reasonable and proper to me. I see the universal feminine urge to be beautiful as something too fundamental and too deep to be repressed or ridiculed. It is an instinct of self-preservation, and instincts go on when civilizations fall.

But even I am puzzled by the general feminine state of mind on the subject of plastic surgery. This letter is expressive of that state of mind:

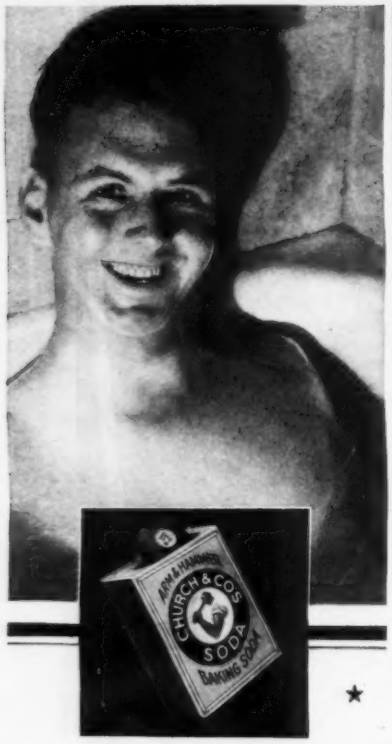
"The woman who teaches me bridge told me about Dr.——— and I have been to see him. He says he can remove all my wrinkles with a complete face-lifting operation consisting of five cuts. Will you tell me if he is a reliable beauty surgeon? I don't want my family to know about this."

I investigated for her and found that the "beauty surgeon" was not even listed in the county medical directory, which means that he is not licensed to practise medicine in the state. He had no professional standing or hospital connections. Circumstances made me suspect that he paid the bridge teacher a commission for patients recommended. I gave my opinion and advice to the writer of the letter. And she had him lift her face anyhow.

Why *do* hundreds and hundreds of women all over the country act like that about plastic surgery? If a woman wants a troublesome appendix removed, she asks her family physician to select for her a surgeon known for his fitness for the task. Why, when she is considering the thought of a facial operation requiring exquisite skill, does she accept the recommendation of any chance acquaintance? Why is her family not to know? Why, in the face of this secretiveness, will she write for advice to an absolute stranger, to the editor of a magazine, to a cosmetic manufacturer?

Thousands of letters like this are written every year by women who want to know about plastic surgery. Why are they so loath to ask advice of the regular doctors? Their very secretiveness protects the charlatan "beauty surgeons" who advertise "strictest confidence maintained," "separate entrance and exit for consulting rooms." Why will women not see that if an operation is important, it is worthy of authoritative advice and the highest skill, or it should not be done at all?

To the general public and especially to women, plastic surgery means a "beauty operation," a surgical remodeling of the face. This may describe occasionally an operation to improve the form of the nose, but more often, in common parlance, it means a face-lifting operation to correct sagging cheeks and remove wrinkles. In the medical profession, plastic surgery means something much broader—and much finer. It embraces the whole field of reconstructive surgery, indeed includes everything but acute surgery. An operation to remove a burst appendix is an acute surgical case. If drainage tubes have to be kept in this wound for some time, the muscles can not (*Continued on page 150*)



REST YOURSELF IN YOUR BATHTUB

WHEN you are overheated and tired, there's one quick and inexpensive way to get relief. A Baking Soda Bath!

A Soda Bath is easy to take. Simply fill the tub with warm water, dissolve a half-pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in it, and bathe in your usual way.

The principal ingredient for this rest-bringing bath can be bought for a few cents at any grocery store. Ask for a package of Baking Soda — either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

[Please Print Name and Address]

C-25

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

TESTS for INVESTMENT TRUSTS

By Ruth Boyle

"HOW did the investment trusts as a whole stand the market slump last fall?" asks one of our women readers. "I am very much interested in this type of investment, and I would like to know what general tests one should apply in choosing investment trust securities."

There are so many varieties of investment trusts that it is difficult to answer a general question about them. In the first place, there is the broad distinction between fixed trusts and general management trusts. The former offer the investor a share in a select list of common stocks which can not be changed except under certain restricted circumstances. They hold that if the stocks are wisely chosen, the list as a whole will be proof against any contingency. In this way, their sponsors say, the investor is protected against any dishonesty and poor judgment in the management Taking the opposite point of view, those who favor general management trusts claim that skilful and continous supervision is necessary for success, and so while they provide certain restrictions to safeguard the investor, the management has considerable freedom in handling the funds intrusted to it.

The year 1929 saw both the greatest development of the investment trust and its severest test. This form of investment company was practically unheard of in America before 1920, yet last year there were several hundred of them controlling about a billion and a half dollars. And in spite of their youth and inexperience, the majority of them came through the great crash in a sound condition. Those which experienced difficulties were generally organizations too small to employ capable management, or too narrow in the scope of their interests. The shares of the fixed trusts, since the common stocks making up their list are definitely known, naturally reflected fairly closely the market value of their holdings. The general management companies, whose investments are not made public, reflected what people thought of the ability of managers.

When we buy investment trust shares, we do so because we want greater diversification than we can get with our own small funds, and we want better financial judgment than we have ourselves. The integrity and intelligence of the management are of first importance to us. We want the assurance that they are thinking first of all of our interests, and that they will search out with far more shrewdness than we command the stocks which will thrive, and buy and sell at the right time to make profits for us. In order to do this, they must not only be men of character and expert judgment, but they must have large resources at their command. The business must be large enough so that it can employ skilled and far-reaching research. There must be capital enough so that broad diversification is possible.

Free Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

But even among the organizations which have the benefit of financial strength and investment intelligence, we must choose carefully. General management trusts differ widely in their fundamental investment policies. We must decide whether or not their program fits into ours. Some trusts specialize in bonds and mortgages. Others deal only in American common stocks, widely diversified. A number are founded on the idea of the widest possible diversification; they not only include both bonds and stocks, but they are international in scope, and invest, whenever they think fit, in the securities of other countries. Then there are trusts which diversify their portfolios only within the limits of a single industry—oils, aviation, banks, public utilities, or insurance companies.

In making our choice, we must remember that the smaller our surplus is, the more necessary is conservatism in investment. A trust which includes bonds as well as stocks in its portfolio, and which is widely diversified geographically and industrially, is naturally more conservative than one which specializes in a particular field. Extreme specialization is to be avoided because such a trust is open to the hazards of poor business without being able to balance its loss in more prosperous fields.

The average investor will apply three tests to the investment trust he is interested in:

1. It should already be well established and have shown by results that it is ably managed.
2. The reputation of the officers and directors should be above reproach.
3. The investment fund should represent broad industrial and geographical diversification, and the management should be restricted against putting too large a percentage of the fund into any one security.

People seldom read their insurance policies or their mortgage agreements, but it is to be hoped that the man who contemplates buying shares of investment trusts of the general management type will study the trust agreement to see that it contains the following information:

1. The policy or plan of operation of the trust should be clearly stated.
2. The company should be bound to make periodic statements to stockholders, giving balance sheet, statement of income and earnings, a list of holdings at a specified date or, if the policy of the trust is against publication of its holdings, an analysis of its investments with respect to diversification and the maximum investment in any one security.
3. The cost of management should be clearly stated, and any special privileges awarded to the incorporators or managers should be plainly set down.
4. The distribution of capital assets in the form of dividends should be forbidden.
5. A definite provision for reserves should be made to take care of bad years.

THE STRANGER THEY NEVER FORGOT

THIS stranger knocked at the door of many a home back in the early 1890's.

Politely he asked for the dirtiest garment in the family wash. Then he showed how an amazing new soap would wash it swiftly, easily, without hard rubbing—*and in cool water.*

In cool water—that was the big news the stranger brought. For in those days, only mansions had water heaters. Women had to heat their wash water on cookstoves. There was never really enough. And the soaps they had simply wouldn't wash clean in cool or lukewarm water without rubbing the clothes almost to shreds.

So Fels-Naptha, the soap the stranger introduced, was welcomed by thousands of women. A soap that would wash as well or better in cool water than other soaps did in hot was the biggest help they had ever had.

Fels-Naptha would also work fine in hot or boiling water. But there wasn't any use talking about that when lukewarm water was all women had. So today, when almost every woman can have loads of hot water just by turning a faucet, many still think of Fels-Naptha as only a "cool water soap."

It isn't. Fels-Naptha washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing no matter how you use it. You can boil or soak your clothes; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha helps keep your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha working together get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in hot water so long.

Buy a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer today. You will find the ten-bar carton especially convenient.

Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning as well as for the family wash—and you will know why they never forgot the stranger.

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. All you need to do is mail the coupon.

GH. 6-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

The THIN CHILD and CALCIUM

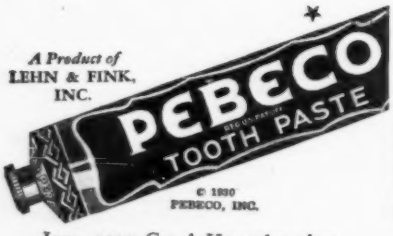
By Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.
Director of
HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers of Young Babies

A *taste that says something and* **MEANS** *it!*

Ever feel that your dentifrice was just so much soap and water...that it wasn't doing its job? Try PEBECO Tooth Paste. Pebeco's taste has a distinct tang, a delicate "bite". This tang is significant, for Pebeco *is an active, working dentifrice.* Cleaning, whitening...and, in addition, stimulating the flow of saliva which neutralizes local acidity in the mouth and retards decay. It leaves your mouth in a more refreshed, exhilarated condition than you have ever before enjoyed. *Discover for yourself* this extra service that Pebeco gives. TODAY!

A Product of
LEHN & FINK, INC.



DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

Of all the chemical elements present in the human body, calcium heads the list for total amount. In a man weighing 154 pounds there will be approximately 2 pounds, 5 ounces. This large amount is not surprising when you remember that it is the main constituent of our bones and teeth.

Calcium deposited in the bony framework gives rigidity. In the blood it is carried to the tissues and helps regulate the body processes. It has to do with contractibility of muscles, in preserving the rhythmic beat of the heart, and in helping the coagulation of the blood. For the maintainance of health it is essential that there be a *balance* of the mineral salts; in other words, that the proportion between calcium and phosphorus be kept within usual bounds. Otherwise, even though there seems to be sufficient calcium present in foods, the body will not be able to use it.

To assure a baby calcium sufficient for its developing bones, a pregnant mother must supply not only sufficient calcium in her diet, but vitamins A, C, and D, and sunshine upon her body. If a child has rickets, calcium alone will not cure it, but again vitamins present in cod-liver oil and the ultra-violet ray of the sun upon the growing ends of the bones are necessary. It is also important that the glands of internal secretion balance properly, or calcium salts will not be assimilated. The parathyroids are the essential glands in this connection, as they secrete some substance which helps the body *use* the calcium in foods. As they are quite different from the thyroid, their name is really misleading.

Calcium is present in milk (our chief supply in childhood), also in the outer coat of grains. If it is in sufficient amount in the rivers of the locality, then the surrounding soil will become permeated, and the vegetables grown there will have their proper proportion of this mineral —such vegetables as peas, beans, cauliflower, celery, cabbage, spinach, asparagus, beets, etc.

Severe forms of under-function of the parathyroids result in a condition known as tetany. Mild under-functioning is just beginning to be recognized and is now suggested as a possible underlying factor in such habits as blinking, twitching, head nodding, bed wetting, and some cases of temper tantrums.

There is a type of under-nourished child who responds splendidly to calcium and parathyroid gland medication, whether or not he has any of the habits above noted. Such a child looks old for his years, he may even have a "little old man" appearance, and his muscles are held tensely. He is overactive, sleeps little, and may find it hard to concentrate. *He* does not know *why* he acts this way, nor can it be explained by a reaction to teacher or parents. Such children are sad-looking; they worry; they seem to carry the world upon their shoulders! They may become easily angry, but rarely find relief in tears. They wish to excel in sports, but seldom have the physical endurance to carry on.

Usually they have been treated by careful attention to diet, by increasing the calories, by enforced rest, or by taking them out of school, with slight improvement. They may have had what would seem to be ample calcium in the milk and green vegetables of their diet. Yet in spite of this there is relatively little change. But they show marked improvement when the parathyroid preparations are given with additional calcium.

This would have no effect upon other disease conditions. Calcium may be given as the lactate, but it has seemed to me that there have been better results from other forms of calcium combinations which can now be obtained as lozenges, tablets, or in a soft, semi-jelly form for younger children. With this treatment cod-liver oil is given, and also Viosterol to insure additional D vitamin. Improvement may be more rapid if sun baths are possible. If not, and if ultra-violet sun-lamp treatments are given instead, be sure that the dosage is only sufficient to "pink" the skin, as we do not believe that protective browning or bronzing is of any value.

This treatment with calcium and parathyroid by mouth, or Para-Thor-Mone by hypodermic, can not be undertaken by mothers, but if carefully supervised by a physician and given to the children who show a need for it, the results are often amazingly good. In addition to prescribing this treatment for the child with faulty habits and this type of under-nourishment, it is suggested, with larger amounts of orange juice than are usually given, for babies whose first teeth are slow in coming in, when no other cause is apparent. Also in older children for a type of soft tooth with a tendency to decay, and at any age for slow healing of bones after fracture.

But it is for the benefit of the thin child above described that this letter is written. It is wonderful to see him quiet down, become less combative, begin to concentrate, put on weight, and really sleep. They are always individualists, these children, interestingly so! They stand out in a group. It is worth while helping them balance their glands of internal secretion and conserve some of their tremendous output of infant and child energy for creative work in later life.

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Miss VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH

"A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DUTY to mankind is to make herself charming." So says Miss Virginia Carter Randolph, of the historic Randolphs who came from England in the 17th Century.

Radiant young favorite of romantic old Warrenton, Virginia, she is a bonny wee thing, adorably pretty, with laughing blue eyes, sunshiny gold-brown hair, and skin as fair as an infant angel's, flower-like, fragile, exquisitely cared for.

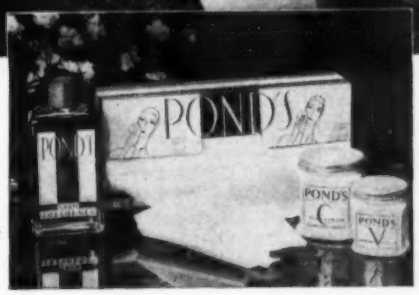
"A Southern girl *must* have a lovely skin," this popular young favorite declares. She says she has "used Pond's ever since she was a little girl.

"That lovely Cold Cream keeps your skin so marvelously clean and the ducky new Cleansing Tissues are perfectly divine . . . the Skin Freshener makes your cheeks as pink as roses, and a little Vanishing Cream before you powder will keep you pretty as a picture all evening.

"You're so much happier when you know you are looking your loveliest!"

FOLLOW these four steps of Pond's sure, swift Method:

During the day . . . *First*, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . *Then*, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical, wipe away all cream and dirt . . . *Next*, briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm . . . *Last*, smooth on a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Use it also to keep your hands exquisite.



★ *Pond's Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener*

MISS VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH, *of the Virginia Randolphs, keeps her skin exquisite with Pond's four famous preparations.*

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. F
109 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1930, Pond's Extract Company

In using advertisements see page 6

3 oils ... in 1

Make this WONDERFUL HOUSEHOLD ... Oil

3-in-One

Science and 36 years of universal use have proved the great merit of the original 3-in-One formula—the blending of *animal, mineral* and *vegetable* oils to produce valuable *new* properties.

3-in-One immediately penetrates the tightest bearings of all household mechanisms, from sewing machines to the children's roller skates; dissolves the gummy grease, and works it clear out of the bearing.

Combined with these remarkable properties is the ability to "stay put" and provide wear resisting lubrication of the very highest order.

Sold everywhere by good grocery, drug, notion, hardware, department and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

Manufactured since 1894

Three-in-One Oil Co.
130 William Street
New York, N. Y.

FREE: *Sample and Dictionary illustrating and explaining 79 uses in the home alone. A postal request brings both.*

075

The INSTITUTE FORUM *For June*

Notes From Our Testing Laboratories

Making Cake With An Electric Beater

In response to letters from our readers with regard to using electric beaters for making cake, we are prompted to offer the following suggestions: Place the shortening in the bowl in which the batter is to be mixed and allow it to stand at room temperature to soften. Then measure and assemble all the ingredients and utensils that will be needed. If this is done before the mixing is started, it will not be necessary to move from the work table until the batter is ready to be baked. For a two-egg layer cake we proceed as follows: Put one-half cupful of shortening in bowl. Sift together two cupfuls of pastry flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt; measure three-fourths cupful of milk, and get out two eggs and the vanilla. Now for the mixing. Cream the shortening thoroughly with the beater. Add one cupful of sugar gradually, beating meanwhile; beat until light and fluffy, stopping beater to scrape bowl when necessary. Add whole eggs, one at a time, beating during addition. When thoroughly blended, add flour and milk alternately, using a low speed to prevent spattering. Add one teaspoonful vanilla and beat a few seconds longer. Bake in two greased layer cake pans at 375° F. for twenty to twenty-five minutes. From five to eight minutes after starting to cream the shortening the batter should be ready for baking.

More Beauty in Blankets

Blankets are so beautiful in color and texture when we buy them that we dread the time when we must launder or clean them. The bindings usually give us the greatest worry, especially the soft satin bindings so attractive in shade and stitching that they add the final touch of beauty to the blanket. To-day we can plunge our blankets into the suds without fear, for painstaking manufacturers are using bindings that will not lose their color. Another triumph for fast colors! In our Institute laundry we laundered blankets of twelve different shades, and every one of them came out clear and beautiful even when the blankets were washed mechanically—in a washing machine.

Hot Coffee Hot

"It's fine, but it's seldom hot" is the complaint we hear most frequently about coffee made by the drip method. This need not be true if one uses the small electric hot plate that has been designed for this very purpose. The heating element is of just the right wattage to keep the coffee piping hot, yet always *below* the boiling point. The device takes up no more room than the coffee pot, so it can be used conveniently at the table. If one uses gas, the coffee can be kept hot by placing it on an asbestos mat or small metal plate over a low flame. Care must be taken to keep the heat low enough to prevent boiling. Whichever method is followed, the coffee pot should be heated by pouring hot water in it before making the coffee.

Still Another Use for Stainless Steel

For a number of years, housekeepers throughout the country have recognized the value of stainless steel cutlery. They have found that knives of good quality stand up in use, and, of course, their stainless qualities make them invaluable. Now, we are realizing an interesting use of stainless steel in the manufacture of cooking utensils. Speaking of stainless knives gives us the opportunity to correct an erroneous idea about them that seems to exist in the minds of some people. The statement has been made to us that knives with stainless steel blades can not be sharpened. This is not true.

Notes From Our Readers

The Right Color of Mending Yarn

Every time I buy a new sweater for my son, I also buy a ball of yarn to match. By doing this I always have the right shade of yarn at hand to mend the sweater—and to darn the inside of elbows to make them wear longer.

D. J. W., Massillon, Ohio

Mending Sweaters Easily

In mending badly worn places in the menfolks' sweaters, I find that it is more satisfactory to knit over the parts than to darn them. It looks better, it is more comfortable, and it wears better.

Of course, the yarn should match. I gather the stitches on the needle well up from the worn place, and to extend on each side, then I take up a stitch at a time on the sides as I go along. This makes it very neat, and when the place is covered, I slip a stitch off at a time and sew it in place. Then I tack the raw edge of the worn place to the inside of the knit patch. And I find the folks do not mind wearing their mended sweaters.

E. S. M., Mendenhall, Pa.

The Weekly Letter Home

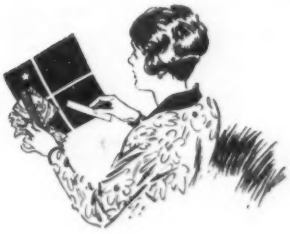
Many people, including myself, have a pad and pencil hanging in the kitchen on which to jot down names of articles in the grocery line which they find they are in need of. Such a list comes in handy as a reminder in making out the weekly grocery order. I have found this same plan works out admirably in jotting down items of interest to include in the weekly letter to my mother. So many times, when writing after a long, busy day, my mind would be too tired to collect my thoughts sufficiently to compose an interesting letter. Yet I knew that I had many little things to tell her, and after the letter was mailed I would think of things I had meant to say. All such items of interest, such as telling her about the lovely mince pies we enjoyed yesterday, made from the home-made mince meat she had given me, conveying a message from a friend, quoting a bit of news from a letter I had just received, are sure to be embodied in the letter if during the week I jot them down on my special pad for the purpose by such remarks as "mince pies," "Mary Smith's message," "Aunt Lou's letter," etc. This has also proved to be a time-saver and especially appreciated when friends have come in to spend the evening on which I had intended to devote some time to writing so that a letter would go by the morning's mail in order not to disappoint her at the usual time she expects to hear from me. With my list of items on hand, a few minutes after my guests have left are sufficient to dash off a newsy letter with everything important or interesting included.

J. T. S., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Before Mrs. P. G. Agnew decorated the rooms in her new apartment, 72nd Street, New York, miniature color scheme set-ups were sent her by our Bureau of Interior Decoration. Here you see one of the happy results. The floor is Armstrong's Embossed Linoleum, Design No. 6018, with the easily cleaned Accolac-Processed surface.

See how each room will look *before* you decorate

Yes, learn exactly what to do with walls, draperies, and floors before you spend a penny



WOULD you like to take the guesswork out of room planning? Would you like to know, as only an expert knows, exactly what to do before you spend a lot of time and money on mistakes?

Then please let us tell you of a most practical service worked out by a most practical decorator, Hazel Dell Brown.

This service costs you nothing. With its help, you can mirror each room in miniature, decide the right place to begin your decoration, plan each step to a logical, happy conclusion.

You work with actual samples of materials—drapery fabrics, wall effects, floor designs. These will be sent you by Hazel Dell Brown after you describe the room or rooms you want to decorate. She will tell you how to avoid difficulties, suggest those little touches that win praise from friends.

There are only two pleasant considerations. The first is that you learn anew what modern Armstrong's Linoleum looks like, to see with your own eyes the latest Armstrong Floor creations now showing at local linoleum, department, and furniture stores.

The second is that you send for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, *"New Ideas in Home Decoration."* It tells you how to get her free service, illustrates different types of rooms planned by her simple method, reveals some interesting and helpful facts about the modern use of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. Just send the cost of mailing, 10¢, and a copy goes to you promptly.

Armstrong's Ⓐ Product

Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 930 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

NEW - BETTER, MORE CONVENIENT

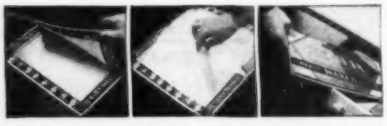
Pic-Wax package—strong, compact, flat. Sheets of most convenient size—all held fresh and smooth. Extra strong white paper—heavily waxed for utmost satisfaction.

Efficient housekeepers use waxed paper for lunches, picnics, parties. For waxing irons or lining baking tins. And now advanced refrigeration makes it more necessary to wrap foods to prevent drying out.

Pic-Wax is the modern package—simple, quick, convenient, sanitary. Open like a book. Pick one sheet at a time. Every movement with just one hand. The easiest package to use ever placed on the market.

At your dealers. If he cannot supply you, send 10c for full sized package. Use handy coupon below.

REGAL PAPER CO., INC., Pulaski, N. Y.



Open like a book — *Pick 1 sheet at a time* — *Use only one hand*

Pic-Wax Roll in new roll box with specially prepared edge for tearing desired lengths. Same high quality paper. . . Safe, sanitary, economical.

Regal Paper Co., Inc., 3 Port St., Pulaski, N.Y.
Enclosed 10c. Send prepaid package
☐ Pic-Wax Sheets. ☐ Pic-Wax Roll.
(Check package wanted—send 20c for 1 of each.)
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
This store is where I usually buy waxed paper.

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York

The Cause Problematical

Do you know of any means of preventing hardening of the arteries? Would distilling water and using the lime-free result, after one is thirty years of age, be helpful or not?

Miss K. C., Mich.

I am not sure that hardening of the arteries is not an inherited disease. The cause is doubtless due to the solidifying of the protoplasm. What causes it is problematical. Probably it is due to incorrect habits of eating, but in just what respect is hard to say. I never have known arteries to soften up again once they became hard. The principal danger of hardened arteries is the increase of the blood pressure and the bad effects of the back pressure on the heart, causing its dilation and leakage. A simple diet should always be practiced in high blood pressure in order to relieve the strain on the heart as much as possible.

I do not think that people who drink rain water have any more flexible arteries than those who drink spring or well water. Distilled water is almost devoid of any of the mineral salts so important to human welfare. I should not advise its constant use upon the supposition that it would prevent the hardening of your arteries.

A Considerable Difference

I should like to know if there is any difference in the nutritive value of old and young vegetables, and if so what?

L. B. H., Pa.

In experiments on old carrots and young carrots it was shown that a considerable amount of vitamin C was lost with aging. Other vitamins and general nutrient values were not particularly affected. We have found in other experiments that the vitamin C value of a vegetable varies somewhat with its age.

By All Means Use The Liquor

Please tell me what your idea is as to the use or non-use of liquor from canned vegetables. I am very anxious to get this idea cleared up and have the latest conclusions of experiments on the question.

Miss C. M. H., Colo.

The liquor from canned vegetables should never be thrown away. The proper method of procedure is to put the entire contents of the can into a shallow skillet or cooking utensil and bring to a quick heat until the liquid is evaporated. Then add pepper and salt. In this way you retain the minerals which would otherwise be lost.

Not So Long an Interval Desirable

I do not eat breakfast, as I never feel hungry, and always wait until lunch. Some people tell me it is a bad habit. Should I force myself to eat breakfast and do without lunch, as I do not wish to eat three meals a day on account of the extra calories? What is the best meal to miss as to weight and health?

Mrs. J. F. O., Ky.

I should suggest that you make your two meals breakfast and dinner. You can so arrange your calories that a light lunch may be taken, if you feel the desire for it, without appreciably increasing the number of calories you wish in your daily menu. There are not many calories in a simple salad. Your dietary habits will be much better balanced if arranged in this manner.

An Indication of Immunity

If a child has had the Schick test for diphtheria two years in succession and proved negative each time, for how long may one be sure this immunity will last? I understand that neither the Board of Health nor the doctors give the test before giving the toxin-anti-toxin. Why is this?

Mrs. H. S. A., N. J.

The vast majority of babies come into the world with an invaluable store of an essential commodity inherited from their mothers. This is diphtheria antitoxin, which confers immunity against the invasion of the germ that causes diphtheria. As this supply is far from being inexhaustible, before the end of the first year frequently the baby has run out of this immunization material and is defenseless against the diphtheria bacillus. Protection for the baby, therefore, consists in injections of the substance called toxin-anti-toxin. It has been found that about one individual in ten does not become completely immune, and it is advisable to have another test in about nine months or so to see whether any more toxin-anti-toxin is necessary. This is called the "Schick test." It is a test only, and not a protection. If the child so tested reacts "Schick-positive," he should have more injections, but if he reacts "Schick-negative," most authorities believe that he will remain safe from the disease for the duration of his life.

Not Remedied by Diet

I should like to have you tell me where I can procure a diet list for one who has no hydrochloric acid in the stomach.

Mrs. J. A. M., Ore.

The stomach is the only organ of the body which naturally and necessarily has an acid reaction. This is due to the presence of hydrochloric acid. This acid is derived from the decomposition of common salt, which is composed of hydrochloric acid and soda. In the absence of hydrochloric acid, stomach digestion does not take place. Some physicians prescribe hydrochloric acid in order to correct a tendency to insufficient acidity in the stomach. If enough of this acid is not secreted, you can correct that condition by its administration. Its lack is caused by some deficiency in the functioning organs, and not by lack of some ingredients in the diet.

Only One Vitamin Impaired

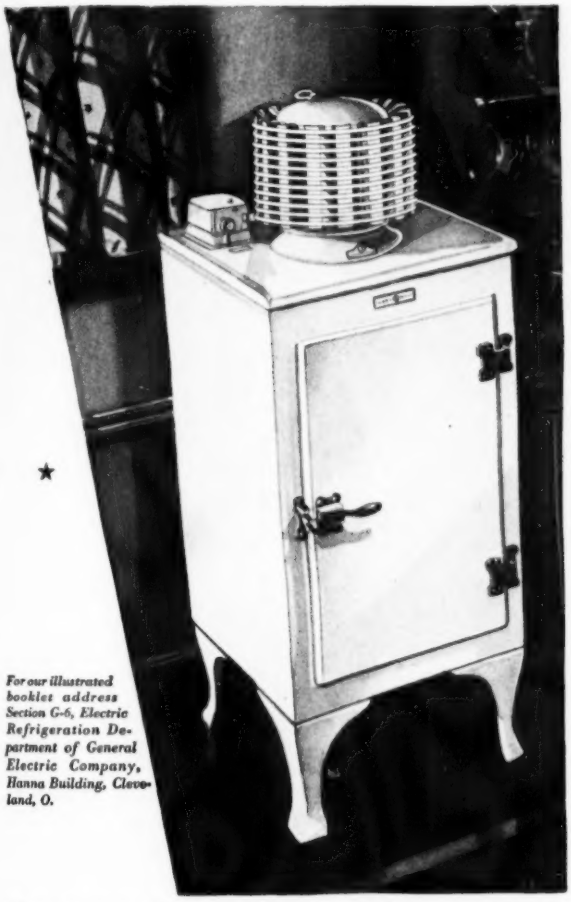
I have been steaming fruits and vegetables for my children in a regular steamer, boiling water in the lower section and putting the vegetables in the upper part, which has holes in the bottom for the steam to penetrate. Does steaming impair the vitamin content?

Mrs. J. F. P., N. Y.

The only vitamin which is impaired in the cooking of fruits and vegetables is vitamin C, the vitamin which protects against scurvy. We have found that this vitamin is destroyed by contact with air, consequently a cooking method which eliminates air during the heating process tends to protect that particular vitamin.

Steaming is less destructive than boiling in water, but does not entirely preserve the vitamin. The pressure cooker is even better on this score. None of these methods, however, will eliminate some destruction of this vitamin which protects against scurvy, but if the product is eaten in sufficient quantity, we need not worry too much about a small amount of destruction.

What a Proof
of efficiency and economy!



For our illustrated booklet address Section G-6, Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.

Of the hundreds of thousands of owners of General Electric Refrigerators *not one* has paid a cent for service

What a Proof
of Trouble-free Operation!

In a dramatic test to demonstrate the trouble-free operation of General Electric Refrigerators, the entire mechanism was submerged in water—and it still ran on!

What a Proof
of Durability!

In General Electric Laboratories, tests were conducted to discover the durability of the doors, latches and hinges. The tests were stopped after a period equivalent to 30 years of wear!

What a Proof
of Reliability!

The General Electric automatic freezing control was tested every ½ minute for a period equivalent to 465 years. At the end of that time, it was still going strong!

Not a cent paid for service by a single owner. What a proof that the refrigerator which costs you less to own is the General Electric! What a proof that the Monitor Top—that small round casing on every General Electric Refrigerator—is your unfailing safeguard against trouble, worry and expense. In the Monitor Top the entire mechanism, with a *permanent* oil supply, is *sealed* in steel, so that moisture, dirt, rust and trouble can *never* get inside. Operation cost is but a few cents a day. And not *one* owner has ever paid a cent for service. What a proof of General Electric economy!

General Electric cabinets are *all-steel.* What a proof that they are built to *wear!* They are raised well above the floor on legs that allow ample space for sweeping underneath. All corners inside the cabinets are rounded, for easy cleaning. And a world of extra food storage space is in these glistening white cabinets. What a proof of General Electric convenience! You'll find General Electric Refrigerators quiet—incredibly quiet—the day you buy, and *always.* What a proof of General Electric superiority!

Prices start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. What a proof that any family now can own a General Electric.

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday Evening, on a nation-wide N.B.C. network

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

Early every Monday morning—across the whole country—millions of spotless P AND G washes flap gaily on their lines.

"Out here the water is hard, but P AND G makes wonderful suds—even in cool water!"—Mrs. R. W. S., Idaho

Why P and G washes more clothes

When you go into your grocer's store, you see great piles of P AND G White Naphtha Soap in his windows—or on his shelves and counters.

Then you learn that this fine, *white* soap is the largest-selling soap—not only in America, but in the world.

And, since you know that P AND G is a white laundry and household soap of unsurpassed quality—giving rich suds and fine results quickly and safely—perhaps you wonder how it can be sold at prices actually lower, weight for weight, than those of other soaps. These big *white* cakes are larger than others—even those selling at higher prices.

Here is the answer: Millions upon millions of cakes of P AND G are sold every month of the year. This fact enables Procter & Gamble, its makers, to purchase in enor-

Every year more and more women are turning to

"How do you make P AND G so firm and white? It lasts so long—and makes my clothes so clean!"—Mrs. R. M., Massachusetts

White clothes, fresher colors—with less rubbing. That's why P AND G Naphtha is the favorite soap of American women

than any other soap in the world

mous quantities the superior ingredients which make it so white, safe and efficient.

Now, as you know from your own shopping experience, large quantities always cost proportionately less than small quantities.

Furthermore, you can see that the cost of producing a cake of P AND G White Naphtha becomes less as more and more cakes are made and sold.

This, then, is the reason why P AND G's exceptional quality can be offered to you at such economical prices.

So—if P AND G were not the largest-selling soap, it would cost you much more than it does. It *is* the largest-selling soap because millions of practical women are like *you*—they know that P AND G really is a *better* soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

white soaps – and most of them use P and G

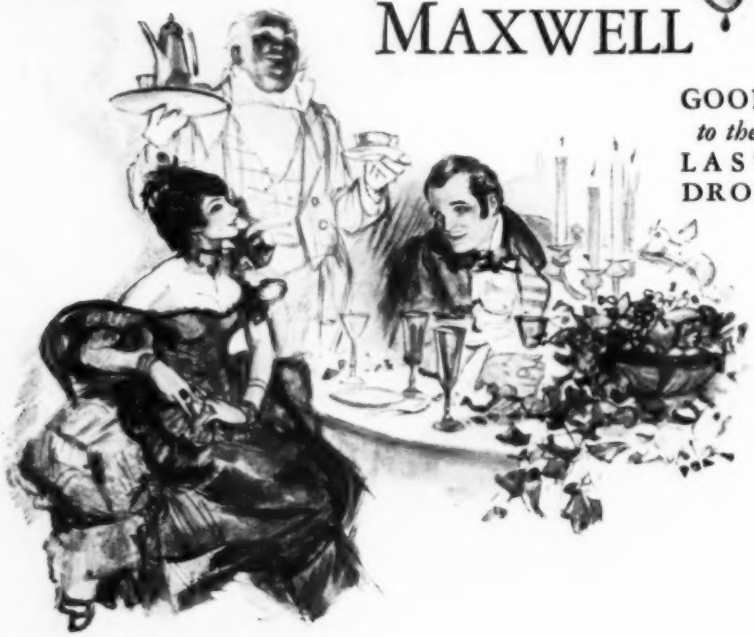
By rail *and* river *and* horseback *came companion delicacies for this* Southern-pedigreed COFFEE

Upon steamboats churning their way through Murderer's Chute, upon keel-boats sailing to windward from Boulder Point, pine rafts steered by a vigilant oar—upon almost every one of the picturesque craft that docked at the stone-paved Nashville wharf in the days of the Old South was borne some special delicacy for the old Maxwell House, dining place extraordinary.

And so by river or by rail or by horseback came Mobile Bay Oysters; Leg of Black Mountain Bear; Haunch of Arizona Elk; Illinois Pheasants; Tennessee Opossums; Kentucky 'Coons; Sheep Tongues; Young Squirrels, and hundreds of similar epicurean delights, sought out by the old Maxwell House in its effort to offer a more luxurious cuisine than had ever been known in Southern hospitality.

How well it succeeded, the fame of the cuisine of the old Maxwell House will testify. Most famous of all was its coffee, a fragrant and mellow blend with the smooth richness of a rare wine. Not only was it prized by local connoisseurs, but eagerly sought by the owners of far-off plantations, by tobacco growers in Virginia, by steamboat captains upon the Mississippi. Its reputation became known so widely that countless Northern men and women dispatched eagerly to Nashville for a precious pound or two of this delectable coffee.

Today, this same blend awaits you in a friendly blue tin at your grocer's. Try it and you will know why, of all the delicacies which heaped the tables of the old Maxwell House, this coffee was judged to have the crowning flavor; why Maxwell House Coffee will make your every meal more delightful; why through the years it has pleased more different tastes than any other coffee ever offered for sale.



MAXWELL HOUSE ★ COFFEE

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

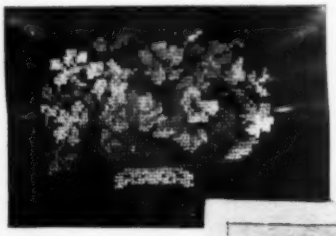
Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N.Y.C. over National Broadcasting coast to coast hook-up

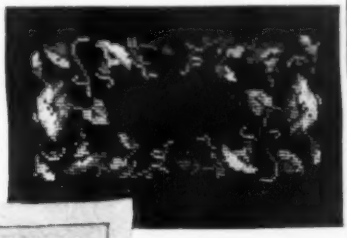
© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Needlework for the House

By Anne Orr

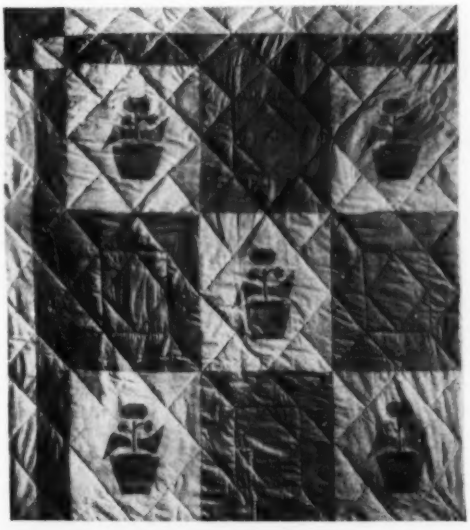
For all patterns and material on this page send the correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street & 8th Ave., N. Y. C.





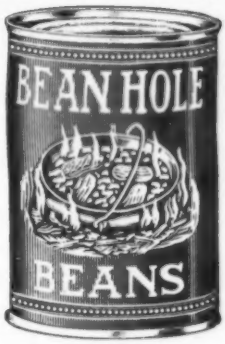
The nasturtium design above is cross-stitched in floss on satin; floss, 85c, canvas, 15c. The morning-glory design, right, is cross-stitched in wool; wools, $1.80, canvas 20c. Both come in full color on Sheet No. A-2201, 30c

A quaint sampler design, No. A-2205, comes already stamped on cream-colored linen, $1.00. The design measures 8¼" x 9½", and the linen is 15" square. It is done in cross-stitch in color. Selected floss to work the design, 35c



Poppies, daisies, and ragged robins are appliqued in color on a linen luncheon set. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-2204, 50c, carries designs for a set consisting of 8 napkins and 6 doilies, together with designs for both ends of a long runner. The entire set is made of handkerchief linen

One quarter of a charming patchwork quilt is illustrated at the left. It is made in soft tones of green, rose, and yellow. Each block is quilted separately. The finished quilt measures 84" x 96". Printed Pamphlet No. A-2203, 25c, gives cutting patterns and full directions for making



Like "Outdoor" Cooking

From the lumber camps of the big North Woods came this recipe. The sealed bean pot buried in glowing embers, brimming with layers of choice beans and sugar-cured pork, cups of brown sugar and molasses, gave Van Camp's the different recipe for "bean hole" beans. Even "home-made" beans cannot equal the flavor-rich goodness of Bean Hole Beans.

Nature Makes It Good

Nothing artificial about this delicious Van Camp Tomato Catsup—no coloring matter or adulterants. Nature grows its color and flavor. Van Camp's food experts select choice Indiana tomatoes, season and spice the fruit to give you Nature's finest sauce for meats and other foods.

Ask Your Grocer for

Soups
Spaghetti
Bean Hole Beans
Milk
Catsup
Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S
~of course~

In using advertisements see page 6

Don't Watch Macaroni Cook

Don't Worry That It Will Burn

This New Quaker Food Creation Ends Pot-Watching and Banishes Burnt Macaroni as a Kitchen Problem . . .

Accept Full-Size Package

FREE—NOTE COUPON

HERE is *real* macaroni that cooks in 5 minutes instead of 20, and saves 15 minutes' pot-watching. Let us give you a full-size package—*free* at your grocer's—to try.

It comes from the Quaker Oats Company, which speaks for itself. A new food invention that makes housekeeping easier for women, and meals more delicious and strength-building.

You let it boil but five minutes. And that makes one of the supreme nutritive foods now as easy to have as makeshift dishes.

A U. S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation of 4 parts finest Durum Wheat and 1 part of whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water. And takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A far more tender, more enticing macaroni. Years were spent in perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

10-Cent Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of Quaker Quick Milk Macaroni free to try. Try its quick cooking.

Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Get This Real

"TUDOR PLATE" SPOON

For trying this new food creation

If, when accepting the free package of *Quaker* QUICK *Macaroni*, you will buy an additional package at 10c, and send the two labels to us, we will send you the charming Mary Stuart Design teaspoon—made by *Oneida Community and Guaranteed 25 years*—postpaid, Free. This solely to get a fair trial in your home of this new food convenience.

***Good for Full-Size 10¢ Package*—Present to Any Grocer**

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE.

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

Your Name.....

Address.....

G. H.—June

City.....*State*.....

Your Grocer's Name.....

Quaker Quick Macaroni ★

Free Sunlight

(*Continued from page 106*)

the health-giving ultra-violet than at any other time of the year. There is nothing to prevent extensive use of this free source of health. The sun sets late enough for us to get some of its value, even if earning a living doesn't let us share the vacation trips to country and seashore.

Another thought in this connection. This vitamin D effect sought through lamps or cod-liver oil and its substitutes concerned the building of sound bones and teeth, structural materials. All winter I have been watching a great bridge structure stretch across the Hudson. As winter came on, steel became cold, hands and legs of the workers grew numb and clumsy, progress was slow and difficult. With spring, the gangs of men were doubled and trebled, and progress became visible overnight. They were building the structure under favorable conditions; precision and accuracy became simple of attainment. Well, if our bones need Vitamin D, why not build them as we do our bridges? Lay the major part of the structure in the season when it is easiest. We shall still have to pay attention to substitutes for those babies born in winter. We shall still have to consider them in the matter of repair and maintenance, but certainly upkeep will be much easier if during the free season we lay a foundation. Put young America in sun-suits and tether him in the free sunlight. Encourage his brothers and sisters to romp as much of the day as possible in the great outdoors, and do not forget your own needs in this period of opportunities for the taking. You will not have to take half as much consideration of "sun substitutes" next winter if you have used the summer properly.

May I also make one other suggestion here? The car is out of winter storage. It is a matter of minutes to get into the open country. But are you going to use it to get to green grass, open spaces, and fresh air, or are you going to sit in its shaded interior and simply ride out and back, inhaling the dust of the car in front? Wouldn't it be a good idea to consider shorter trips, parking longer, and making more use of your own legs and arms and bodies when you have reached the country?

Try Making a Garden

Again, do not think that you can cut down that excess fat and restore the muscle tone by limiting this use of summer to the two-weeks vacation. Neither is an expensive country club membership the only way to secure the use of summer. Try grubbing in the dirt a little every day, if you have the chance. Tending a few flower-beds, a little garden plot, a lawn, will provide better exercise than golf if you make it regular. If you have any doubt as to whether bending and stooping over a flower-bed uses muscles, note how you feel after the first day's trial of this method of exercise. You can locate the benefitted muscle quite easily! If you are confined to the city, get up a little earlier in the morning and walk part or all of the way to office or factory, selecting sunny routes.

With all seriousness, then, let me urge you to stop now and plan the utmost use of the coming summer as a nutritional insurance. We are all too likely to ignore the blessings that surround us and then sigh for them when they are gone. Let us not have this regret when this particular summer has passed.

But remember, too, that using the summer to advantage involves certain changes in dietary habits. Exercise will burn up excess fat and food, but fires leave ashes, and body fires leave a kind that must be got rid of promptly or trouble ensues. Exercise itself will tend to keep the bowel muscles in tone and is thus a preventive of constipation, but at this season it is easy to supplement this muscle toning with natural laxatives. Eat plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. They are much more effective than bran or cathartic dosages. Remember, however, that wastes seek other exits. The

"This Common Ailment *steals vigor and leaves its mark on body, face and mind*"

" . . yeast checks it," *says Germany's most colorful physician*

PROFESSOR DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN of Berlin—no more colorful figure exists in German medicine today. No more authoritative voice than his could bring you this message of warning—and hope:—

"Constipation affects all ages. It undermines the system, making it an easy prey to disease. Often it mars a whole life, stealing vigor and strength, clouding the mind, leaving its mark on body and face.

"Yeast prevents constipation. It stimulates the wave-like motion of the intestines necessary to effect regular elimination.

"With the cleansing of the intestines and the toning up of the system, skin blemishes such as acne and boils disappear.

"Now fresh yeast contains the increased value of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, which counteracts the pronounced ill effects of lack of sunshine."

★ Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Each cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

DR. MENDELSOHN was physician to the great Eleonora Duse and to the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm I. The entire German press recently acclaimed his latest medical book.

Leading doctors of 3 countries say:

GEHEIMRAT DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic at Frankfort, Germany, states: "Yeast is used constantly in my clinic."

DR. GEORGES CAUSSADE, physician of the world-famous Paris Hospital, "l'Hôtel-Dieu," says: "Yeast has a real effect on constipation and nutrition."

DR. ALESSANDRINI, head of the hospitals of Rome, says: "Yeast keeps the intestines clean and healthy."

"My doctor's advice was yeast . ."

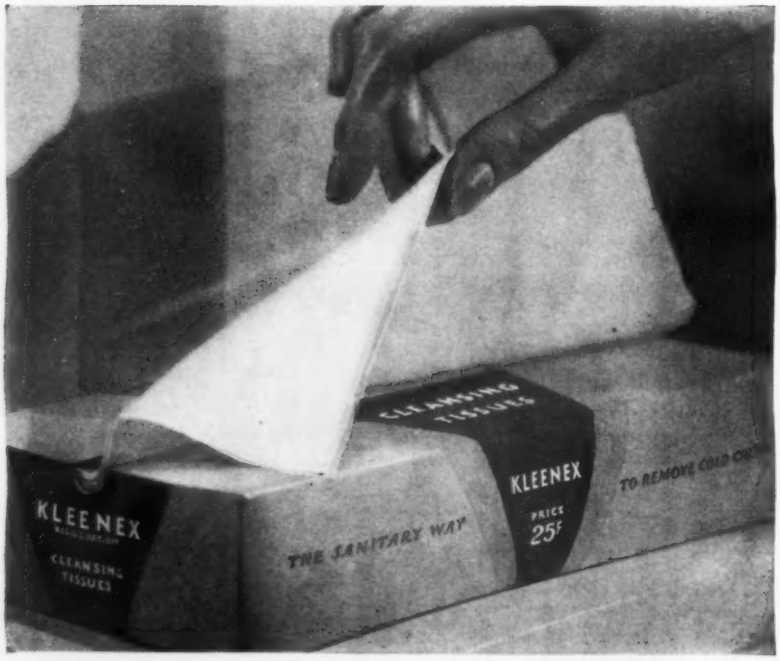
"I was old before my time," writes Mrs. Mabel Kinneer, Staten Island, N. Y. "As long as I can remember I had suffered from constipation. As I grew worse and worse, I visited a stomach specialist. He recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. Half-heartedly I began. But very soon I noticed improvement. Now I am well."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

In using advertisements see page 6

The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded



Exquisite tints . . . absolutely pure and safe . . . make Kleenex especially dainty. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: it is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually *blot up* the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering. Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store.

SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: *"I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."*

Sally Eilers

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to: G-6

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Free Sunlight

kidneys and sweat glands have increased work to perform in this connection, and to function properly they need lots of plain water. Do not be afraid to drink water and plenty of it in this period. Naturally you will see to it that it is pure. Probably you will see that the family is inoculated against typhoid as a wise precaution against contaminated drinking materials. But also, as you do not wish to increase fat and weight, do not resort too frequently to sugary sodas. Better to take less sugar and more water. Make more use of natural fruit juices than of synthetic sirups. Also do not stuff yourself with overdoses of caffeine and theine by overdoing the iced tea and coffee habit.

Remember, too, that you do not now need so much food just to keep the body warm, and that protein foods spoil easily in warm weather. You would not keep the roast too long in the refrigerator in these summer days. Do not put too much protein into the intestines during the same period and for the same reasons. Hot breakfast cereal perhaps had better be superseded now by the dry types in combination with fruit. In other words, when you start using the summer, consider your objectives, and regulate your changes in dietary habits accordingly.

Repair of damage often entails much more trouble and pain than would be necessary if we used our opportunities or studied preparedness a little more efficiently. You have the dentist look over the children's teeth regularly; you overhaul the car engine periodically; why not make summer your chance to get the body into trim for the rest of the year?

Keeping the Upkeep Down

(*Continued from page 59*)

two coats of paint, sandpapering between coats. Stairs sometimes become squeaky even in a new house, and there is no need to put up with this constant irritation. A carpenter, by driving a few nails tying tread to riser and to the side timbers, can quiet them.

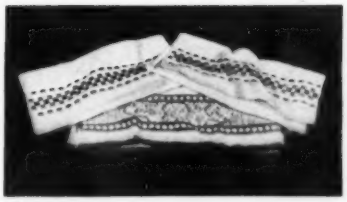
The slight settlement of the house and shrinkage of wood framing generally causes some cracks in the plaster, and these should be cut out and patched before repainting. The owner should be certain that the cracks are complete before he calls in the painter. A way to make sure of this is to mark the ends of the cracks and notice whether or not they spread farther. Tiles occasionally loosen; tapping the tile work will show up the loose tiles so that they can be reset.

Sticking windows should not occur if the whole sash has been painted, but if this was not done, the wood may swell with dampness. Do not plane off the edges of the sash, for it will then be too small when the sash dries out. Wait until dry weather reduces the moisture in the wood to normal, then paint the edges of the sash so that the difficulty will not recur.

Paint is the best protection against weathering on the exterior, and it is cheaper to paint regularly than to let the repair go until distress signals show that it is absolutely necessary. A case came to my attention in which a house, due to the owner's absence abroad, had not been painted for eight years. It had a flat roof of tin, which began to rust badly. In the meantime the leaders became choked, and a gardener was sent to clear them out. In the process, which he performed with more vigor than wisdom, he punctured the roof. Heavy rains fell soon after, and the water poured down along the inside leaders to the cellar. This happened to have a concrete floor, and since there was no way for the water to escape, it filled up rapidly. A hole was finally chopped through the floor to let the water drain through the sandy soil, but by the time that was accomplished, and the roof, leaders, and cellar were repaired, the bill had reached enormous proportions.

Buy a set of bath towels with what it saves

On the basis of a tube a month, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ costs you $3 a year as compared to $6 for dentifrices in the 50¢ class. That's a clear saving of $3 a year. Buy things you need with it.



Teach her the *secret* of *healthy* teeth and *economy*

This dentifrice saves $3 per year

HERE'S something for young heads and old to remember:

To have lustrous, white teeth and firm, healthy gums, it isn't necessary to pay an extravagant price for a dentifrice.

You can get the same result with Listerine Tooth Paste—and it costs but 25¢ the large tube.

Knowing that Listerine Tooth Paste is made by the makers of Listerine, you cannot question its quality. Its gentle action, its swift cleansing, its invigorating after effects have been acclaimed by nearly a million people. They choose it now instead of costly dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Such a tooth paste at such a price is made possible only by extraordinary power to buy raw material, and by mass production—the same system that makes the Ford automobile a shining example of merit at low price. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today and judge its quality for yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo. U. S. A.

★

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25c

In using advertisements see page 6

Why Risk Typhoid?

20 times more dangerous than lightning!

© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

WHEN lightning flashes and thunder roars, timid folk are often frankly scared and even the most stout-hearted are awed. They can see the threatening danger against which they are helpless. Yet most of these very people ignore an unseen danger against which they can protect themselves. It is typhoid fever, and it costs twenty times more lives than lightning.

Typhoid kills one out of every ten attacked. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for two or three years following an attack, the deathrate among them is twice the normal rate. Sometimes typhoid leaves after-effects from which the patient never recovers.

Most cases of typhoid are contracted by people away from home—touring, hiking, camping, traveling. The disease is caused by eating or drinking something contaminated by typhoid germs. Water that looks crystal clear, or raw milk and uncooked foods may carry the disease. If you swallow enough typhoid germs and are not immunized, typhoid fever is almost certain to develop.

But you need never have typhoid fever. It is one of the few preventable diseases.

By means of three simple, painless inoculations—entirely safe and leaving no scar—your doctor can make you immune from typhoid fever for two or more years. The United States Government tests and approves all typhoid vaccine before it reaches physicians.

Before you start on your summer outings in the country, consult your physician as to the advisability of being inoculated. Make sure that typhoid will not claim any member of your family. Metropolitan will mail free its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever." Ask for Booklet 630-G.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Keeping the Upkeep Down

Every bit of exposed metal, unless it is absolutely rust-proof, should be kept painted. It is human to decide that "it will be all right for another year," but it is cheaper to act before real trouble starts. Steel windows in the cellar are especially apt to rust, as is any exterior ironwork. As soon as rust spots appear, they should be wire-brushed, touched with red lead, and painted. Screens, unless they are made of copper, should be painted yearly. Copper screens merely need to be brushed with a wire brush or washed.

Many modern houses have flat deck roofs on wings or porches. They are useful and pleasant and need not give trouble if they are properly built and cared for. The best practice now is to have first a rough floor, and over this to place a second floor of fir set in white lead. This is covered with canvas similar to that used in canoes, and if the canvas is painted regularly, there will be no leakage.

Paint Promptly

Roof gutters made of zinc or copper will need no attention except to see that they are kept free of rotten leaves, but galvanized iron gutters should be painted every two years. Leaders must be inspected occasionally to see that they are in good working order. There should be a wire guard at the top of each downspout to catch sticks and leaves, and if this becomes damaged the leader may become clogged. When this happens and the leader fills with water in cold weather, it may freeze and split. A bird's nest has been known to choke a leader, with costly results.

The exterior inspection should include the woodwork around the base of the house, on steps, and porches, where it comes in contact with stone or concrete. If it shows stains of dampness in places, dig in with a knife to see if the wood is decaying. Creosote or paint will check the decay.

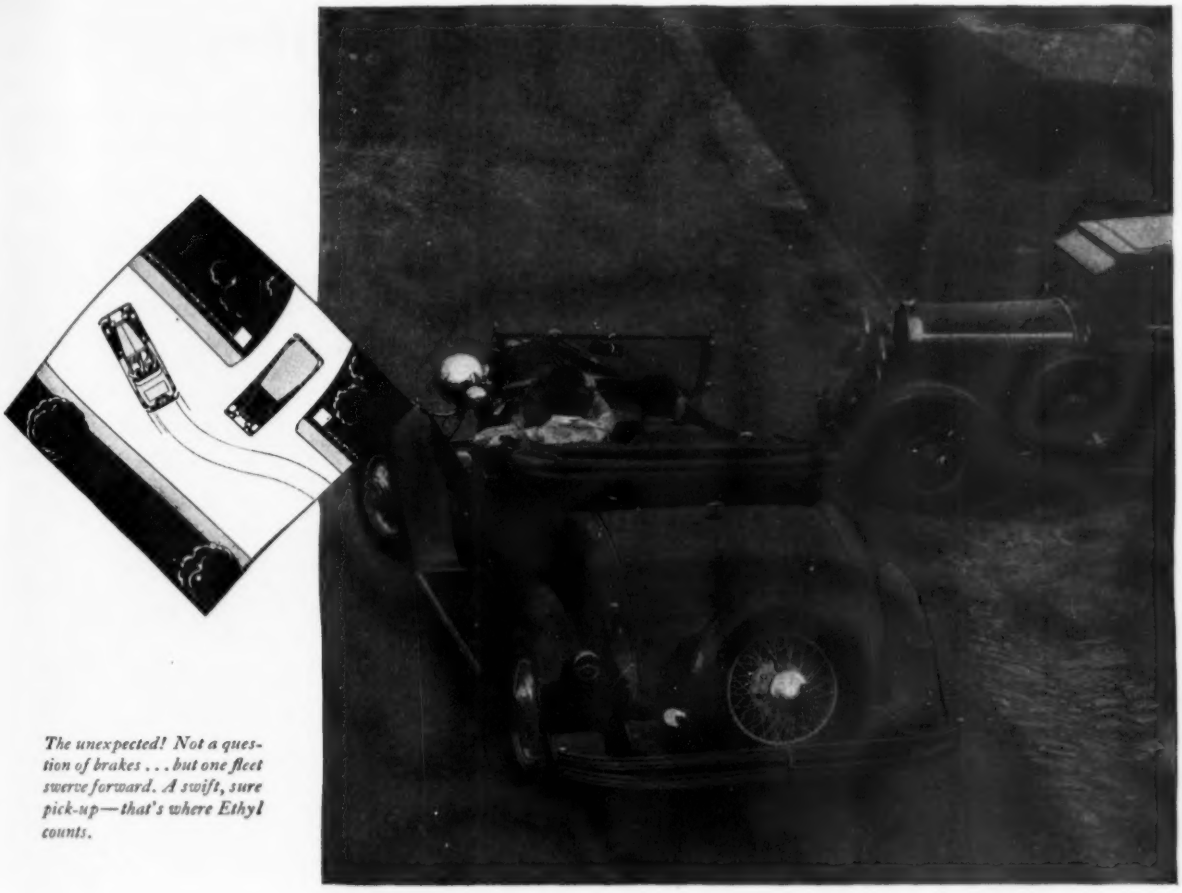
To keep the heating plant in good running order, the printed instructions from the manufacturer should be tacked securely on the wall of the cellar and consulted occasionally. The owner of the house should learn how to clean the flue and grate and how to add water, even if he employs some one to do these jobs.

Modern plumbing, especially if brass pipe is used, causes little trouble, but in older houses constant trouble with rust may be traced to a too small main from the house to street, and this must be replaced with one of proper size.

Modern houses are quite generally weather-stripped and insulated now, but the owners of older houses often find that although they are using a great deal of fuel, the house is cold and drafty. Weather-stripping the windows and insulating the attic will make a great difference in comfort and fuel bills, and will help to bring an old house up to modern standards. The insulation may be any one of the many convenient types on the market.

Keep the House Up to Par

Keeping your house up to par is usually urged solely on the ground that it prevents deterioration of an investment which is usually the largest single investment a family makes. To me, however, the preservation of comfort and good appearance seem equally important. We grow so used to our own houses that we are apt not to see the shortcomings which are evident to others. Many of these are little things which the handy man about the house—or even the man who is not so handy—can readily mend—the leaky faucet, for instance; or the squeaking door, the hinges of which need oil. But if the owner has neither the time nor the talent to do his own tinkering, he should make it a point to have the house pretty thoroughly inspected each time it is painted, to make sure that no minor repairs are neglected which will mean major operations later on.



The unexpected! Not a question of brakes . . . but one fleet swerve forward. A swift, sure pick-up—that's where Ethyl counts.

Your motor "*thinks faster*" with Ethyl

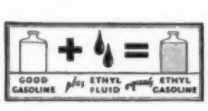
INSTANT response from your motor . . . and you're out of a tight place —safely!

Ethyl is the gasoline that gives you this added measure of safety. For with Ethyl you can get quicker acceleration . . . better control . . . swifter, smoother pick-up. Your motor "thinks faster" . . . acts quicker, too.

Why? Because Ethyl isn't ordinary gasoline. It's good gasoline *plus* Ethyl, the anti-knock compound developed by General Motors Research Laboratories for one specific purpose — to improve motor car performance. No matter what your car may be — new, old, large or small — try Ethyl.

When you hear your motor run without a knock . . . when you feel the quicker pick-up, and sense the extra engine power . . . then you'll understand why thousands of motorists have switched to Ethyl.

Please try it — a tankful — today. Wherever you see the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
Knocks out that "knock"

Wherever you drive — whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it — *any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

© E. G. C., 1930

ETHYL GASOLINE

In using advertisements see page 6

Sleep is precious . . . so is coffee

Is COFFEE missing from dinner at your house? Have you had to choose between *sleep* and *coffee?*

That choice is no longer necessary. Now you can bring back zest to evening appetites with the most delicious coffee you ever tasted. And you can have the comfortable certainty of restful sleep and steady nerves.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is *real coffee* of the finest blend, with 97% of the caffeine removed. It is the original caffeine-free coffee. Now Kellogg has marvelously improved the flavor.

No longer need you drink unsatisfying substitutes. Try Kaffee Hag Coffee *tonight.* Make it just as you would any other coffee. Drink as many cups as you like. Then sleep!

You'll find Kaffee Hag Coffee at your grocer's—in new vacuum-sealed tins. The price is now materially reduced.

Let us send you a trial can. Mail the coupon.

Kellogg's ★

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. A-6, Battle Creek, Michigan
Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

All the King's Horses

(*Continued from page 71*)

little fiend in human shape made me come!"

Near Mrs. Kingsway, the ordeal of facing a future mother-in-law slipped into the pleasantness of being loved by merry, gentle Ada Kingsway, and loving and doing for her in return. Mrs. Kingsway kissed her.

"I'm glad you're going to belong to me," she said sincerely.

"Honestly, it's too much good luck!" Helen said naïvely. "To be as crazy over you as I am, and get to be a—a relative."

She colored higher over the last words. "It's a shame you had to come down those horrible stairs," she said hurriedly to cover them, and put a strong, slender, young arm around Ada Kingsway as she had done so often, to ease her weight from the cane, guiding her to a chair.

"There's nothing to blush about, you darling child. You're going to be my daughter, and I'm going to be your mother. And when I think," said Ada, settling into the biggest armchair with a sigh of relief, and lying back in it, her indomitably bright face and great knot of red hair light against the dark leather, "when I think of the girls I was simply terrified to death might have been her—and it's you, you blessed little Helen! I know I'm being ungrammatical, but I'm gladder than I'm calm."

And that, instead of a condescending visit of ceremony, is how Helen was welcomed into the great Kingsway family by the lady of the manor. Patricia meanwhile was quietly and privately shutting the copybook and putting it into the drawer where it was kept, and restoring the table to its usual state of unusedness, a piece of neatness entirely outside her activities on days when her lessons had actually been done. Work out of the way, she went and sat demurely on a low leather-covered tabouret in the corner, the picture of a good child. But that could not last long. Patricia liked the center of the stage, and presently she attacked the question of a holiday from another angle.

"Cousin Ada, I don't think it's quite proper for Helen to come here every day, now she's going to marry Ethan. Marietta was wondering would she. Of course, once she's married, she can go on teaching me. It would make nice pin-money for her."

"Patricia, we can solve that by having you come to my place," said Helen, past her patience at this scheming small guardian angel. "You won't have the garden to play in, but that doesn't matter."

Patricia looked shocked at this idea and decided suddenly that Marietta was wrong. She liked learning her lessons all over the house, generally lying on her stomach.

"I guess you're enough chaperone, Cousin Ada," she conceded. "But don't make poor Helen work to-day."

But Helen was firm, so they compromised on a half-day's work.

THERE wasn't time for an engagement luncheon to announce anything, this time. As Ethan had said, the announcement at the door gave the news to Kingsway in general. Helen, braced for comment, but so in love with Ethan that she didn't much care, found that her immediate friends simply credited her with a little extra charm; why, of course, if Ethan Kingsway ever *did* fall for any girl, it would be Helen Heather! And to her surprise she found that Mrs. Delamater joined the chorus of admiration. She met her on the street and tried not to feel, even now, the familiar little shiver of dread of the small, tightly-laced figure in its over-elaborate clothes. But Mrs. Delamater rustled brightly, sweetly up to her.

"Dear little girl," she said, "I'm so glad you're happy! As one of your oldest friends, you must let me do everything I can for you. It would make me *so* happy if you were married from my house!"

Helen stared at the amazing coolness of it and was nearly too late, in her amazement, to keep Mrs. Delamater from accepting it as a fact accomplished. Fortunately she found time to say:

"If my cousin isn't back in time, we plan to be married very quietly at Miss Louisa Milliken's. But it's sweet of you."

And she ran, before Mrs. Delamater could do more than call after her,

"Tell Mrs. Kingsway I'm running in to talk it over with her very soon!"

Mrs. Kingsway, when told, lifted an eyebrow. "There are points to inflammatory rheumatism," she said naughtily. "It has kept me from the pleasure of Julia Delamater's calls for some years past, and I think it is still in good working order. You'll have to learn to steel yourself a little against social climbers, Helen dear."

She leaned back among her cushions, calm and smiling and untouched, and stroked Luella, who found something about red-haired people in general, and Ada in particular, which made him feel a kinship. With any one who had red hair he was tolerant; as for Ada, he not only did not bite her, but he waved his beautiful sorrel tail with pleasure when she petted him, and sometimes—though he made it a favor—slept on her lap.

PATRICIA began to find her time with Helen more curtailed than she liked. Ethan did not keep so strictly to office hours down at the quarries. His car (Helen had always listened for its sound, she knew now) would be heard coming in before she left Patricia; Ada and he would keep Helen, nothing loath, for dinner; after dinner the three of them would sit together around the fire in the big hall, or, more often, in the library, talking together of little things, or not talking, as friends may. Sometimes they would play bridge with Mrs. Kingsway, who was a brilliant player; sometimes Helen and Ethan would get out the chessmen, and play, Mrs. Kingsway watching them lazily, or perhaps playing Canfield, or pulling some old book out of the case nearest her and reading a scrap to the chess players—which, as she pointed out, she had no business to do. Presently Helen told Ethan that they must set some sort of limit to the time she spent there.

"But it's so natural," he said. "It seems wrong when you're not here . . . Helen, love, when is the King of Spain's daughter going to stop visiting me?"

She purposely misunderstood him.

"Why, I was just now trying to suggest visiting you a little less often. Really, Ethan, I think I'm a shameless wretch. Not only did he go and get ensnared by the governess like an English novel of the dear old days, but she came and spent all her evenings with him!"

They were in the paneled center hall at Kingsway, and it was noon. Ethan had come home for luncheon, as he did often now, and they met as Helen went through on some small errand. He had just come in, bringing a gust of the cold, fresh air about him. She was passing upstairs, but he barred her way, tall and gray-eyed and laughing, his fair head a little bent to her. She knew there was no way of passing the gray tweed arm that seemed thrown across the balustrade so lightly. She tried, nevertheless.

"No wonder your mother says the Kingsways are steel," she said ruefully. "Ah, let me pass, Ethan. I'm on an errand."

"So am I," he said. "My errand is to convince you that you are dreadfully needed in this house. Whole time, not part time."

"Dissatisfied with my services?"

"Thoroughly! You're wasting your time."

"I certainly am! Ethan dear—Ethan *darling*—Marietta wants to know about the cook's day out."

She dipped lithely under his arm, burnt-gold curls and slender, brown-serge shoulders, and

"Let's take the children on a picnic" *says* Mrs. Fox

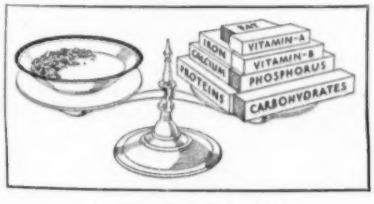
"Let's stay at home and rest" *says* Mrs. Fox

More vigor per spoonful... GRAPE-NUTS

How often a woman's vitality is like a see-saw. Now up! Now down! One side says "let's go places, and have a good time." The other side says "let's *not*—it's just too much trouble."

How we welcome the days when our vitality is brimming over—when even our daily duties are faced light-heartedly and zestfully. For these are the days when vigor and energy make every hour bright with the joy of living.

Why doesn't every day bring us this feeling of eager vivacity? What's wrong when we're low-spirited and apathetic—when we can't pull ourselves together to do the things we'd like to do?



GRAPE-NUTS MAKES THE SMALL BREAKFAST SAFE

A single serving of Grape-Nuts with cream provides more varied *nourishment than many a hearty meal. Add Grape-Nuts to your breakfast.*

Look for an answer in the food you eat. For food, day by day, must rebuild the body and recharge it with vital energy. And only the right kind of food can do the right kind of job!

If you want all-around health, exuberant energy and vitality, see to it that your food, every day, gives you all the building, energizing elements your body needs.

There is one food long known for the contribution it makes to building and fueling the body—a food which gives us a tremendous amount of energy in proportion to the amount eaten. This food is Grape-Nuts—purposely designed to give you the nourishment that produces healthful vigor, buoyant energy—and to give it to you in a form that is temptingly delicious.

Grape-Nuts is made of choice wheat and malted barley. It is abundant in dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, the chief producers of *energy*.

In addition, Grape-Nuts provides vital elements often lacking in the modern diet—iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

And Grape-Nuts *invites* eating. Its golden-brown kernels are crisp and crunchy. Not only does this crispness add to deliciousness—it also encourages thorough chewing to help digestion. And gives to teeth and gums the exercise they need to be sound and healthy.

Start *now* to make breakfast build vital health and energy for you. Buy Grape-Nuts today for breakfast tomorrow! Your grocer has Grape-Nuts—a Product of General Foods Corporation.

Or send coupon below for free trial offer.

"There's ★ a Reason"

© 1930 G.F. Corp.

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. G. H.-6-30

Please send me, free, a trial package of Grape-Nuts and two free booklets—"Happier Days from Better Breakfasts" and also "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

Name_____

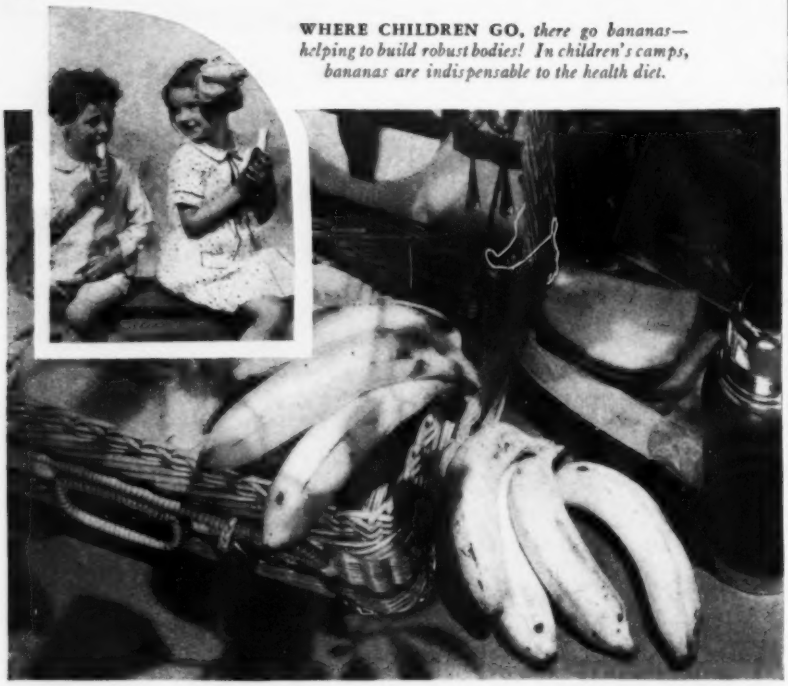
Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely — print name and address

In Canada, address GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

In using advertisements see page 6



WHERE CHILDREN GO, *there go bananas—helping to build robust bodies! In children's camps, bananas are indispensable to the health diet.*

First of all a *Vitality food!*

IN FAR-OFF PLACES— *you can always get bananas. Rely on them for food that's easily digested, and geared to keep vitality high for action.*

Then there's the matchless flavor of BANANAS! You'll appreciate them in summer when you want light foods, quickly prepared

BANANAS belong to the summer time! Listless appetites awake to their mellow goodness. And how they do simplify summer meals! Whisked into the picnic basket in a second, served in a jiffy a dozen delightful ways, especially in cool, crisp salads and refreshing fruit cups.

And don't forget that bananas are essentially a vitality food. Authorities recognize them as an energy-producer—as a valuable source of those precious vitamins A, B and C, and the body-toning minerals.

Serve bananas regularly. They'll help keep your family's vitality high through the enervating, busy days of summer.

NEW BANANA BOOK—*FREE*— Just off the press. Dozens of recipes for entrees . . . salads . . . desserts . . . Menus, too. Mail coupon today.

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION G.H.6-30
17 Battery Place, New York City—or,
1171 St. James St. West, Montreal, Canada.
Please send me "Bananas in the Modern Manner."
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

All the King's Horses

was on the stair above him, but he caught her and held her.

"When are we going to get married? We've been engaged a hundred years. It's long past Christmas time. A month? Two weeks?"

"Christmas is scarcely over. I still look and feel like a Christmas tree—"

She laughed down at the quaint, beautiful ring that shone on her brown hand, and the sparkling wrist-watch below it.

"Wait till we're married. I'm wild to buy you things, Helen."

"Good heavens, is this a bribe? Because I'm not going to be married in two weeks or a month. Personally I'm very happy as I am."

"Personally you don't love me as much as I love you," said Ethan.

His tone was light, but his voice had the note of intensity Helen had learned to know. She met it.

"Ethan, you promised to believe in me always."

"But—it isn't natural you should love me as much as I do you. You scatter your love so. You love everybody. I love only a few people," he said, "and very much indeed. It's not disbelieving in you to think I love you more than you do me."

"Do you want me to stop liking other people? Because I can't. I do like everybody. I suppose I always shall," Helen said mournfully. "But, Ethan, oughtn't it to be good practice for liking you best?"

Her face was lifted to his, earnest, childlike, friendly in its loving perplexity. He laughed—the laughter that came so easily to him now—and kissed her and gave it up.

"I'm a medieval idiot," he said. "Instead of being grateful for the lovely fountain of friendliness and affection that sprays over every one you come near, and more grateful that I stand nearest, I want to own it all myself."

"The spray touches them," she whispered. "You have—the river."

"I know. I believe that, Helen. You're too sweet, too adorable for me."

"And what is more, if you want me to be very horrid to everybody but you, I will! I'll think up rude things to say to them. Let's see, I'll start on the cook. I really must go now and insult her for your mother, Ethan. But first I must insult your mother about the cook's day out."

HE gave it up, and let her go with a little loving shake. She ran up the stairs singing, happy in the happiest of all possible worlds. And Ethan, smiling to himself, went down the hall. But he was in earnest about wanting her to marry him soon.

He spoke to her about it again at luncheon before his mother. But Ada Kingsway backed Helen up. She was to take all the time she wanted, and not be bullied into matrimony.

"Though it's pure unselfishness on my part," she added, smiling across the old-fashioned, beautiful damask that hid the mahogany table. "There was never so unanimous a feeling on the part of any family as to acquiring you permanently, my dear."

"By the way, here's your mail," Ethan added. "I stopped by your place and picked it up on my way from the office."

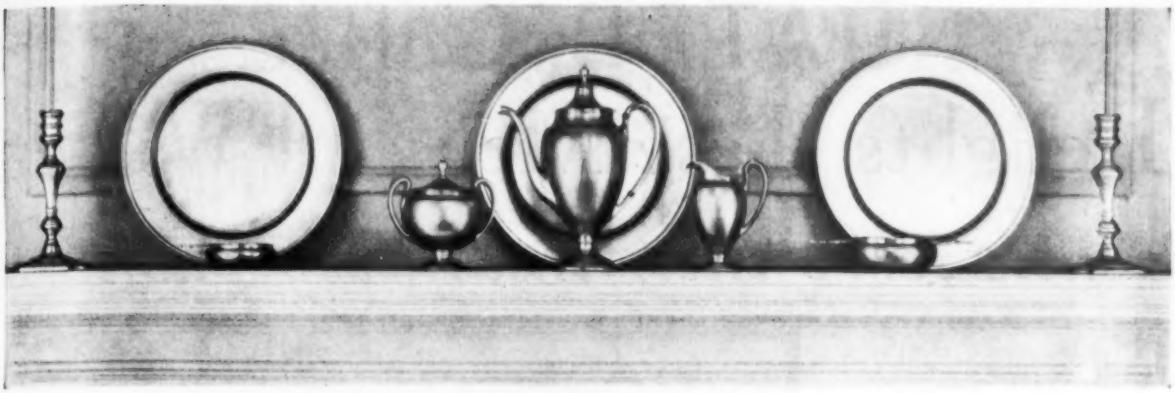
"Who's it from? Who's it from?" clamored Patricia.

Ethan, at the head of the table, held it away from the small, clamoring fingers. "Who's it for, you mean," he said. "Not you, my child."

"You never let me ask any really interesting questions," sighed Patricia. "I never want to know if people are well, and I have to ask them. And I always want to know what's inside letters, and I get stopped."

Ethan's slim, long hand with the gold signet on the little finger pushed the letters to Helen, facing Patricia.

"I'll tell you," she consoled the child. "This letter is from my sister Jessica; I can tell by



Pewter

Any bride would welcome gifts of this lustrous, modern ware

JUNE BRINGS WEDDINGS . . . and creates a friendly competition among the wedding guests. "What *can* I give her . . . that is fresh and unusual . . . that won't be duplicated? Something useful and attractive . . . at a price I can pay."

Pewter fits the formula perfectly. It *is* fresh and smart. Its soft, rich sheen and simple lines fit easily into any background. It is enduringly beautiful. And among the rich profusion of pewter pieces you're sure to find several that please both you and your pocketbook!

There are bowls and ladles, porringers, peppers and salts, chop dishes, platters and gravy boats,

tobacco jars, candlesticks, vases and all manner of interesting pieces. Some of them are

illustrated on this page. The others you will find displayed in the better stores everywhere.

Be guided in your purchases of pewter by the three "touch marks" shown below. They are applied only to pewter of authentic design—some Colonial, some English, some Flemish, some frankly, starkly modern. They indicate the finest materials and workmanship. They assure the fullest value for your money.

The story of pewter is told in an interesting little booklet called "Pewter Through the Centuries." It's free. Write for it. Booklet P-77, Pewter Department, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

In using advertisements see page 6

DATED Coffee Delights these Men and Women *who serve their insatiable public*

FRESH . . . TWICE A WEEK!

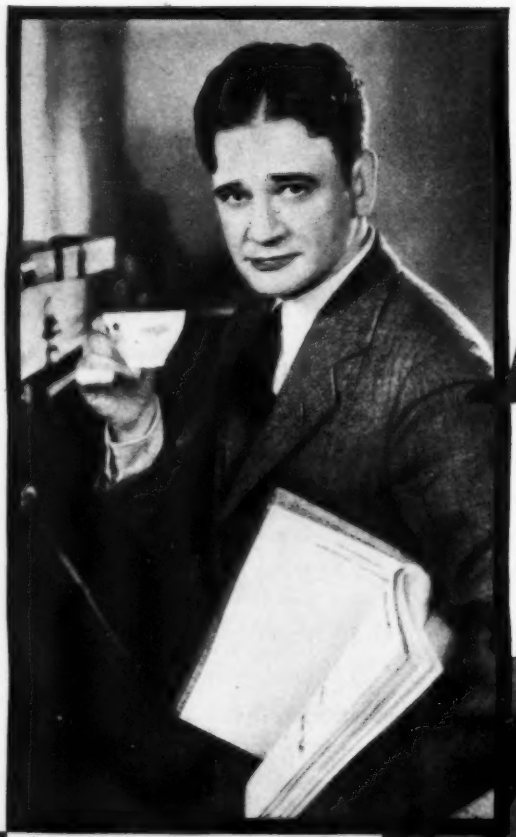
Direct from fragrant roasting ovens to your grocer! Every can plainly marked with the date on which he receives it! Any can left over at the end of ten days regularly collected and replaced by fresh!

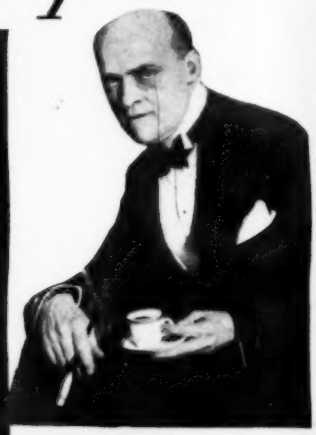
"I've never heard of such a thing," you say. "I've never tasted such good coffee!"

Of course not. Coffee has never before been nationally distributed in this way.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated*—delivered by the "Daily Delivery" service of Standard Brands Inc., is the first coffee ever to be handled exactly like a fresh food . . . so that not a whiff of its superb, freshly roasted flavor can be lost!

Lover of good coffee . . . busy man or woman impatient of anaemic-flavored coffees that are weeks old before you get them . . . say to your grocer tomorrow, "Send me Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee." You'll enjoy it.





LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, distinguished author of more than a score of novels, has this to say of Dated Coffee: "The real test of good coffee is in your after dinner cup. That is where Chase and Sanborn scores highest. Breath of the magic East is in its rich aroma, vigor of the West in its true, fresh flavor."

MAY WILSON PRESTON, noted illustrator whose clever drawings humorously reflect her broad contacts with a smart social and artistic world, says: "Chase & Sanborn's is perfectly delicious. I find it is the one coffee everyone likes."

RICHARD DIX, popular Radio Pictures star, who thrills the hearts of at least a million screen fans . . . like all other men, likes "solid comfort." "Chase and Sanborn took the 'chance' element out of coffee by dating it," he says. "It always was good coffee, but this new way of making sure you get it always fresh makes it just about perfect."

(*Right*) **RACHEL CROTHERS, wise and witty author of a dozen sparkling plays, says: "Isn't freshness the most important thing in coffee? It's the never-failing freshness which we can rely upon in Chase & Sanborn's 'dated' coffee."**

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

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All the King's Horses

the postmark. And this one is—" she had to tear it open to find out— "from a man who wants to sell me beautiful hats by mail for three dollars, if I'll sell some raincoats for him. And this—" they were watching her, gay together over little things, as people are who live together and like one another—and the three who loved her saw Helen's face suddenly turn serious. "It's from my cousin Nina," she finished, laying it down by her plate and beginning to break the brown, crumb-covered chicken croquette on her plate with her fork.

"Read it!" demanded Patricia.

"Not now," Mrs. Kingsway took a hand. "Afterward."

Ada Kingsway picked up the conversation and carried it. Ethan, man-like, saw no reason for concern to Helen in a letter from her cousin. He hadn't wanted to marry Nina, and had no feeling about her beyond the calm neighborliness a man has for a woman he has known some time.

"You don't owe your cousin anything, my dear," Ada said in a low voice as they rose from the table. "Read your letter and don't worry."

Ethan helped his mother back upstairs. Patricia flew out of the room after the evasive Luella, who knew mealtimes very well and was a most devoted and charming cat until they were over, when he relapsed into his ordinarily warlike state. Helen went into the library to read her letters.

THE one from Jessica was just the usual weekly letter, full of news about Lester and the little apartment, and the bridge club, and shopping, and small worries about the approaching baby. She wished Helen wasn't marrying a Northerner, because they would always be so far apart, but he looked awfully handsome in the snapshot.

"And do be sure he makes you a good allowance," wrote Jessica sadly, "because all the girls say if you don't have it out beforehand you never have the whip-hand. I tease and tease Lester, but he only makes silly excuses about my spending too much as if I didn't know how to get wonderful values! . . ."

Helen sighed and smiled a little over that, sitting in the deep window-seat under Master Everard Kingsway's black-browed portrait. Her trouble with Ethan would always be the other way; already he was getting out of hand in his passion for piling gifts upon her. And poor baby Jessica with her wonderful values! She remembered those wonderful values in her father's day—fifteen dollars to spend on some necessity, and proudly paying twenty-five for it—lamp or rug or garment—because it was "such a wonderful value." She must try to pull the child up; not now, but next spring. Poor Lester, who adored affectionate, plaintive, little Jessica and was always giving her an allowance or taking it away in the vain hope of having things come out right at the end of the month!

And then she braced herself for the reading of Nina's letter. When your cousin leaves you with the calmly stated purpose of marrying a man, and that man returns from abroad and tells you it was you he has been in love with for some years, you may feel triumphant or guilty, according to your temperament. Helen felt guilty. And she cared for Nina.

Nina's letter was perfectly cool, calm, and unangered. She made no reference to her own earlier idea that Ethan had never ceased to love her since she broke her engagement. She congratulated Helen without a visible claw, suggested a New York boarding-school for the child, and ended by setting a date for having Ethan and Helen to dinner.

"I'm writing on the *Paris*," she finished, "and by the time you get this I'll be back in Kingsway. Telephone me and say you can both come. I'm having just the four of us; Ed Gaynor is the fourth."

Then she did feel it just a little. For she was having a man who was known to every one

Put *Tang* in the *Dressing* to *Brighten* your *Salads*

THE SUCCESS of any salad lies in the dashing, brilliant flavor of the dressing . . . The most elaborate salad falls flat without this sparkling flavor . . . while the simplest one seems touched with magic when the dressing is gay and piquant.

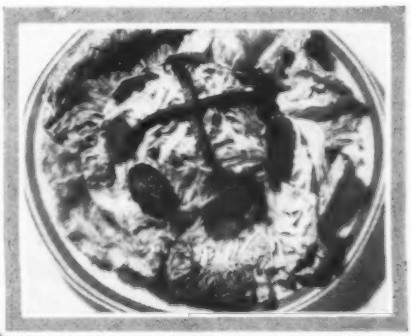
And your salad dressing depends on mustard for its spicy, subtle tang . . . No other ingredient can take its place. And no other mustard can equal the special lively tang in Colman's Mustard!

Colman's Mustard has been famous for over a century for the unusually sprightly flavor of the seeds from which it is milled. Always add a dash of Colman's to all your dressings, even if you buy them ready prepared.

Recipe for

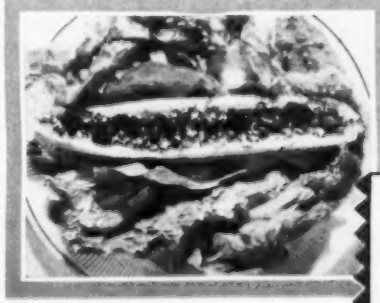
BOILED DRESSING

½ cup cream; ½ cup milk; 4 tablespoons sugar; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; ¼ teaspoon salt; 2 egg yolks; ¼ cup vinegar; whipped cream if desired. Heat the cream and to it add the dry ingredients stirred smooth with the milk. Cook over boiling water until thick, then add the beaten egg yolks and vinegar and cook for 3 minutes more. When using, dilute with whipped cream if desired.



Mix shredded cabbage, diced pineapple and peanuts; moisten with Boiled Dressing. Place in small mound on individual plate and garnish with criss-cross of pimiento. Serve with Boiled Dressing diluted with a little plain cream.

Try mixing chopped mint leaves with any fresh fruit salad. Garnish with a sprig of mint and serve with Boiled Dressing diluted with whipped cream.



Serve the ever-popular banana in this slightly scooped-out boat shape with small cubes of jelly. Garnish with nuts and serve with Boiled Dressing.

By appointment to His Majesty The King

FREE RECIPE CARDS for new salad dressings and salads; marvelous cooked dishes, too. A new set every month. Watch this advertising!

G-6-29

J. & J. Colman (U.S.A.) Ltd.
Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me this month's set of free recipe cards.

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In using advertisements see page 6

Clothes that touch Your Skin need Borax

DID you know that besides being an excellent cleanser, BORAX has a special *purifying* and *deodorizing* power? That it acts like indoor sunshine on your clothes? Clothes dried inside on rainy days will be just as white and fresh and sweet as though they'd hung for hours in the sun—*if you use BORAX.* And delightfully soft and smooth to touch, too!

Keep it "sweet" this easy way
Wash out the ice box each week with 20 Mule Team BORAX. (1 tablespoon to a qt. of water or dry BORAX on a damp cloth.) This will make it spotless and sweet-smelling in no time. For BORAX is a positive deodorant as well as a purifying cleanser.
ONE POUND NET
20
MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name.....

Address.....

All the King's Horses

in Kingsway, by his own admission, to want to marry Nina. She wanted to be armored.

Helen came out and met Ethan on his way back to the office.

"Well, like Patricia, I want to know what was in your letters," he greeted her. "You look very serious, dear. Anything I can help about—is the little sister all right?"

"Oh, yes," Helen told him seriously. "But Nina's asking us to dinner!"

"Where—in France?"

"No, Kingsway! Next Tuesday evening."

"Why, that's all right," he said cheerfully. "Why don't you want to go—off Nina for any reason?"

Helen shook her head. She had never told Ethan what Nina had said; the calm taking-for-granted of Ethan's love with which Nina had sailed off, planning to return either engaged or married to him. And naturally she couldn't betray her cousin. Not Helen, ever.

"As I remember Nina's dinners, they were always excellent," he said. "Wear the pretty ivory dress that makes you look like the King of Spain's daughter—remember, darling?"

There was nothing for it but to smile and promise, and phone telling Nina they'd go. After all it wasn't as if Nina had loved Ethan . . . She went slowly down the hall, thinking it all over. Ethan's step still echoed beyond her, on the polished wood of the old hall. The feeling of his last embrace clung about her still. She heard his car starting off and going down the drive to the lodge gates. She felt a little guilty about Nina still, but Ethan loved her! Her, Helen Heather; that valiantly gay young Helen whom everybody had praised and liked, and expected to have look after their menus and their troubles and their parties. Ethan loved her; and Ethan would manage her troubles—if not her menus and parties—for her as long as she lived. In the light of it Nina seemed nothing to worry about. Ethan would be with her. Ethan loved her and would take care of her. She flushed at the thought of him and lifted both hands to smooth the hair he had disarranged.

AND then Patricia called her, and she answered. They had planned to spend that afternoon upholstering chairs for the first floor of a doll's house in the grounds. It was a thrilled late discovery of Helen's, an adorable house big enough to crawl inside, with actual stairs. It was so hidden in a far corner, behind massed lilac bushes, that only by chance had it been found. Even Mrs. Kingsway said that she had never known it was there. Andrew had, of course; but Andrew, unlike his wife Marietta, never spoke at all unless it was absolutely necessary.

They put on their wraps and went out through the sharp air. Patricia ran and leaped around Helen in her straight, ridiculously expensive little squirrel coat and cap, wild with the excitement that the least thing always gave her. Her father had dressed her as he behaved to her, as if she were grown up. She was even the possessor, Helen had found, of a couple of valuable diamond rings, which interested her not at all, but which she wore conscientiously on Sundays and when guests were expected, because she always had in her father's day. It was a fine January day, very cold, but bright. They crushed through the deep snow in their galoshes, laughing and snowballing each other. Helen's spirits rose so high, with motion and the tingling air, that she forgot to care whether Nina lived or died.

The mood persisted all the afternoon, after they were through taking the measurements for the house and sitting before the fire in the long salon parlor, where they and their work had been exiled by Marietta because it would make too much mess for Mrs. Kingsway when she came down at teatime; through teatime, which was held in that same salon parlor, because Ethan and his mother, meeting in the library and finding nobody there, gave orders for the tea-tray to follow Helen and Patricia.

Marietta had spread a sheet carefully down before the fire, having her suspicions of what glue and cretonne and cotton might do to the Aubusson carpet she loved more than its owners did; one Ethan's grandfather had imported sixty years ago, which had survived three changes in fashion and was now triumphantly entering upon its priceless own again. And in the center of the sheet Helen and Patricia sat, their hands sticky with glue and their hair full of cotton, Helen's brown dress covered by a smock; Patricia wrapped in a brown-checked kitchen apron which she had coaxed away from the cook. The little wooden chairs they had found at a Philadelphia toy-shop were set in two semicircles, one of upholstered ones, and one—there were only three left now—plain wood.

The fascination which making things has for most adults caught Ada Kingsway, who came in first, and in spite of the danger of drafts she dropped down, pinned her gray crêpe de Chine up over its slip, and began to tuck in difficult corners with her twisted, adroit hands, slim and long-fingered like Ethan's. Luella, the cat, went to sleep on her gray silk knees, and she had to go on working over him, which she did with great care that he wasn't disturbed, having that attitude of placation toward Luella which is the usual reward of the quick-tempered. He lay across her lap like a small, live fur piece, lax, only his yellow center moving rhythmically up and down as he purred, the red light of the fire turning him to an orange cat instead of a yellow one.

IT was so Ethan found them, entering last of all, after a long hunt for some mislaid papers. The three heads, his mother's with its big knot of dark red hair, Helen's dark gold, and Patricia's silver-fair one, were all bent close together over a problem having to do with the adjustment of stuffing on the tiny arms, for Patricia insisted on the rigor of the game. Mrs. Kingsway was showing Helen how to do it, sitting cross-legged on the sheet, with the cat's paws trailing out below her busy hands and arms. Helen knelt beside her, slim and straight in her straight, flowered garment. Patricia, on the other side, had been lying on her stomach and was reared up a little to see, her slim grace triumphant over a ridiculous attitude and a large bow of brown apron strings behind her neck.

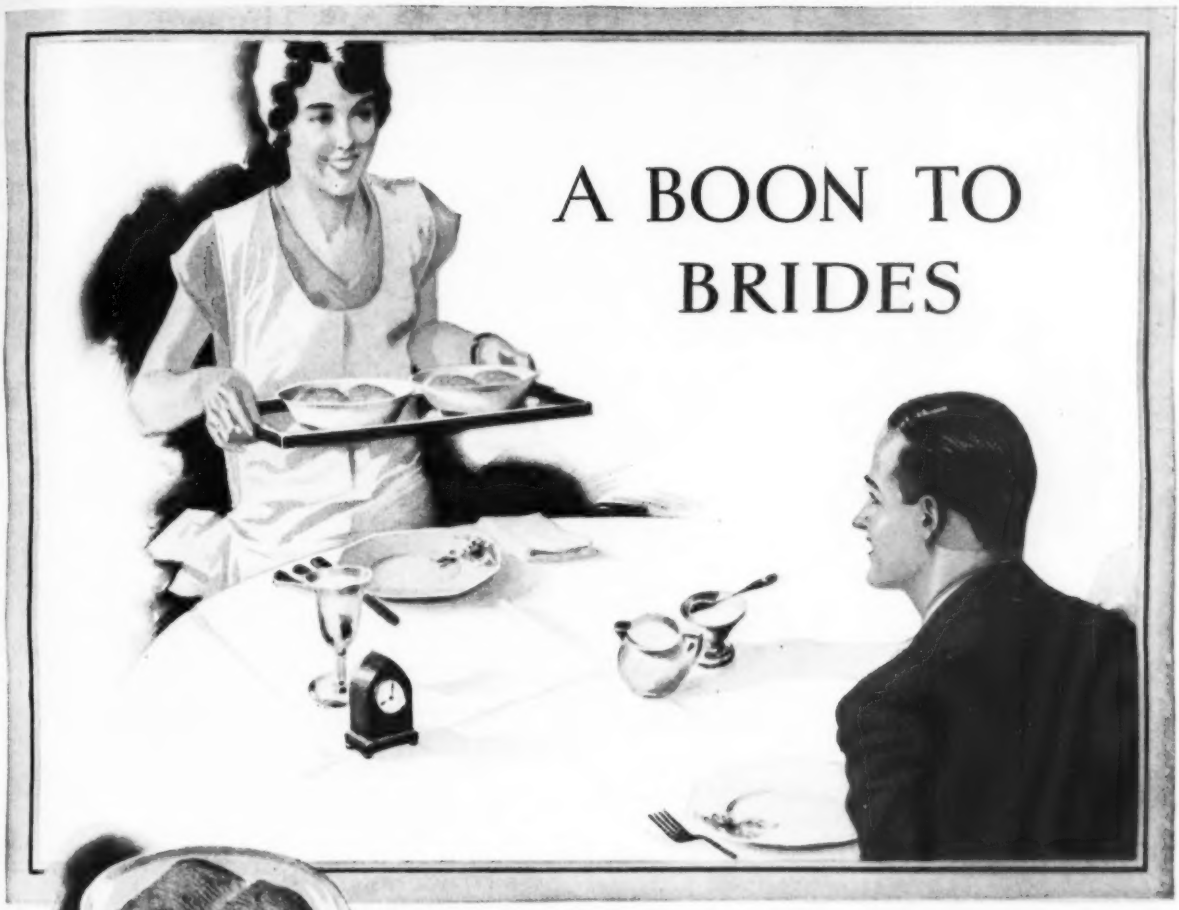
"We'll never any of us have tea unless something drastic is done," he said, taking in the intense industry that prevailed among his womenfolk; and brushed Patricia far enough aside so that the tray could be set on the floor beside his mother.

"Ethan, you clever boy!" said his mother. "Patricia, darling, go get three damp towels. Ethan, you are the only one here with hands fit to touch anything. We are all glue from head to foot, even Luella. Could you pour the tea out, do you think?"

Ethan, considering, thought he could, and went down on one knee beside Helen to do it. Patricia came back with the towels, and they all sat in a heap in the firelight among the little chairs and the scraps of cotton and cretonne, the ancestors on the walls and the Chinese ivory figurines in the cabinets looking on benignly from the shadows.

They were all hungry, and went near to ruining the seven-thirty dinner which was dangerously near. Helen spread jam on toast for Ethan and Patricia between her own bites of raisin cookies. Mrs. Kingsway, luxuriating in the closeness of the fire, with cushions piled against her for a back, sipped her tea slowly, and they all laughed and chattered about little, gay, foolish things. It was foolish and homely and gay and sweet. Even Luella came near being benign, as Patricia shared her milk with him in Helen's saucer.

Helen happened to glance down at the



A BOON TO BRIDES

EAT THEM WHOLE

CRUMBLE THEM

OR COVER WITH FRUIT

Shredded Wheat Biscuits are delicious any way—

AFTER the wedding-bells come the serious problems of household management. How can the young bride get husband off to work quickly and easily with a nourishing breakfast—one that will put him "on his toes" and carry him through the day?

It's so easily solved if she knows Shredded Wheat, because it's ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. Heat a couple of biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness, pour milk over them, adding a little cream. He will enjoy the flavory shreds of baked whole wheat. They are so strengthening and satisfying. What a boon to brides! Delicious for any meal with fruits.

★

SHREDDED WHEAT

In using advertisements see page 6

Two Million Women

SHOW YOU THE PATH TO BEAUTY

You don't have to find it by your own discouraging experiences . . you can profit by the experience of those two million women who pioneered your way to beauty. Women in all walks of life . . from the gay, social personage to the busy housewife and the efficient professional woman, were visited by our 500 beauty experts.

These two million women, in their own homes . . before their own mirrors . . without any stage effects . . in cold prosaic daylight, received evidence of the wonderful cleansing and toning properties of Krank's Lemon ★ Cleansing Cream.

And this extensive research has made it easy for all modern women to have a silken, flower-like skin, whose radiance will not wear off . . whose smooth texture is vibrant with youth and health.

Even after a hurried day, there's no excuse for you to show your years, when you can gently massage Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream into your skin . . and voila! . . loveliness . . and you are ready to go hand in hand to your next social engagement.

Buy your jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream today, wherever cosmetics are sold, or **send the coupon** and 10c for generous trial size jar.

Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream	$1.00
Krank's Honey Rose—a cold cream	1.00
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Krank's Mentho Lemon Foundation Cream	.75
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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

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A. J. Krank Co., Dept. 54, St. Paul, Minn.

For the enclosed 10c, please send trial size jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream and your booklet, "Beauty and Health."

Name .....

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All the King's Horses

wrist-watch that sparkled in the firelight, and sprang up finally. "Good heavens! It's six-thirty, and I *must* have dinner at home. I've been there only once this week."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Kingsway, and Patricia reached up and held Helen's skirt.

Ethan, lying back on a couch he had pulled up, was laughing at them all, waiting till the persuasions of the others had failed before he tried.

Into the half-lit room came an uncertain step. Helen turned and saw Doris Milliken's hesitating figure standing at the door.

"I came—to bring you home," she began, and then her voice broke.

She began to cry softly. Helen ran over to her.

"What is the matter? Oh, what is it, Doris dear?"

"I'm just silly," Doris sobbed. "You all looked so happy, and you were laughing so, and I'm—I'm so tired of not being happy, that's all!"

Helen drew her out in the hall.

"I—I ought to go speak to Mrs. Kingsway," Doris sobbed.

"No, indeed. Mrs. Kingsway will understand."

DORIS powdered her face and got hold of herself. The two girls, when Helen had put her wraps on and said a hurried word of explanation to the others, went out and drove home in Doris' car.

"What is it really, Doris?" Helen asked.

"Nina's back," Doris answered to the point.

"I know. I'm dining with her—we're dining with her—next Tuesday evening."

"I always thought she wanted Ethan," Doris said mysteriously. "You know there was a sort of belief that Ethan had never got over Nina, and she encouraged it, *I* think. Aren't you afraid to go have dinner there, Helen?"

"Oh, Doris, pretty soon you'll be afraid to go down the street alone. It will be what people call a phobia. Nina won't put poison in my soup. You know—" Helen took comfort from the herself—"Nina isn't the emotional kind."

"I know all about her! She was so horrid to my poor Ronny."

"Where is Ronny now?" Helen asked, hoping to change the subject.

"They've dropped him from college, and it's all that horrid Nina's fault. And he can't support me, and I can't—"

"You can't bring yourself to elope?" supplied Helen, remembering her own interview with her cousin's stepson.

"Ye-s. And he's so unreasonable. He says, if I loved him, I'd risk starvation with him. And oh, Helen, I'm so afraid . . . Aunt Louisa and Father were talking about eloping and—and things like that—the other day. And they said any girl who did ought never to expect her people to have anything to do with her again."

Helen felt almost impatient with Doris. After all, her own life had been a harder one than her friend's, and she had not shivered and shaken at the brink of every decision. And then she remembered remorsefully how good Doris had been to her through everything, and spoke to her gently.

"Perhaps it's better to wait till Ronny makes some money. Only try to make up your mind what you will do, and then don't be unhappy over it."

But Doris only looked up at her with big, scared eyes, and jumped back into her car, and hurried down the street to her own dinner, that slow-taken, solemn function. Helen remembered one dinner there. Stiff, formally conversing Miss Louisa offering elaborate and authoritative platitudes at one end of the table; stiff, silent Mr. Milliken uttering occasional weighty monosyllables at the other. And little thin Doris between, her satin evening dress slipping off one bony shoulder, eying Helen surprisedly, while Helen tried to make talk for three. That was what Doris was returning to. And Helen, happy in the love of the people at Kingsway, whose life was already a part of her own—people friendly and courteous and gay and, above all, true!—her own people already, thought that she must be kinder to her friend. She wondered why Doris had really come for her. To tell her something about Ronny, most likely. And then she hadn't quite. Poor child! She looked ill.

Helen was too happy to be more than lightly depressed by Doris' mournfulness and indecision. She ate her dinner with appetite, chattering along to the Birches, until Mrs. Birch said with approval to her husband, as they carried out the dishes afterward,

"I will say fer that Helen [Mrs. Birch would have died rather than speak of any one in the village by any other than a first name], fer all she's marrying a Kingsway, she's just as nice and common as ever!"

This was supreme approval. And Mr. Birch nodded his weatherbeaten face in agreement, as he went over to turn the radio on.

Helen, sewing in her room, for her evenings alone were rarer than ever, and once in awhile you *had* to mend everything up, heard the radio below her. It was playing the Barcarole from the "Tales of Hoffman," the sweetness of the violins of a stringed orchestra piercing up to where she sat. "Lovely night . . . O night of love . . ."

She sang it softly under her breath. One of those moments of perfect well-being, which come to all of us sometimes, swept over her. Her little room with its shaded light, the needle flashing out and in as she swayed in the rocker and whipped filmy lace on the edge of a satin slip the color of apple-blossoms; the music thrilling through the door, and the knowledge, about and around and through all, that there was Ethan; that he loved her and she loved him; that they were young and happy and going to be together always and always and always. The needles flashed under the light and, as she moved the rosy satin, the diamonds on her left hand flashed, too. She smiled down at them affectionately.

"Lovely night, O night of love . . ." the voices of women took it up below her. The Birches had left the window a little open.

"Oh, it is! It is!" Helen whispered, as she folded away her work and went to bed.

ETHAN'S car stopped before Helen's house ceremonially Tuesday evening. Ethan, in his evening clothes, tall and distinguished, rang Mrs. Birch's door bell to call for Helen, smiling at Mrs. Birch pleasantly and asking her about herself and her people. Ethan's aloofness was never for people like the Birches, and Mrs. Birch was beaming as he sat waiting for Helen for the brief moment it took Mr. Birch to call unceremoniously up the stairs to her. Ethan Kingsway was a legend—in spite of himself he would always be a legend—to the Birches, and many more. Some people have that quality of glamour, of excitement. And to have "the Squire" sitting, easy and friendly and dressed in evening clothes, waiting for his pretty sweetheart, in her own green-velvet rocker, was as good as a storybook to Mrs. Birch. It was as if she had domesticated a movie and was watching it happen before her eyes; young Helen coming down, slender and vivid in her long, full-skirted ivory satin, saying her laughing good-bys and going off with the Squire.

Helen herself felt a little as if things weren't real. An engagement dinner at Nina's. And for herself and Ethan Kingsway. They had been dined, sometimes with Mrs. Kingsway and sometimes without, by most of the great people of the place. There was a fine civic tradition in Kingsway—a good deal of it, Helen knew, because of this very Kingsway family's feeling about it. The life ahead of Helen would have place and power in it; she

The New Ford Convertible Cabriolet

PROUDLY you will drive the new Ford Cabriolet because of its distinctive grace of line and alert, capable performance. It has the further advantage of being a most practical car.

On clear, brisk days, the blue sky overhead, you can enjoy the airy freedom of a roadster. When dark clouds come, it takes but a few moments to raise the top and command the snug comfort of a coupe. It is thus a splendid car for all the year, for every changing mood of mind or weather.

Ease of control, comfort, the safety of fully enclosed four-wheel brakes and a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, reliability, economy and long life are among the other outstanding features of the new Ford Convertible Cabriolet.

What's Your *Answer?*

DO YOUR children drink as much milk as they ought to have—a quart a day of pure, rich milk? . . . Do you *know* that the milk they have is always pure and rich and *safe*—free from anything that could cause illness?

If you can answer a positive *yes* to those two questions, you are giving your children the best guaranty they can have of good health—now and throughout their lives. If you cannot so answer, you need to do something about it *now*.

Milk That's Always Pure and Safe

When you give your children Pet Milk you *know* they have pure, rich, safe milk. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, every drop is uniformly rich for the cream never separates. It stays in the milk. Sterilized in a sealed can, Pet Milk comes to your pantry as pure and safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world. It is the purest, richest, safest of milk.

As Much As They Need

Pet Milk makes it easier for children to drink as much milk as they ought to have. A half a glass is equal in food value to more than a full glass of ordinary milk. Because it is so easily digested they can drink it undiluted. Then you can blend Pet Milk with orange juice and other fruit juices to make drinks so delicious that children will drink, in this form, the extra milk they won't quite take as plain milk.

Superior Milk for Every Use

The extra richness of Pet Milk enables you to do things you can't do with ordinary milk. It takes the place of cream — at less than half the cost — and makes better food than cream can make. In cooking—in cream soups and creamed vegetables—for every cooking use — it gives you richness in texture and flavor that ordinary milk cannot give. And it costs less than ordinary milk.

Let Us Prove It To You!

We'll send you, free of charge, our new loose-leaf book. It's more than a recipe book though it contains 300 recipes. It will prove to you the superior qualities of this extraordinary milk.

No child ever contracted diphtheria, scarlet fever, or any of the other so-called milk-borne diseases through the use of Pet Milk . . . And, children who have Pet Milk cannot suffer from lack of any of the milk-food substances which are required to build sturdy bodies, sound in bone and tissue . . . The sure possession of these qualities is an important point of superiority in Pet Milk.

Pet Milk is sold in two sizes— six ounces and sixteen ounces. The cans are of the same size, contain the same quantity and the same quality of milk at all stores.

PET
UNSWEETENED
MILK
NET WEIGHT
PET
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
NET WEIGHT 6 OUNCES
ORANGE NOG
½ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup Pet Milk diluted with ½ cup water
Sugar to taste
Mix sugar, fruit juice and add diluted milk. Shake thoroughly. Serve cold.
Pet Milk Co., 1430 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis
Please send me some more recipes for milk drinks. Also your new free loose-leaf cook book.
Name
Address

All the King's Horses

would find herself on charitable executive committees, and one of the young married women who silently and unofficially managed the Country Club and set its pace; patroness of the series of dances given every winter. And Nina, who had been merely on the edge of all this, was the same Nina who had used Helen half as companion, half as secretary, and let her pay a little board and earn her own living besides. Helen felt in spite of herself a little humble toward Nina because of the upper hand she was bound to have toward her, and a little apprehensive as to how Nina would act. Nina could have a sharp tongue when she wanted to.

TACY, unchanged as the Sphinx, tall and brown and solid, opened the door instead of the housemaid, and greeted Helen with a warmth of affection—for her—which swept Helen along to Nina, warmed and encouraged.

But there was nothing which needed warming or encouraging in the situation.

Nina was just the same, except for a coat of fashionable tan acquired on the Riviera, Helen gathered, in company with a group of delightful and important French people and an especially adoring Russian count. She had, naturally, a smart and expensive evening frock, and her hair was cut a new way. She greeted Helen with exactly her usual amused, half-mocking friendliness, tempered with exactly the correct warmth due to the situation. She congratulated Ethan with perfect friendliness and detachment.

"I never could have done it," Helen told herself.

The fourth at dinner was Dr. Gaynor. They sat at the table around the candlesticks Helen had shopped for, eating one of the dinners Helen had planned. It was queer, and after awhile pleasant enough, and the girl let down and began to be happy. They talked about Nina's trip abroad; Helen's handling of Patricia; Mrs. Kingsway's health; the latest book and the latest plays. And finally Ronny, when Dr. Gaynor asked where the boy was just now.

"I hear he's left college," he said innocently.

Nina's face darkened. "That boy spends his life trying to put me in the position of a cruel stepmother," she said, not quite so lightly as she intended. "He cut classes till he had scarcely a chance of graduation; he spent his allowance like water and refused to give any account of it."

Helen thought of the boy's shabby overcoat and wondered, herself, what he'd been doing with the money. Financing some wild young magazine, likely, nothing worse. But Nina didn't understand wild young magazines.

"Where is he now?" Ethan asked, Helen fancied not quite so innocently. Ethan obviously really wanted to know.

"I haven't an idea," Nina said. "He stayed away from college a couple of weeks and then came back, refusing to explain a word to anyone. All the Dean knew was that he was seen with a girl nobody knew anything about. He wouldn't explain, and he wouldn't study, and finally he told the Dean that if he was under suspicion he wouldn't stay—and left. I am nearly frantic about him, as a matter of fact. The boy has done something disgraceful evidently, and I am through with him."

"Oh, Nina, I'm sure he hasn't." Helen said impulsively, flushing up.

Poor Ronny, who always took the poker by the hot end!

Nina spoke with that quiet firmness which makes statements so much more effective than feeling. "I am sure he has. I am so sure that I feel I owe it to myself to explain to my friends that Ronny is no longer under my control, financially or personally."

"Oh, Nina, and the poor boy's so impractical!" Helen pleaded.

Nina laughed lightly. "You incorrigible little flirt! I thought that was all over, now you were the captive of Ethan's bow and spear!"

Helen looked at Nina, aghast. The implication was unmistakable. And there was scarcely any way of answering that would not make things worse.

Ethan's voice, quieter than Nina's even, took up the conversation. There was tension in the air, and Dr. Gaynor, who felt something but did not know what, began to move a little uneasily and crumble bread on his plate. Helen noticed mechanically that one of the candles was guttering and of old habit signaled to Mattie to get a fresh one.

"Young Higginson was back in town not long ago," Ethan said carelessly. "I hope you haven't made Kingsway at large feel that he's quite a pariah, Nina. That's the impression I seem to get from people."

Nina's voice was a little sharper and louder as she answered. "I am not to blame if he does things which make him one. He is, so far as I am concerned."

She had thrown him deliberately, then, into the hands of the Kingsway gossips, Nina, who owed everything she had or was to the boy's old father.

"He'll never be a pariah to me," said Helen, speaking on a passionate impulse.

Ethan looked at her steadily across the luxurious dinner-table. He could not know that it was out of her own remembrance of how it felt to be humiliated in Kingsway's eyes that she spoke. To him it seemed a championship built on affection—Ethan, who was sensitive still, jealous still, because of Nina's own treatment of him ten years before. Helen wished he would speak. But he said nothing. He only watched her out of those immutable, steady, gray eyes. They could be cold eyes. They were now.

Nina broke the silence with a light, little, satisfied laugh. "But, of course, child! Anybody knows that. Ethan will always have to share your heart with Ronny, I suppose, even if the first fine careless rapture's over. Never say you weren't warned, Ethan!"

The buttons were nearly off the foils. Helen, hurt, surprised, at bay, did not know what to say. "Ethan!" was all she could find to say helplessly.

Ethan responded swiftly to her call for help. His face changed to a careless expression of amusement, and he answered Nina as if they had been laughing over some trifle.

"Naturally," he said. "I've decided that the only thing to do will be to keep her so busy that she'll have no time to respond. Patricia is my scheme for occupying her most of the time I have to be gone, you see; and from now on I shall work out an intensive schedule for her after hours. We're beginning with golf to-morrow afternoon."

NINA answered him in the same light key, and the evening ended on a pleasanter note. Nina had said all she had to say, and was her most amusing self till the end, which Helen made as soon as possible. There was nothing out of the way in the farewells. Ethan was silent after the door had closed behind them. Silently he put Helen in the car. It was not for full five minutes after they were alone that he spoke—urgently, almost angrily.

"Helen, promise me to have no more to do with the boy."

"Ethan, I can't quite promise that. I'm the only person he has to turn to for sympathy or help. And I know what it's like myself to feel that nobody has sympathy or belief for you. Ronny needs that in me."

"And he's half in love with you."

Nina's virus had worked.

"Oh, Ethan, no!"

"You haven't any way of knowing that," he said.

Helen couldn't betray Doris and Ronny. She was silent. After a few moments Ethan

baby can travel this Summer

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

TRIPS away from home with baby no longer entail annoyance and worry in providing for the regular, daily, strained vegetable feedings that play so important a part in baby's health and growth. Accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, and approved by leading national domestic science institutes — Gerber's Strained Vegetables — specially prepared, strained, steam-sterilized, and ready-to-serve — are conveniently available wherever baby may be. Just season to suit taste, or add salt or sugar as baby's doctor directs—warm — and serve.

A **Maximum Vitamin Values:** Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C, and the rich mineral salts that provide the healthful and the tooth and bone and body-building values of baby's vegetable feedings are conserved in the maximum degree by the Gerber Method. Prepared by ordinary cooking methods, vegetables lose much of this rich goodness through absorption in cooking water and through oxidation.

B **The Gerber Method:** Received at our Fremont cannery fresh and crisp from the gardens in which they are grown, the vegetables accepted by the Gerber Products Division are specially prepared, washed, cleaned, steam-pressure cooked in special vessels without the addition of water—and with oxygen excluded. They are strained through monel metal screens to a smooth, even texture that baby will like. After sealing, each product is steam-sterilized for 60' at 240°. Rich—wholesome—safe—you can get the Gerber Products for baby at grocers everywhere. Don't accept a substitute. Look for the Gerber blue and white label with the Vitamin A—Vitamin B—Vitamin C blocks. The Gerber Products save hours of time and work for mothers every day. And when there is occasion to travel, they provide new freedom for baby and mother alike.

C **Send for Assortment:** If you have not already used the Gerber Products—ask your doctor about them today. If your own grocer is unable to supply you—send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid.

In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.

Free Samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

Gerber's STRAINED VEGETABLES

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont* Canning Co., Fremont, Mich.

$1.00 Complete Assortment Dept. GH-14—Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c Strained Vegetable Soup	15c Strained Spinach	15c Strained Carrots	15c Strained Prunes	15c Strained Peas	15c Strained Tomato	15c Strained Green Beans

Name .....

Address .....

My grocer is .....

In using advertisements see page 6

NEW READERS...
PROCRASTINATORS..
BUSY PEOPLE...

You can still try

this amazing Ammonia Discovery

at our expense!

BEEN too busy to try Old Witch? You've missed something. Old Witch was made for busy women. It saves their time and energy.

***You* be the judge. *We'll* take the risk. Go to your grocer *before June 15.* Deposit the price of a quart bottle. He'll give you an extra bottle, a regular 11-ounce bottle, *free.* Use the free bottle. Then, if you don't think Old Witch is the finest ammonia ever—return the quart bottle. The grocer will return your deposit.**

But *try* Old Witch. You won't go back for your money. You'll *never* go back to old-fashioned cleansers.

A liquid, it begins to clean at once. No stirring, no waiting. Can't scratch. No muss to clean up afterward. Leaves hands soft and smooth.

Look for the milky-white fluid in the handy-grip bottle. If you *don't* find it, write The Old Witch Co , Inc., Dept. G-3, Chanin Bldg., New York.

Old Witch
MILKY-WHITE AMMONIA DISCOVERY

All the King's Horses

spoke again, with an obvious effort at control.

"Look here, darling. You say he needs belief and sympathy and help. If you'll leave the boy alone—pass him over to me when he's in one of his scrapes next time—I promise to take over the charge of him. A man a little older than he is can do a lot more with him than a girl. I promise to be everything that is kind and understanding to him."

It seemed a simple promise to make. Helen felt a distinct relief indeed.

"I promise," she said, smiling a little. "It's no treat to me, Ethan, except that I am fond of him. I've lived in the house with him on and off for a long time, and I can remember him a forlorn little boy of fourteen when I was sixteen and Nina brought him down to visit mother."

"You can remember *me* as a forlorn little boy of all ages," said Ethan more lightly. "Mother and Marietta are always giving you data—I've heard them. And trust me to handle young Higginson."

He kissed her, and they laughed about it, and the problem passed over. Helen let her burden drop with a light heart. Surely, after so many years of taking care of people, she was entitled to be taken care of a little herself!

She was beginning to learn Ethan better. She liked the man she found even more than the man she had supposed she knew. But he was different.

The steadiness, almost coolness of manner, was not in the least the real Ethan. As he had told her once, it was simply a method of managing a headstrong and emotional temperament. Under the control there was too great intensity of feeling, a tendency to dash to extremes and take things too hard, which he held in check only by his ability to laugh at himself, and his knowledge of the necessity of control. Knowing him, Helen could quite understand the ancestor who had so loved his king that he would rather leave England than forsake him; and who had so loved England that he had spent a lifetime and a fortune in carrying up to the wilds men and materials for the duplication of his English home. Ethan would have been just so unyielding, just so passionate, just so firm of purpose. Not like men to-day.

THE happy days went on. It was nearly decided now that Helen and Ethan would be married in the spring.

In the middle of these a letter came from Helen's sister Jessica. Jessica had planned to come up for the wedding, but she wrote in distress now that it seemed she'd got mixed up about the baby—it was coming two months earlier than she'd thought. (It was like Jessica even to be inaccurate about that!) And wouldn't Helen come down and stay with her? She was all alone and so frightened. She thought it would be only fair, as she wouldn't be able to come to the wedding after all.

Helen went to Mrs. Kingsway about it.

"I know there's Patricia," she said, "but it would be only a couple of weeks' vacation for her. And I can be sewing while I'm down with Jessica."

"Of course, go, child," Mrs. Kingsway told her. "We'll all miss you horribly. But I can see that Ethan will have to go on lending you to people in trouble all his life, and he might as well begin learning now. Only—" the kindly, red-brown eyes lost their young look for a moment and became wise—"your little sister will have to learn some time that she can't depend on you all her life."

"But this isn't the time," Helen said ardently. "She's so little and so scared—I can just see how she looked when she wrote—and I've always mothered her."

"Oh, my dear, I didn't mean to suggest that you shouldn't go. You must. As for the sewing, leave that to me."

Helen demurred at that.

But, backed up by Mrs. Kingsway and Ethan's own sense of fairness, Helen made arrangements to go to Jessica with very little protest from anybody but Patricia, who was frankly unwilling for Helen to feel any affection or duty for anybody outside the Kingsway family, and said so.

"I'll have run completely wild by the time you get back," she predicted.

"No, you won't," Ethan put in. "I shall put in all the time taming you that I'd otherwise spend missing Helen!"

She thought this over for a little while and then suggested going down to Baltimore with Helen, herself. Which was also vetoed. And then she took Luella and went out and sulked in the dollhouse.

Ethan saw Helen off, as a matter of course. They stood on the little station platform waiting for the train. He had been silent a moment, looking down on her as she stood, slim and straight and graceful, in the red furred coat Jessica had sent her so many months ago. She was counting over the things she had had on her mind that she was to take Jessica.

"Do you think I ought to have remembered a pretty negligée?" she asked him earnestly, "Jessica loved them so, and I know she won't have saved enough to buy a new one. And she'll be so unhappy if she hasn't any."

He looked at her, earnest and unconscious, her whole mind on what her sister would want, her bright head in its close, red-felt helmet lifted to him.

"You're the best—the dearest—the sweetest—" he said passionately. "I don't know how I'm going to stand having you away two weeks . . . Oh, yes, get it for her—only remember that I'll duplicate every pretty thing you give anybody else, as soon as we're married!"

She laughed. "Why, Ethan, you act as if I were going forever! I'll be back in a fortnight."

"I feel as if it were forever!"

"So do I," she said softly.

THERE was a click of brisk footsteps behind them.

"Oh, Helen, I'm in time to say good-by," said Nina. "I'm so glad—and here are some things of mine for Jessica. She's just my size, as she reminds me now and again. Give her my love."

The train was coming; Helen just had time to take the parcel from Nina and turn to go. Nina spoke again, scarcely heard in the noise of the train:

"By the way, I heard some gossip. It seems Tommy Delamater isn't settled in Wisconsin for good, after all. He's coming back to Kingsway."

"Is he?" Helen said absently, a foot on the step.

She did not see Ethan's face, or Nina watching him. She wished Nina hadn't been so frank about giving her old clothes to Jessica, nor about the hint that Jessica was over-willing to take them. Little Jessica was such a child about things like that . . . Then she forgot everything but that she was going away from Ethan, that she would not see him again for what seemed an age.

"Good-by, my dear," she heard his voice. "Don't forget—the King of Spain's daughter may visit other people, but she has to come back and stay with me!"

She laughed and waved, and waved again from the window when she was established in her seat. Her last sight was of Ethan's tall figure and Nina's taut little one, waving her good-by together . . .

It was not till she was trying to tell Jessica all the news she could remember, that Tommy's return came up in her memory. Even then she had too many other things on her mind to care.

(To be continued)

Watch Super Suds win speed test

in these first actual color photographs ever taken through glass dishpans

Instantaneous photographs show Super Suds floods water instantly with rich, lasting suds, while chips stay gummy, half dissolved.

←At Left Super Suds in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly.

Slow-dissolving chips At Right→

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving flakes, tells a different story! Half dissolved chips—floating around in almost soapless water! Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

NOW by means of photographs through glass dishpans you can see *exactly how soaps act below the waterline in your dishpan.*

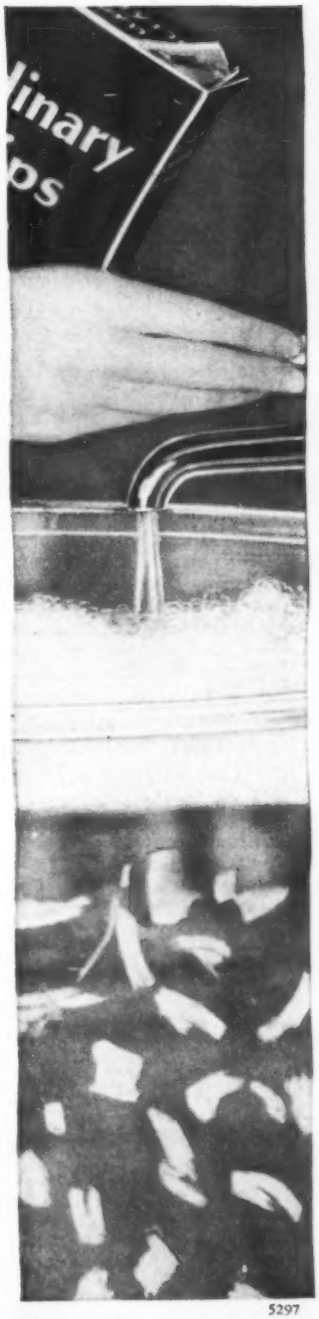
In one photograph you see gummy chips of soap . . . powerless to cleanse, because only half-dissolved! In the other you see Super Suds at work. Not the tiniest bead of soap remains undissolved! You see instant suds. Lasting suds, *through every drop of water in the pan.*

A new type soap

Bead soap gives instant, all-through-the-water suds because it's soap in an entirely new form. Tiny, hollow beads made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. Each soap bead has walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake. Thus Super Suds dissolves instantly, completely. It cuts dishwashing time in 3 ways.

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** Dissolves instantly. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** Because of suds all through the water. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** A hot rinse and dishes drain dry to shining clearness.

Get Super Suds from your grocer. A big box, 10 cents.



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*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

In using advertisements see page 6

Size 20 Will Hold That Button!

We wouldn't want to guarantee that any button sewed with our thread would never come off the shirt of a real boy. But we do know that making buttons stay put is largely a matter of using the right size thread. No. 20, in either J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T., will hold 49 buttons out of 50 through a wrestling match or a Monday washing.

On the other hand, it is just as important to use fine threads for dainty fabrics. For example, a little lady's party dress calls for No. 90 and baby clothes simply must be made with No. 100 or 120.

J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. best black and white six cord sewing threads are made in many sizes, for every type of sewing. They are on sale at notion counters everywhere. For your guidance, we have prepared a Thread and Needle Chart, showing the proper size of thread and needle for each fabric and purpose. It is free. Simply send a letter or postal to The Spool Cotton Co., Dept. 15-T, 881 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

J. & P. Coats
***and* Clark's O.N.T.**
BEST SIX CORD SEWING THREADS

The Way of All Chiffon

(*Continued from page 49*)

boxes rustled under foot. Everything was bare as a pine box. Long, bare, wooden counters strewn with unembodied blouses. A mateless shoe. A ten-thousand-dollar sable wrap. A marked-down suit from a competing store. A real diamond bracelet. A woolen bathrobe. A lady's ear-ring. A lady's fan.

And Mr. Reiser presiding over all the carefully ordered disorder. Something fine about him, something compelling and persuasive at the same time, something great.

When Miss Claremont came in, Mr. Reiser was putting the coat of a gray suit on the sparse figure of a young girl, a pale blonde girl, stringy looking.

Mr. Reiser twitched the coat this way and twitched it that; stood back; slanted his gaze.

The General Manager came in, with a secretary, a messenger, and a couple of stock girls behind him. A heavy, red-faced, powerful, silent man, Mr. Sweitzbaum.

"What do *you* think about this suit, Mr. Sweitzbaum?" Mr. Reiser demanded.

Mr. Sweitzbaum didn't think anything at all about the suit. That was not his end of the business. He knew Mr. Reiser was only asking to gain time to form his own opinion.

"I say, what do you *think* of it?" Mr. Reiser repeated.

The gray coat hung like a scarecrow's on the girl's thin shoulders. Commanded to think, Mr. Sweitzbaum really thought it was awful, and pressed, he said so.

Mr. Reiser turned upon the tailors—six tailors from the workroom, all in a row, six tailors dressed like gentlemen.

"There! Now what do you say to that?" demanded Mr. Reiser. "Mr. *Sweitzbaum* says the suit is awful!"

With an accent from Vienna and a look from Gehenna, the head tailor risked his job. "Meester Sweitzbaum ees not knowing a soot from a dress," he barked back.

"But he knows what's awful! Eh?" Mr. Reiser came back. "Even Mr. *Sweitzbaum* knows what's awful!"

The stylist from Paris stepped out from the circle surrounding the principals in the play; pinched up the coat in her fastidious, knowing fingers, over the girl's narrow shoulders.

"This girl is too slender for this suit," she said. "This is a woman's suit, Mr. Reiser."

Mr. Reiser stared at the ribby girl.

"Take this girl away, somebody," he said, "and bring me a well-developed woman!"

Then his gaze shifted to the buyers who were to sail to-night.

"Come closer, all of you," he said. "I haven't got much time to waste on you."

THE three women buyers, the two men merchandise managers, and Mary O'Collum, on her first trip, drew near him in a bunch.

"Now, I've given you all my instructions yesterday," he said. "You all know just what to do in Paris. And I won't see you again before you sail. You'll be gone six weeks. All but you, Miss Reingold. And you'll be gone ten weeks to see your husband's fam'ly in Vienna."

He reached a thin, impatient hand for the eleven o'clock cup of hot bouillon held out to him by a waiter in white, from the lunch room on the top floor of the building; gulped at the warm liquid; spoke over the top of it.

"And now," he said, "about spending money in Paris—I give you *carte blanche!* Go where you want to go. Do what you want to do. Spend what you want to spend. I give you *carte blanche.* But don't a one of you spend a cent over two thousand dollars!"

He turned to the well-developed woman somebody had brought to replace the stringy girl.

"Put that suit on her, somebody," he directed. "Somebody tell the doorman at the Fifth Avenue entrance I want to see him before he goes to lunch. Tell my secretary to call my wife and tell her I'll be late. Send for the window-dresser, somebody. I want to see the window-dresser. Somebody call up the Merchants' Association and say I'll be at the meeting to-morrow. Yes. Eh. Well? Well? Get me my— Oh, *there* you are, Miss Claremont! Now, Miss Claremont, about that Sunday ad—"

As the six Paris-bound buyers passed out at the door, Mr. Reiser called out a last word.

"Now Miss Reingold, you look after Mary O'Collum. This is her first trip. An' you been crossin' since Heck was a pup."

"Willie Morris will look after Mary," Gussie Reingold giggled.

Mr. Reiser was not looking at the Sunday ad which was held in front of him, nor at the suit on the well-developed model. He was staring out at the long row of uncurtained, unshaded windows.

"Jus' the same, you keep an eye on Mary, too," he repeated to Gussie Reingold. "Gimme that Lanvin cape, somebody. You remember, Miss Reingold, Mary is a pretty girl! An' I know them foreign sheiks. Maybe I'm doin' wrong! Maybe I ought not let Mary go to Paris!"

THE great, lighted steamer was a magic thing upon the deep. Reiser and Reiser sent their buyers first class on the fastest, finest ships. The SS Transmeria was a fairyland afloat, an island of dreams. And it was the first night out.

Mary O'Collum had never been so happy in her life. She had found right off that she was a good sailor. While the other three women had been in their staterooms all the afternoon, getting their sea legs under them, Mary had been promenading the deck with Willie Morris.

And Willie had never been so happy in his life either. Arm in arm with Mary, he had walked the miles away, around and around the deck.

Mary had forgotten all about thinking in French. Her young body responded to the stimulation of the exercise and the sea air. She was all naturalness and tenderness.

In this mood Willie was sure of her. He was sure, if he asked her at this glorious moment, she would promise to marry him.

But instead of acting the opportunist he was born to be, Willie tried an artificial effect. He saved Mary's "yes" for a more exquisite hour. He waited until the lovely night-time. He planned to hold her in his arms at the bow of the boat, in the moonlight, and make her name the wedding day.

In her stateroom, dressing for dinner, Mary took out the chiffon frock. She looked at the fragile thing shimmering in her white, loving hands. Then she hung it back in the wardrobe, and took out the crêpe silk dress instead. For she had bought them both! And that was the Irish of Mary.

There was a bathroom in the suite of rooms Mary occupied with the three other Reiser and Reiser women. But the other three seemed to monopolize it now in dressing for dinner. So that Mary, wrapped in a slim, iridescent, indiscreet dressing-gown, dashed out toward a bathroom she had seen across the corridor.

Mary, so very pretty. Impatient for Life just around the corner. And that was exactly what she met.

She met a really very charming incarnation of Life, such indeed as many a small Mary never meets in a lifetime. For around the corner she dashed headlong into the arms of the Marquis de Mélençon, returning to his beloved France from a trip to New York.

The French Marquis and Mary were thrown by the sea into each other's arms; Mary expecting so much, the French Marquis, a little bored and expecting nothing at all.

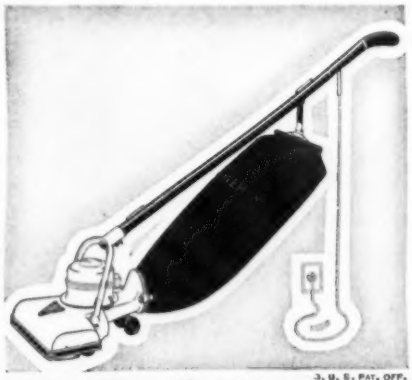
Two New Hoovers!
Greatly increased efficiency
No increase in price

Model 725 is the finest electric cleaner ever built, 25% more efficient than previous Hoovers. Model 575, selling at a popular price, is more efficient than any other make of cleaner *at any price*

You don't let the children off with ALMOST CLEAN *hands*

THE children know you have a rigid standard of cleanliness for faces and hands; you know that you have an equally rigid standard for food and dishes and linen. How about floor coverings—are you content when they are merely "surface-clean"?

Any woman who uses a Hoover may have *complete* cleanliness of her rugs and carpets. The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner—thus giving deeper cleaning—because it gets out more than the surface dust which suction is able to remove. It shakes loose—by Positive Agitation—the caked grit deep in the rug. And that is the dirt which, *left in*, destroys your rug.



The Hoover also cleans more speedily, and uses less human energy in its operation than any other cleaner. In addition, it gives scientific care to floor coverings, removing unsightly thread and lint, lifting and straightening the nap and restoring the brightness of the colors.

Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner. Descriptive booklet on request.

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners

The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOOVER

IT BEATS...AS IT SWEEPS...AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

★

© 1930, The Hoover Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

Full Fashioned Stockings of Bemberg are ideal for active sports wear

Stockings of Bemberg stand up under the hard punishment of active sports wear because they are unusually strong and are not weakened by perspiration and many washings. Fashioned with the attention to small details of finish and texture that spells smartness — they were worn in 1929 by over 3,000,000 women because of their style plus service value. In all the season's wanted colors at $1.00 per pair.

NOTED FOR
Trim fit at ankle
Lack of rings
Smooth texture
Durability

If you cannot obtain hose of Bemberg at your favorite store, mail us the coupon below with $1.00.

MADE OF
Bemberg
BRAND YARN
is a stamp of Quality on Full Fashioned Hosiery, Fine Underwear and Smart Fabrics.

AMERICAN BEMBERG CORPORATION
180 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing $1.00. Please send me one pair of Service weight hosiery of Bemberg. Size _____ Check Shade Preferred:

☐ Light ☐ Dark ☐ Medium

I was unable to buy hosiery of Bemberg at the following shop:

_____

My Name _____

My Address _____

The Way of All Chiffon

Yet the Frenchman, too, was an opportunist. Perhaps all gentlemen are opportunists. At any rate the Marquis de Mélençon was much more awkward in getting Mary out of his arms than he had been in allowing her to dash into them.

"Oh—oh—I—I beg your pardon," Mary gasped, tightening the indiscreet, iridescent dressing-gown about her.

"Why should you beg my pardon, Mademoiselle?" laughed the Frenchman. "Are we not both in the same boat?"

The boat kindly listed again, and he steadied her arm with his hand.

Mary's ears were charmed. For the Marquis spoke in French. Her first bewildered thought was that so perfect a Frenchman could be none other than Adolph Menjou in a movie! But the eagerness of his hand on her arm quickly dispelled the screen illusion. She drew back, tried to brush by him.

"You—you speak French," she stammered.

"*Mais oui, Mademoiselle. Certainement,*" he replied. "Why not? I have been French much longer than Mademoiselle has been American."

"While I am in Paris, Monsieur, I too am going to be French," Mary said, laughing, managing the whole sentence in the language of the Marquis.

And then she was so fluttered, she turned back to her room, instead of trying to pass him.

In her own room again, without one instant of hesitancy, Mary put the crêpe silk dress back in the wardrobe and took out the chiffon.

And Willie? While this moment of destiny had come, and paused so glitteringly before it passed, Willie was smiling at his own reflection in his stateroom mirror, dressing so fastidiously for this night of nights.

And the Marquis Bouté de Mélençon? Standing by the ship's rail, thinking how very pretty was the Irish girl.

Willie was simply intoxicated with Mary's radiance when she met him at the door of the dining saloon. And there was something different about her, something new to him, that made him timid. Made him afraid even to presume to mention the fact that she wore the fragile chiffon dress!

They sat at the table with the other three Reiser and Reiser women and the other Reiser and Reiser merchandise manager. Willie scarcely ate at all, thinking of the magic moment after dinner, when he would hold Mary in his arms in the moonlight.

He did what he could to monopolize her during dinner. But how could one slim lingerie buyer monopolize Beauty? For Beauty is of the spirit, uncontainable, and shines upon the just and unjust equally, so that every one in the saloon enjoyed Mary.

Willie managed to get a tall silver vase of roses placed between her and one ugly, elegant, and important-looking German officer, but he did not even see the French Marquis.

ON THE deck at last, Willie drew Mary away from the Reiser and Reiser group. Drew her quickly along the wide, polished deck, in a line as the bird flies, toward the bow of the boat. For however big the biggest boat, it has only one bow. And one bow has only room enough for two.

But down the deck, coming toward Mary and Willie, was a smart little cavalcade. The Captain of the ship, two swank ship's officers flanking him—and, in step with him, the Marquis de Mélençon.

It was evident to any one that the smart party was bent upon some project of importance. But what was that to Willie? He drew Mary aside to let the Captain's party pass.

But it did not pass. Instead, the Captain bowed to Mary.

Even then Willie tried to pull Mary along. But he may as well have tugged at the arm of the Statue of Liberty. For the Captain formally introduced the Marquis Bouté de Mélençon. Willie Morris never did know just how it happened. And no one else knew—except the Marquis, who all his life had made a business of just such pleasures. But presently Mary was walking away beside the Frenchman and looking forward toward *la belle France*, while Willie was standing alone beside the rail, still thinking American!

As long as Willie could see Mary's chiffon dress glimmering the way of all chiffon, he seemed to have an invisible hold upon her that comforted him. But when he could no longer see her, the quick, possessive spirit of life, that is life itself to a man of Willie's type, oozed out of him.

And somehow he was no longer a man of the world *en route* to Paris. Somehow he was no longer the Women's Lingerie buyer for the biggest women's wearing apparel shop on earth. Something psychic inside him slipped, and he was little Willie Morris down on Sullivan Street, south of Washington Square. And it was growing dark, as he hung over the rail of the stoop of his father's old brownstone house. And looked up at the lights of his mother's room, so very far up. And knew his mother was there in her room, sewing cheerfully on his little cotton shirts. Little cotton shirts that would never be of any use to any one now, because he would never be able to reach his mother again, and the light and cheerfulness about her. Up the dark stumbling steps, where fear made his stomach sick.

Then Willie Morris, who was really partly a little boy and partly a man, as men are always, as long as they live in this world, heard his own voice say "Momma!"

And he saw that what he had thought were the cheerful lights of his mother's room were only the reflection of the ship's lights in the sea.

"Good God," he said. "Good God."

For when a grown man calls on his mother, and she does not answer, he calls on God.

THE Reiser and Reiser party stayed at the Crillon Hotel in Paris. And the Marquis de Mélençon stayed there, too.

But in spite of the Marquis Mary was with Willie Morris all day, every day. For she was new to buying in Paris, and she had to have some one to show her around. Who, then, but Willie? For merchandizing was one of the few facets of life the versatile Frenchman had never thought to polish. So that in the daytime Willie certainly had the bulge on the Marquis.

But in the evening! Certainly then the Marquis had the bulge on Willie. For the Marquis was practically Paris, and Paris was practically the Marquis.

Starting out in the evening from under the long, lovely arcades of the Crillon Hotel, the Frenchman would fill Mary's head with the glittering romances of this City of Pleasure. Dashing tales of *Henri Quatre* and the beautiful Italian Marie de Medici who laid out the Champs Élysées as they are today. Glamourous legends of Mary, Queen of Scots, pacing arrogant and English across the *Place de la Concorde* with her little French kinglet by her side. The unhappy Austrian, Marie Antoinette, ascending the guillotine there where the Egyptian monolith now marks the spot. And Josephine de Beauharnais, coming from the dim, classic *Palais de Justice* to meet Napoleon at the Crillon Palace itself. And Marguerite Eugénie, with her charming Spanish taffetas which the French *couturières* refused to give up when her ill-fated Napoleon III gave up the throne of France forever.

And Willie such a decent sort that even in his own distress he could not help but be glad Mary was seeing a world he could never have shown her himself. A world that can not be bought for money, only for love. A world given as a gift by destiny to a few. The exotic, elegant, fastidious world of the nobility of *la belle France*.

And Willie so tender he could not bear to

"I can't get it to start!"

She always just asked for "oil"

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66&A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.-6, Sp.-6, Twin Ig.-6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-60, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

She always asks for "oil," although she never buys anything else so casually. She would never ask for just "a box of breakfast food" or just "a jar of cold cream."

Yet, she risks *any oil.*

Her efficient housekeeping mind would probably be startled by the facts. The *wrong* oil always causes engine trouble sooner or later . . . often excessive carbon deposits, fouled spark plugs, sticking valves . . . and later a repair bill to pounce on her budget.

"But I know nothing about machinery. *How can I select the right oil for my car?*" Do you feel this way yourself? Yet—you *can choose and test your choice* by facts.

When you learn, for example, that Mobiloil is the leading motor oil of the world . . . that it is made by the world's recognized leaders in lubrication . . . you might decide to choose Mobiloil for these reasons alone.

But you can confirm your decision with two other important facts:

In aviation—where motors *must not* fail—Mobiloil is the leading oil. (Colonel Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart flew the Atlantic with Mobiloil.)

The manufacturer of your car approves Mobiloil. No other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.

Could *any* facts speak with more certainty than these?

And then—why is Mobiloil right for *your particular car?* Because Mobiloil engineers have studied your engine and made a type of Mobiloil to fit it.

By a single glance at the chart on this page you can choose the *correct* type of Mobiloil which will keep your car young and clean and powerful. You can be as certain of buying the *right* oil for your car as though you were an experienced engineer.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

NOW she'll ask for

Mobiloil

In using advertisements see page 6

All 3—
Aged 6 Months in the Making
—for rich mellow flavor

DIFFERENT in flavor, yes. But alike in rare old mellowness because they are aged 6 months in the making—an exclusive process that makes Clicquot Club Ginger Ales exceptionally delicious. Have you tried all three of them?

GOLDEN has the spirited tang of real ginger—a zestful drink that is stimulating to the appetite—the much-favored old-time ginger ale so many folks prefer.

PALE DRY—with fruit flavorings more pronounced—is mild and delicate, ideally suited for many recipe drinks. And delightful alone.

SEC is dry . . . very dry . . . a modern-day ginger ale. Its own distinctive flavor blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself . . . a ginger ale supreme.

In no other ginger ale can you enjoy this choice of flavors to suit different tastes, or moods, or occasions. No matter which you prefer, you can always serve Clicquot and be sure of wholesome purity that is finally guaranteed by the use of *brand-new bottles*. No bottle is ever used a second time.

CLICQUOT ★ CLUB
GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from W E A F and Associated N.B.C. Stations, at 9 p. m., New York Time*

The Way of All Chiffon

dispel the dreams in Mary's eyes even in the daytime! So that he did practically all her work, as well as his own, and was so fagged at night, he had to be glad the Marquis would be taking Mary out again.

For the work of an American merchandizing man in Paris for a few short weeks is a full-sized man's job. Intellectual and physical, and moral, too. It takes an able brain, and good judgment, and an indefatigable body. And it takes character, an iron will to withstand the blandishments of this gay city decked out to bewilder the world. It takes fortitude to fight off the glamour of the Parisian nights that would rob a Samson of his days!

But Mr. Reiser, back in his private office in New York, thought Willie should have dropped merchandizing and taken up Marquising instead. Mr. Reiser himself had been presented by the French Government with the order of the Legion of Honor. And he was having serious thoughts of pushing the French Government to do a little something for Willie.

"Eh. Yes. Well," Mr. Reiser grunted as he read a letter from Gussie Reingold. "Eh. Yes. Mary wants glammer! I know what wimmen want. An' Willie's got *plenty* of glammer. If he would just take time to use it. I tell you, Mr. Sweitzbaum, not one American man in a thousand will take any time for glammer. And that's where them foreigners always get ahead with the wimmen."

Mr. Reiser looked up at the General Manager, handed Gussie's letter to him with a hot, trembling hand.

"My—heart—is—broke," he said thoughtfully, and he carefully kicked over the wastebasket with a custom-made, meticulously polished shoe.

"Tell you what, Mr. Sweitzbaum," he said then suddenly, reaching for the buzzer on his desk. "Tell you what I'm goin' to do! Miss Katz! Miss Katz! Oh, *there* you are, Miss Katz. Send for the foreign representative. I want him here! Now! Tell the switchboard operators to hunt for the foreign representative. Tell them to ring every telephone on the board. If he's in the buildin' I want him now. Tell you what I'm goin' to do, Mr. Sweitzbaum. I'm goin' to cable 'em all *to come home and bring Mary!*"

Miss Katz disappeared out of the room to get the foreign representative. And in an instant, as if by magic, the telephones began to ring in the adjoining offices, all at the same time, all over the vast, sprawling establishment on Fifth Avenue. Even the telephone on Mr. Reiser's own desk in front of him rang.

"If Mr. Adrinople is there, tell him Mr. Reiser wants him," the word went out. "Is the foreign representative there? Mr. Reiser wants Mr. Adrinople in the private office."

Curiously, simultaneously, hundreds of tongues and hundreds of pairs of eyes, all looking for, calling for Mr. Adrinople on every floor, in every nook and cubbyhole where there was a telephone. Ten telephones in the advertising department alone, all ringing at the same time.

"Is Mr. Adrinople there? Mr. Reiser wants Mr. Adrinople!"

And Mr. Reiser popping nervously back and forth across the green carpet of his private office, sometimes calling out:

"Miss Katz! Miss Katz!—Oh, *there* you are, André."

ANDRÉ ADRINOPLE was the foreign representative. Slim, tall, quick, Greek, unsurprisable. All that he had to be and more, to be the foreign representative for twenty years. If Mr. Reiser had told André to import Vesuvius, André would have imported Vesuvius. And Mr. Reiser could doubtless have made frequent use of Vesuvius.

Now he was making for the door and talking to Adrinople at the same time. Mr. Reiser was taking his hat from the little office boy who sprang before him.

"*There* you are, André. Now, Mr. Sweitzbaum, you tell André what I want. I want every one of my buyers out of Paris to-day. *To-day*. I want every one of 'em on the *SS. Transatlantic* to-night. *To-night*. At Le Havre. Understand? Eh. Yes. And I want every one of 'em here in my office Thursday. *Thursday!*"

The door slammed after Mr. Reiser—opened, while he stuck his head back in. "An' I mean Miss Reingold, too!" he snapped. "I told her to look after Mary. An' look how she's looked after her! I don't care if Miss Reingold never sees her husband's fam'ly in Vienna. I want Gussie Reingold here Thursday."

The door slammed again—opened again.

"Cable Miss Reingold she can go to Vienna in the fall!"

Again the door closed, and for the last time. And with it closed the subject of the buyers in Paris, until the cable came from Willie Morris.

The tailors' strike in between. The shop's Foreign Legion Ball in between. The close-outs and inventories in between. And all the time the *SS. Transatlantic* coming nearer, westward. Great she-swan breasting the waves, straight toward Mr. Reiser.

AND there probably never was so much excitement in Paris as when Mr. Reiser's cablegram arrived at the Crillon Hotel. Certainly there never could have been any more. In all history there never could have been more chaotic cries and more hasty collections of accoutrements.

And whatever beauties of whatever bloods royal had ever blushed with joy over their proposals in Paris, none had ever blushed lovelier than Mary when, at the last moment, the Marquis asked her to marry him. And of course she told him she would. Who wouldn't?

And never a great gentleman whom Paris has sent away mourning—from Napoleon Bonaparte to President Wilson—has ever left Paris mourning more deeply than Willie Morris.

Mary was having tea with the Marquis de Mélençon in the Ritz garden when he asked her to marry him. All her things were packed. And down in the lobby of the Crillon Hotel, waiting to catch the boat-train to Le Havre, Willie was watching them for her.

The Marquis and Mary had their first cups of tea. And tremulously, with hands that shook with excitement, Mary was pouring the hot water into the teapot for the second cups. The Marquis reached over and steadied her hand with his—laughing. And their eyes met. And the Marquis committed himself. As many and many a French Marquis before him had committed himself, there in that same Ritz garden, over the teacups and under the eyes of Europe.

"Will you marry me, Mary Marie? I love you," he said.

Mary Marie promptly spilled the hot water. The waiter bent hurriedly over the gay little table. And the Marquis was afraid Mary was running away. For she stood up to brush the shining drops of water off her frock.

"Answer me! Will you? Will you?" the Marquis demanded, speaking over the bent head of the waiter.

"Yes. Oh, yes," Mary answered, crushing her tea-napkin between the vase of flowers and the china teapot on the table.

This was, of course, what Mary had been planning for and waiting for ever since Mr. Reiser's cablegram had come. And now her practical American head turned instantly to the next step in her plans.

"Yes. Oh, yes," she said. "But hurry!"

But the Marquis was only standing until Mary sat down. He had no idea a proposal was a matter to be attended to among others, and filed. In Europe love is the reason for living. And the Marquis certainly expected to take at least the rest of the tea hour to his proposal.

PARIS OFFERED A RARE OLD MAYONNAISE . . . THEN WE

Double whipped it

THE RESULT:

Exquisite new flavor for the simplest of your salads!

Double whipping is the last artful touch of the Hellmann chefs to a treasured old mayonnaise recipe from France . . . the extra promise of new delicacy for your salads.

Carefully, thoroughly the ingredients are whipped . . . and then for added deliciousness, they are whipped completely again! "Double whipping" it is called.

The result? An ecstasy of deliciousness . . . a superlative mayonnaise, amazingly creamy and smooth. Little wonder that fruit and vegetable salads, tomato and even simple hearts-of-lettuce salads have achieved new importance in so many millions of homes.

Carefully Chosen Ingredients . . . Even with double whipping this Hellmann's Mayonnaise could never taste so good without our superb ingredients. They are the very same kind you would use yourself. Breakfast eggs, a secret blend of spices, selected salad oils and vinegars . . . each blended by double whipping to a perfect harmony of flavor.

So this way, please, to new salad delight! Tonight, you can taste in your salads an utterly different piquancy . . . a complete new delicacy of flavor. And remember, too, that with this mayonnaise you can make a dozen different kinds of salad dressings . . . quickly, easily, without risk.

Go to your grocer and ask for your jar of Hellmann's Mayonnaise . . . the brand that has won its way into more homes than any other. You will be amazed and delighted. ★

© 1930, G. F. CORP.

HELLMANN'S *Blue Ribbon* MAYONNAISE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

THE HELLMANN HEAD CHEF SAYS:

"The secret of our mayonnaise? I will tell you. First of all our ingredients—the finest you can buy. Then a recipe, a famous old French recipe, that we carefully keep a secret. And last of all, but very important—our method of mixing. We whip each batch not once but *twice*. The 'double whip' I call it. That, Madam, is why every single jar that leaves our kitchens is so velvety smooth and delicious."

FREE Our booklet "Salad Ideas" describes many new and delicious salads and tells exactly how to serve them. Fill in and mail the coupon below for your copy. Address Richard Hellmann, Inc., 3408 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N. Y. (If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.) (G. H. 6-30)

Please print name and address clearly.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Now!

SILVERPLATE CHANGES COMPLETELY

to fit in with present-day china . . . glassware . . . linens

Three-Piece Tea Set, $65.00 . . . Tray, $25.00

Time has done beautiful things to your table. Decked it with gay and modern glassware . . . Changed the old "china set" to a varied, colorful service . . . Banished the old tablecloth in favor of tinted linens. New style, new taste. But up to now . . . silverware has changed just in pattern and engraving.

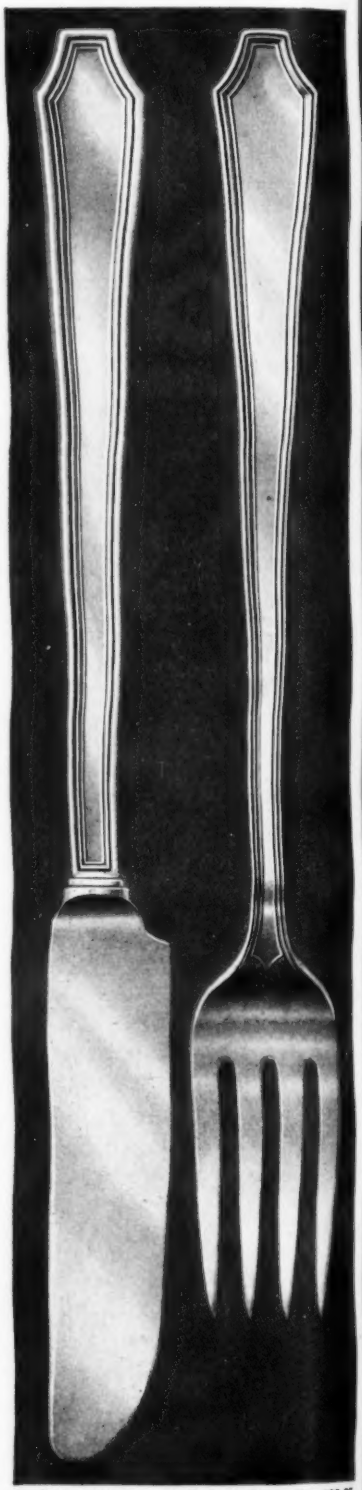
Now . . . the VIANDE Knife and Fork. Totally new. In harmony with the changed china, linens, and crystal. A true basic improvement in both looks and practicality. Long handles. Short blades and tines. New balance and feel . . . and beauty. Now your table's transformation is complete, the entire silver service modernized, even to the tea and dinnerware . . . by the change in these two basic flatware pieces. Made in 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . the original ROGERS Silverplate . . . the most illustrious of all silverplate.

Your silverware merchant offers you VIANDE Knives and Forks in these seven lovely patterns . . . Silhouette, Legacy, Ancestral, Anniversary, Argosy, Ambassador and Heraldic. Covers for six, 26 pieces, $38.00; "Pieces of Eight" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, $49.50. Regular knives and forks are also available for those who prefer them. There are other new pieces—such as salad knives and cream soup spoons.

Write for booklet T-23, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware." Address Dept. "E," International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Viande KNIFE and FORK

(*Right*) Viande Knife and Fork. Legacy Pattern.
(*Left*) . . . . 3-Piece Tea Set. Legacy Pattern.



Six Knives, $15.00 . . . Six Forks, $8.25 . . . Set, $23.25

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The Way of All Chiffon

"Hurry?" he echoed. "Hurry where!"

"To—to get your baggage from the hotel," Mary answered, astonished. "To catch the boat-train!"

"What train? What train?" exclaimed the excitable Frenchman.

"I said the boat-train. For Le Havre. Aren't you—well—if you want to marry me, aren't you leaving with me?"

"I leaving Paris? Why, I have only just come!" cried the Marquis. "I never remain less than a month at this season. And then I go to Cannes!"

"But—I—I must go to New York—to-night."

Mary was looking about the charming garden. In her excitement she had forgotten which way she had come in, and her only preoccupation at this moment was how to get out.

With a rueful look at his favorite French pastry absolutely untouched on his plate, the Marquis put down a forty-franc note on the table and followed his fiancée under the arcades of the garden, out into the *Place Vendôme*.

"But Mary Marie, *ma petite*," he was protesting. "Do you not know that it is the custom of my country for a gentleman's wife to follow him? Not for a gentleman to follow his wife."

Mary's lovely brow wrinkled. "But this is different," she faltered.

For how could Mary know that a Frenchman would rather his romance would be damned almost any other way than by being "different"?

"I—I can't explain all the details now," Mary went on. "But I—we—must go back with the others to New York because—you see, well, it's a sort of secret—but I am going to open a little shop on Fifty-Seventh Street next month! A little Gift Shop of my own—with Willie Morris."

The Marquis turned crimson. Just the ordinary crimson of any underbred instead of overbred lover. "A shop! On Fifty-Seventh Street! *With Willie Morris!*" he achieved in the appropriate crescendo. "But you will be the Marquise de Mélençon next month. With me in my villa at Cannes!"

"But—but what about Willie?" said Mary.

The Frenchman had taken Mary's arm. He was guiding her dexterously down the short *rue Cambon*, toward the *rue de Rivoli* and the Hotel Crillon.

"Willie! Why, confound Willie!" said the Marquis Bouté de Mélençon in English.

"Willie" he snorted again, after an interval in which Mary was thinking over what he had said the first time. "Willie's out, that's all. You wait here, while I get your luggage."

THE Marquis thrust Mary into a little stationery store on the *rue Cambon*. And, odd as it was, Mary waited. For Frenchmen really have a way with commanding women to wait—having successfully — so far — commanded them for centuries to wait almost anywhere—either here, there, or yonder.

So Mary, crying quietly into her handkerchief, waited in the stationery shop on the *rue Cambon*, next door to famous Antoine, the hairdresser who wears a diamond wrist-watch on his ankle and does all the smartest *coiffures* of all the smartest women of six continents.

Mary looked at the wooden counter piled with French-blue writing pads such as one may find nowhere else, admired them, wondering what the villa was like at Cannes. And remembering what the Gift Shop was like on Fifty-Seventh Street! Remembering methodically, down to the last doorknob. For she and Willie Morris had taken the lease and had the fascinating little place decorated surreptitiously the month before they left New York. While she was wondering if, after all, she and Willie had selected the right chintz for the window-curtains, the Marquis came back, with her heavy, American-made trunk on the running-board of a taxi, and her *petite baggage* inside.

Mary ran out to the taxi the moment it stopped. "Wha—what did Willie say?" she gasped.

"He said it in English," the Marquis replied. "Get in!"

In fact the Marquis looked a little upset, for a person who is supposed to know the world. Mary glanced down the *rue* toward the Crillon Hotel. She even took a step away from the taxi. But the Marquis really had a way with him. He had made her wait in the stationery shop, and he had got her baggage away from Willie. He was, in fact, a considerable Marquis.

"Get in. Get in," he commanded now.

Mary got in. "I—I want to go home," she said though, as soon as she sat beside him in the taxi. "I—I don't care a thing about a villa at Cannes."

But the Marquis put his arm around her and brushed away her tears with his handkerchief, embroidered in a corner with the crown of France. "There, there, darling! Of course you don't care about any silly old villa. But you *do* care about me."

Mary looked at him. Did she care about him? Alone like this in a taxi? For is there any spot in all the world so alone as in a taxi?

The Marquis really looked splendid, as she looked at him. But even as she thought how splendid he was, she began to cry again.

"When—when shall we be married?" she rallied enough to ask on the next block.

And there the Marquis made the same mistake Willie Morris had made on the boat. Will gentlemen never learn that only poets and artists may loiter over love!

The Marquis opened his lips to answer, "We will be married to-day!" But he suddenly remembered a dinner engagement of long standing with a Captain of the Fusiliers. And he said, "To-morrow."

WHEN the Marquis had left her at the Hotel Plaza Athenée, Mary was in her charming room waiting for her wedding day. But she was not thinking of her wedding day at all. And when a messenger boy arrived with an immense florist's box, Mary did not open the box, or even trouble to look at the card that dangled from it in a little envelope. For who could the flowers be from except the Marquis? And if she were married to the Marquis, her flowers would always be from him.

Long rows of years of florists' boxes, all from the Marquis, confronted Mary in imagination. It was too much.

In the smartest hotel in all the world, the affianced bride of a French Marquis, Mary O'Collum saw suddenly that real Romance with a capital R may not be glittering, after all. That Romance may be homely even. But is something of your own, given and not sought. Something right at your own door, that you are happy with and can not live without.

And once unimaginative Mary had got this one bit of analyzing done—the only analyzing she ever did in her whole life—and enough for anybody to do who wants to be happy truly—she began to try to get back real romance that was slipping away from her so very fast.

She called the porter downstairs in the hotel. And was told that there was "Yes, *oui*, a train in half an hour for Le Havre," which "Yes, *oui*, would just catch an outgoing steamer."

But the steamer was bound for Bombay! Still Mary did not let that deter her. If the worst came to the worst, she preferred Bombay to Paris anyway. For she was trembling with fear that the telephone would ring, and it would be the Marquis. He who had made her wait in the stationery shop and had got her baggage away from Willie!

As she hurried to put her real shell toilet things back in her dressing-bag, she kept saying over to herself, half under her breath, half aloud, a little rhythmic, compelling, hypnotic refrain. Simply, monotonously, it was:

"I want Willie. I know what I want, and it's Willie!"

ONE
in a
HUNDRED

There are a hundred different ways to use the sweet, toothsome pieces of plump, carefully selected, government inspected (*) chickens which constitute every tin of R & R Boned Chicken . . .

Cooked in solid nickel kettles and packed the R & R way with every tin *brimful* of tender pieces—Richardson & Robbins Boned Chicken is the easy and economical way to all sorts of enchanting chicken dishes . . . Here's a suggestion for one that will cause every member of the family to ask for a second helping.

CREAMED CHICKEN
with asparagus tips
(5 covers)

1 tin of R & R Boned Chicken
1 pint of cream or milk
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
2 ounces of butter
1 tin of Asparagus Tips
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter in a pan and add flour. Stir until smooth then add hot milk or cream. Season with a little salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add the chicken as it is prepared in the can to the cream sauce. Cook for 5 minutes and serve with the asparagus tips which have been heated in the can to prevent any loss of their flavor. Garnish with a strip of red pepper.

Your grocer has R & R Boned Chicken always in stock.

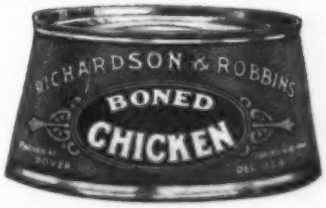
Let him serve you today.

(*)Every chicken is inspected and certified by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

R&R

Richardson & Robbins

Established Since 1855 in Dover, Del.



In using advertisements see page 6

Your Baby's Health Depends on It!

THE most important factor in the sound growth and healthy development of your baby is proper feeding.

Eminent physicians everywhere recognize the vital necessity of a well balanced diet for delicate infant digestions.

Yet there is no need for complicated formulas or expensive baby foods. A simple mixture of Karo Syrup and pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, supplemented with cod liver oil and orange juice provides every need. And Karo and milk is so easy to prepare, economical and, above all, SAFE!

Karo is recommended by leading doctors and hospitals throughout the country. Why not ask YOUR physician?

Free to Mothers!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. G-6, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

The Way of All Chiffon

And who knows if Willie heard her? For is it not said on as good authority as the Bible that the desire for anything is the evidence that it not only exists but is attainable! That Faith is the *evidence* of things not seen.

Who knows indeed? Not even Mr. Reiser.

And not even Mr. Reiser ever knew that Mary, waiting neither for time nor tide, left the smart Hotel Plaza Athenée and hurried to Le Havre just to be near the same waters that were bearing Willie, even though they were bearing him away. Determined to wait at the very shore for the next boat to New York.

And nobody but Willie ever did know that it was while she stood on the cluttered pier, with the French all around her, and her eye straining out to sea, that she heard the most magic words in the world, in unmistakably the worst French that had ever fallen upon her ears.

"Make haste, make haste! I want to catch the next train back to Paris," was what she heard.

The voice came from the other side of a taxi standing near Mary. She could hear baggage being thumped into it. She ran.

"What in the world do you mean by going back to Paris?" she demanded of the slim, gesticulating, handsome Women's Lingerie buyer from Reiser and Reiser's establishment in New York. "Didn't Mr. Reiser cable us all to come home? And— Oh, Willie, Willie, I thought you had gone without me!"

She was sobbing in his arms, and he was patting her shoulders. And the French taxi driver, who loved love as only a Frenchman can, was having one of the high spots of his life.

"Why, Mary, don't you know I never, never would go without you! Never, never!"

"Then why did you leave the Crillon Hotel without me?"

Willie's face was perplexed. He wanted to be diplomatic, and truthful, too. "I—what I thought was that you would take an airplane and catch up at Le Havre here," he said. "So I came. And when you didn't catch up, I was just going back after you."

"I didn't think of an airplane," Mary answered stupidly. "But didn't you really think I was going to stay in Paris and marry the Marquis?"

"Of course not, Mary. I just thought American all the time," Willie answered. "I—I knew all that French business was just—glammer. Like that chiffon dress, Mary, that's worn out already. Just something that goes. Goes the way of all glammer."

But Mr. Reiser, in New York, knew better about glamour. When André Adrinople handed him the ten-page cablegram from Willie Morris explaining everything. Explaining that William and Mary were married at Le Havre, and would take a honeymoon among the Ionian Isles!

"The Ionian Isles? Now, can you beat that, Mr. Sweitzbaum?" said Mr. Reiser of Reiser and Reiser. "*The Ionian Isles.* Eh. Yes. Didn't I tell everybody Willie Morris had glammer!"

What About Plastic Surgery?

(*Continued from page 109*)

knit soundly about the opening. A secondary operation, to reconstruct that abdominal wall and prevent rupture in the wound, is to the surgeon a "plastic operation." Suppose you suffer a bad fracture of the arm involving the elbow joint. The fracture heals but leaves a stiff elbow. A surgical operation known as an "arthroplasty" will reconstruct the joint and correct the stiffness. The very name of the operation identifies it as plastic surgery. To prevent death or deformity demands surgical training, experience, skill, of course. To restore the patient's body to its original strength and

Grains of Wheat and Rice Shot from HUGE GUNS!

How exploding 125 million food cells makes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice twice as delicious . . . and gives them the nourishment you usually expect only from hot cereals.

SCENE — the laboratory of Columbia University. A scientist holds in his hand a slender glass test tube. In it are 4 grains of wheat—4 of rice. He seals the tube. Revolves it slowly over an intense flame. Then breaks the seal and eagerly examines the contents.

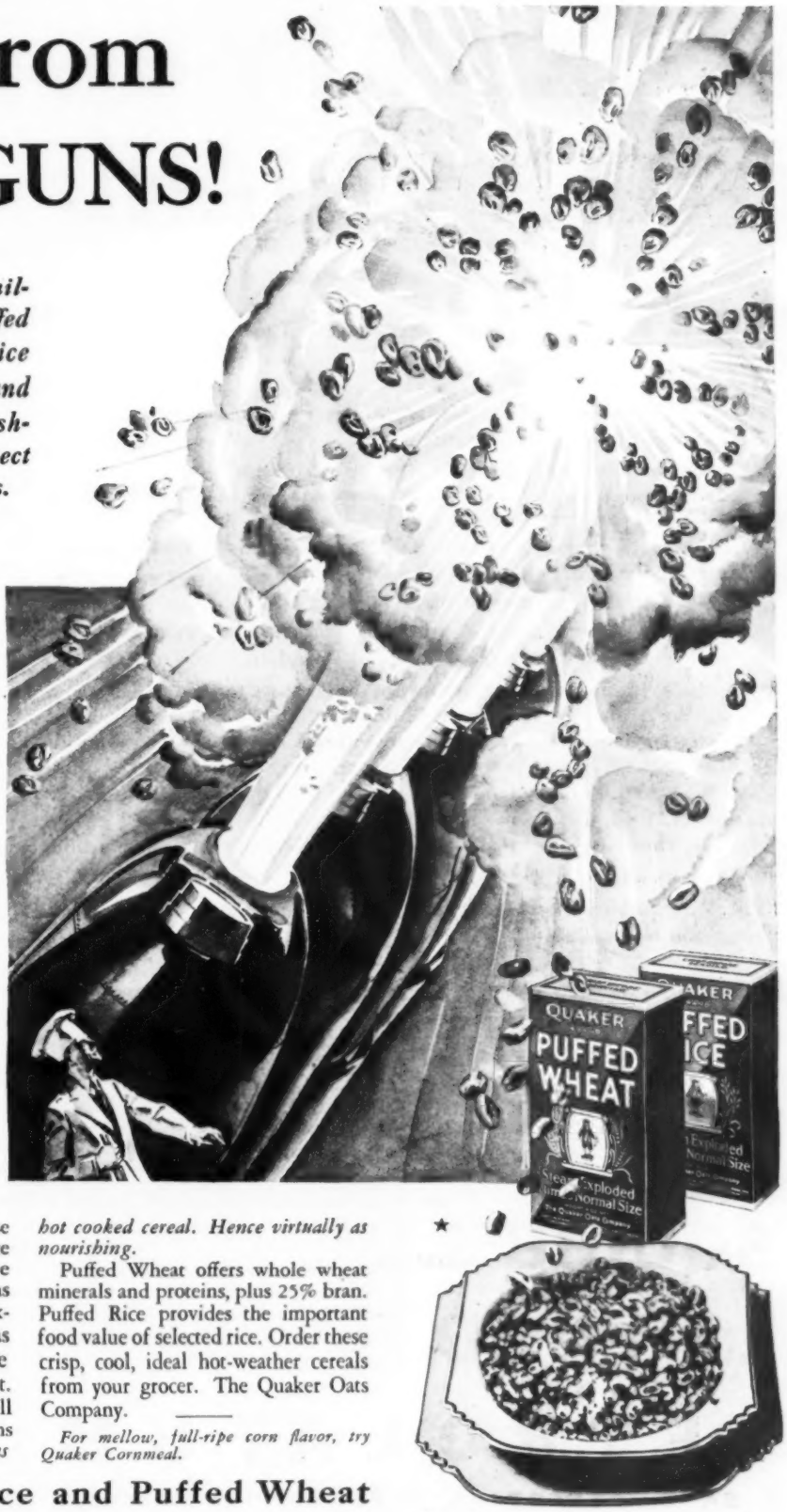
The grains are puffed to 8 times their normal size! They are crisp . . . crunchy . . . uniquely delicious. Most marvelous of all, the microscope shows that every one of the thousands of tiny food cells in each grain is broken, thoroughly exploded! Professor Anderson has found the secret of making solid grains light, crisp, digestible. He has discovered Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Makes grains more nutritious

Today, that single test tube has become 75 bronze cannons. Each day, at the Quaker Oats factory, these guns are loaded with plump, choice grains of wheat and rice. They are revolved in fiery ovens. Then the guns are fired. This causes 125 million explosions in each tiny kernel. Just as in the test tube, the grains are made crisp, light, meltingly good to eat. Most important of all, every food cell is broken open, so that Puffed Grains become *as completely digestible as hot cooked cereal. Hence virtually as nourishing.*

Puffed Wheat offers whole wheat minerals and proteins, plus 25% bran. Puffed Rice provides the important food value of selected rice. Order these crisp, cool, ideal hot-weather cereals from your grocer. The Quaker Oats Company.

For mellow, full-ripe corn flavor, try Quaker Cornmeal.



Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

In using advertisements see page 6

ARE LAXATIVES YOUR FRIEND OR FOE?

IT IS an all too popular habit, at the first symptoms of intestinal sluggishness, to dose with laxatives.

Instead of effecting safe relief, the indiscriminate use of laxatives is a dangerous practice. In fact, the constant use of harsh laxatives may make you an intestinal cripple.

A wise, general rule is not to take laxatives except under a physician's supervision. The medical profession are constantly warning the public of the grave evils of self-dosing with harmful laxatives. Instead, they advise the use of a bland mineral oil . . . a harmless internal lubricant such as Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum.

Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum is not a laxative, a cathartic, or a purgative. It promotes normal elimination solely by mechanical action. It is not absorbed into the system; hence, it can cause no habit nor build fat. It is safe to use at all times by every one.

Be sure to ask your druggist for *Squibb's* Liquid Petrolatum or Squibb's Liquid "Pet," for short. Then you will be assured of a clear, odorless, tasteless mineral oil—as pure and as palatable as scientific skill can make it.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

• • •

The Squibb Laboratories manufacture a complete line of pharmaceutical and biological products to meet every need of modern medicine. Among them are pure, reliable laxatives. When your physician prescribes a particular laxative, you can buy it under the Squibb label—a guarantee of the highest quality and purity.

★

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM

A SAFE, EFFECTIVE INTERNAL LUBRICANT

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

What About Plastic Surgery?

beauty requires that extra touch of supreme artistry which marks the work of the truly great surgeon.

This artistry is sometimes glibly described by jealous rivals in the medical profession as "a gift." But more often it is the reward of years of patient observation and experience. In the present generation of surgeons, there are a few who had the opportunity to reap the benefit of whole eons of experience in a few years. These are the surgeons who worked through the war and, either in France or here in our own army hospitals, saw more emergencies, performed more operations, were called upon to create more unusual surgical procedures, than a peace-time surgeon would experience in twenty lifetimes. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that modern plastic surgery dates from 1915.

Pioneers in Plastic Surgery

Facial restoration, as it is practised to-day by the really significant men in the medical profession, is surely no older than this. These really significant men are the several surgeons—there are not more than six—who were appointed by the war-time authorities to handle the army hospital patients requiring reconstructive surgery. Soldiers with fingers, elbows, cheeks, ears, jaws, and noses shot away. Some with hideous scars of old wounds hastily sewed up in emergency stations. Some with faces too horrible to look upon. When had surgeons had the opportunity before to develop the technique for such work? These few men had to pioneer in facial surgery. They are in themselves a new school of plastic work. They are occupied now with patients mutilated by accidents, by life-saving operations, or by destructive disease processes. They are content to be known in the medical world as good surgeons. They would rather turn coal-heavers than be thought of as "beauty doctors." Their work comes to them without advertising or publicity, from insurance companies involved in claims for mutilation arising from automobile or industrial accidents, from doctors or other surgeons treating patients for a prior operation, and from dermatologists treating skin diseases which have extended beyond their specialty (like skin tumors, wens, etc.). They do not seek to do cosmetic surgery. But if I wanted a plastic operation on my face or elsewhere, I should not dream of letting any one but such a thoroughly trained surgeon do it for me.

Would he do it? I asked one of them, in my investigation of plastic surgery for this article.

And he told me that in his ten years of work since the war, he has never done an original or first-hand face-lifting operation, though he has done scores of secondary operations on women's faces to remove the scars and other disfigurations resulting from face-lifting done by quacks or incompetent surgeons.

"Yes, but *would* you? You condemn the charlatan doctors. But there are circumstances that seem to justify such operations as they cheerfully perform. Take an actress, for instance, or any professional or business woman who must keep young to succeed in her work. Take a neglected wife who is getting neurotic over her fading youth. If you *won't* operate for her, what can she do but go to a beauty doctor who will?"

"I should certainly operate on her face if the conditions justified. I should welcome the opportunity to offer my services first hand, to save the patient a second operation."

"When would the conditions justify a face-lifting operation? You mean that you would do it for some one like a movie star who *has* to keep young?"

"How much a woman wanted it done would not influence me, any more than I should operate on a man who came in here and asked me to take his appendix out because he had a pain in his side. The patient is not the authority to know when he or she needs an operation or will be benefited by an operation of any kind."

They say it about her . . .

"THEY NEVER INVITE HER TWICE"
"SHE'S A NICE GIRL, BUT—"
"ONE DANCE IS ENOUGH—WITH HER"
"I DON'T BLAME HIM FOR BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT"
"SHE'S GOT IT—THE WRONG KIND"
"HAS SHE ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY?"
"I WISH I HAD THE COURAGE TO TELL HER"
"SHE SIMPLY CANNOT HOLD ONTO A FELLOW"

. . . they may say it about you

WHAT a pity it is that so many otherwise fastidious men and women give no thought to keeping their breath beyond reproach.

The case of this attractive Boston girl is typical. Her charm is undeniable. Her clothes are the envy of less fortunate women. Actually, she's one girl in a thousand. Yet her women friends, if they invite her to parties at all, invite her out of courtesy. As for men, they call once and that is the end of it. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is too high a hurdle for sensitive people.

You yourself cannot be sure that at this very moment you are free of halitosis. The damnable thing about this condition is that while obvious to others, the victim herself is seldom aware of it. So many every day conditions are responsible for halitosis that few people escape it entirely—food fermentation in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, or other mild infections of the mouth, nose, and throat. Also stomach derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking.

The swift, certain way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse your mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy at home and office for this purpose.

Being a safe but active germicide*, full strength Listerine checks decomposition and infection which cause odors. Then, being a powerful deodorant, overcomes the odors themselves. The breath is left sweet, clean and wholesome. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

★

Listerine *ends* halitosis

*Full strength Listerine kills Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds—fastest time science has accurately recorded.

In using advertisements see page 6

NOW . . .

HOTPOINT ELECTRIC COOKERY

gives even greater

SPEED

Only Hotpoint has the amazing HI-SPEED CALROD element

AND *speed* is not all!

Wouldn't you like more *free* time for yourself, *out* of your kitchen, every day? Yet provide perfectly cooked meals? And don't you feel, as we do, that lovely hands should never have to scour soot from cooking utensils?

All these advantages, and others, can now be yours. The modern Hotpoint automatic electric range is truly "The Modern Maid for Modern Mothers." Its heat is *as clean as sunshine*. And the average cost for hundreds of thousands of users throughout America is only $3.75 to $6.25 a month, depending on the local electricity cost.

Ask your electric company for further information — and send for the beautifully illustrated booklet, "Modern Electric Cookery," which gives a score of delightful recipes, tells about this amazing, modern convenience—and shows various models and sizes of ranges to meet every requirement.

Hotpoint

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FREE BOOK COUPON

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5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the booklet, "Modern Electric Cookery," which gives recipes and full information.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

HOTPOINT AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE

"The Modern Maid for Modern Mothers"

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday evening over a nationwide N. B. C. network

What About Plastic Surgery?

And he went on to tell me that there are two factors which the really reputable and experienced surgeon will consider in deciding whether or not face-lifting is justified. The first factor is whether there is enough slack in the face to warrant the operation, and the second is whether the quality of the material (the tonicity of the skin) insures a successful operation and prompt recovery of the tissues involved. How different from the charlatan who needs to know only that the patient wants to look younger and has the money to pay for the operation!

Cure the Underlying Cause

But how much surgery can do to accomplish these results, and how permanent they will be, depend on what the surgeon I have quoted described to me as "the quality of the material," the character and tone of the skin, and a competent surgical technique to assure the desired result.

The ordinary face-lifting operation which is done by unethical and charlatan "doctors" may be roughly described as taking a tuck in a relaxed skin. This kind of "specialist" takes no cognizance of the *cause* of this relaxation and has no interest in removing the cause. The really good surgeon recognizes that in practically every case where face-lifting is justified there is a real causal factor besides age. This let-down of the facial tissues is but one outward sign of a much deeper breakdown.

It is comparable in many ways to an abdominal "ptosis," a relaxation and falling of the stomach and abdominal organs. It is the result of a partial or complete nervous collapse—the fruit of worry, illness, or emotional stress. If the patient put herself in the hands of a competent physician in the beginning of this collapse of the nervous system, the treatment of this causal condition would prevent the loss of tone in the muscles, and there would never be any need of a face-lifting operation. Unfortunately, this seldom happens. The harm is done, the collapse of the nerves and the consequent loss of tone in the muscles are established facts, by the time the woman looks in desperation to a surgeon to repair the ravages of her lined and baggy face.

But surely this means that just the mechanical job of taking a tuck in her skin is not enough, will certainly not be a *permanent* cure for her wrinkles. The charlatan, the inexperienced or unethical practitioner, sees her superficial symptoms as the excuse for a face-lifting job. The bigger man, with a truly professional background of training and ideals, sees the woman as a medical case as well as a subject for an operation. He sees the need of curing her, as a neurological patient, of the functional disturbances which caused her sagging skin. The quack knows nothing of—or, at least, *cares* nothing for—these aspects of a face-lifting operation. Small wonder that there are so many sad disappointments among the women who trust the quacks to make them beautiful!

The ideal age for a successful plastic operation is from 30 to 45 years. Some women may need it at 30, if they have lived years crowded with worries, illness, or emotional storms. Some women at 50 may be as young in tonicity of skin and recuperative powers as other women of 40.

The menopause has no direct relation to whether or not a woman will receive satisfactory results from a plastic operation, except that the quality of the tissues during the active ovarian cycle makes her better material for successful surgery.

The old operation for face-lifting, which is still practised by the charlatans who pepper the country, fails because it is wrong in surgical principle. The operation consists of the excision of a crescent-shaped piece of skin and drawing together the wound edges with stitches. No muscular tissues are involved, only skin is cut and removed. For a simple face-lift, two

WASHDAYS *are* HAPPY DAYS

for owners of the

NEW MAYTAG

MORE than ever, the NEW Maytag brings washday happiness and satisfaction . . . surpassing even the achievements of former Maytags.

You must see the NEW Maytag one-piece, heat-retaining, cast-aluminum tub. You must see the NEW roller water remover with enclosed, positive-action, automatic drain. You must witness the quietness and perfection of the NEW Maytag long-life, oil-packed drive. These and many other scientific features of the NEW Maytag must be seen to be appreciated.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Newton, Iowa
Founded 1893
The Maytag Company, Ltd., Winnipeg

PHONE your nearest dealer for a trial home washing with the NEW Maytag. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. Divided payments you'll never miss.

Maytag
ALUMINUM WASHER

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

In using advertisements see page 6

One
TEASPOONFUL ..OR TWO

SHOULD a dessert recipe be followed *exactly* when it calls for "one teaspoonful of vanilla"? Some say "yes." Others say "use two teaspoonfuls."

It depends altogether on the vanilla. When weak vanilla extracts are used it will take more to give the same flavor as a full-bodied extract of true vanilla. But, when vanilla substitutes are used they taste so raw that they spoil anything in which they are used.

Dr. Price's true Vanilla Extract is full-bodied, rich, uniform in strength and has a delightful aroma and a delicious flavor. When it is used the recipe can be followed *exactly* as to the quantity of vanilla to be used, and flavoring results will always be perfect.

Price's Vanilla is the essence of the finest sun-cured vanilla beans slowly extracted and aged for months to give it a ripe mellowness. It is a slow and expensive process, but it is the only process that will preserve the delicate bouquet, the richness, the strength and uniformity of the true vanilla extract. Your grocer sells Price's.

★

DR. PRICE'S VANILLA

The Price Flavoring Extract Co.
237 E. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE recipe book, "Delicious Desserts and Candies," as advertised in the June issue of *Good Housekeeping*.

*Name*_____
(Print name and address.)
*St. or R.F.D.*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

What About Plastic Surgery?

cuts are made, at the edge of the hair line on each temple above the ears. A similar section taken out under the chin is widely advertised by incompetent "doctors" to remove double chin and flabby neck. Operations on the eyelids are done to remove puffs and wrinkles on the lids. I have seen a woman whose eyes are always brimming with tears because the tear ducts which normally drain the eyes of moisture were destroyed by the man who operated on her eyelids to remove wrinkles.

According to the really authoritative plastic surgeons, this "five-cut" procedure I have just described will never be permanently effective and will in many cases have after-effects even more hideous than the original sagging and wrinkles. The stitches which draw together the edges of the excisions are under an unreasonable amount of tension. Gravity and the weight of the relaxed facial muscles are pulling on the skin about the wounds. Nature rebels against such tension, and the result is a gradual separation. Excessive scar tissue is produced by the local cells to prevent that widening gap. As a result, the scar grows bigger and uglier as time goes on. The sagging and wrinkles return inevitably. The woman is heartbroken with disappointment.

A New Operation

The sincere and studious group of plastic surgeons have striven to devise an operation which would hold up the face without the use of tension stitches. Their procedure is to support the face by a strap of skin still having normal attachments at each end, but transferred from an area in front of the ear to behind it.

There are three classes of men doing plastic operations. One group of flagrant charlatans, who advertise in the newspapers as "cosmetic surgeons," "plastic specialists," etc. The very fact that these men advertise is proof that they have discarded their professional standards, have declared themselves outlaws of the medical world, have abandoned all hope of having patients recommended to them by ethical physicians. The second group is made up of semi-charlatans, men who do not actually advertise, but who use the subtler methods of newspaper publicity, who attach themselves to motion picture colonies, who offer commissions to barbers, milliners, casting directors, and others, for patients recommended. These are men who are trying to hang on to their professional reputation as a cloak for their ignorance and lack of professional standing. The third group is the circle of truly ethical surgeons, who never talk except before medical societies, who never advertise in any way, who are elevating plastic surgery to a level of technical skill which will make it feasible and safe for any woman who needs such an operation.

What can happen when a quack or an incompetent surgeon performs a plastic operation? The commonest but least important—disappointment follows when the operation simply does not accomplish what it was performed to do. The face falls again into baggy folds, because the technique of the operation was wrong or because no causal conditions were treated. And from this minor blighted hope, the tragedies run the whole gamut of horror of blood-poisoning and scars. A girl had to have both legs amputated to check the blood-poisoning that followed an operation performed by a "beauty doctor" to correct bow legs. A number of women have been cruelly scarred by face lifting, because infection set in; because the inexpert surgeon, like a poor dressmaker, could not eliminate a pucker in his seam and left the face drawn and distorted; or because the growth of excess scar tissue made great welts about the wounds. A woman had the pouches removed from her upper lids by a man who failed to take the accurate measurements that a good surgeon considers so necessary; he made too great an excision and left her staring wildly out from under shortened lids that were scarred and drawn. Fortunately a more expert surgeon was able to transfer some skin from under her eyes and set it in on her upper lids to correct the harm done by the bungler.

But what inferno a woman suffers who seeks beauty among the quacks and meets blood-poisoning, distorted features, scars, and the necessity of a second corrective operation! There is no redress for her except through law, and few of these women have been brave enough to present their ruined faces in court as evidence. Moreover, the important charlatans who advertise widely, and go in for "volume business" in cosmetic surgery, carry insurance with companies who fight their damage suits with all the skill of expert lawyers.

How can you know a charlatan? And how can you find a reputable man to do any reconstructive operation on your face or elsewhere?

Don't go to a plastic surgeon who advertises, or who is mentioned in newspapers as having done such an operation on some famous beauty.

Don't believe any one who tells you to have your face lifted before you are 30. (I know of a girl who was persuaded by a famous quack to have an operation when she was 18, to *prevent* wrinkles!)

Don't let any doctor operate on you in his own office, no matter how pretentious and white-tiled it may be. Even an operation which involves no muscles is still a surgical operation, involving the risk of infection and demanding absolute surgical precautions. The doctor who operates in his own rooms is too often a man with so little professional standing, so little background of reputation and skill, that no hospital will take the risk of lending its operating room for his work. But you are entitled to the protection of the sanitary conditions, the aseptic equipment, the purified air of a hospital operating room, even for a skin cut. Don't let any one tell you otherwise. If a surgeon is on a hospital staff, and the hospital is of good standing, these facts give you double protection, for he is then primarily responsible to the hospital and secondarily to you.

The European Myth

Don't be dazzled by the Vienna or Paris myth. Half the secondary facial operations that our own great surgeons are called upon to do are operations to remove the scars or to correct the disfigurations resulting from plastic operations done abroad. Our American surgeons have been invited to go to Vienna to teach their technique in the medical college there. Both Vienna and Paris are full of quacks growing rich on operations for which they have no skill. In fairness to these European medical centers I must add that these quacks have no hospital or university connections there, but are medical outlaws preying upon gullible American tourists.

If you want advice about a plastic operation, go to your nearest big hospital and ask the authorities in charge to recommend the surgeon on their staff who specializes in plastic work. Ten chances to one, this surgeon will refuse to accommodate you because no operation will be justified, which refusal will be further evidence of his reliability.

As I look back over the paragraphs I have written here, my suggestions seem to be chiefly "Don't's." You might suppose I was one of those people who believe that, if you are plain, it is because heaven meant you to be plain and any effort at improvement is wicked. I'm not, really. Surgery is right and proper when the need justifies and when the operation is performed with expert skill which accomplishes what it sets out to do. My "Don't's" are only for the kind of desperate efforts to be beautiful which can not but fail of their purpose—which seem in the majority of cases to cause greater unhappiness than they sought to cure. My advice is only for caution.

NOW~

the coffee you'd expect Del Monte to bring to your table

Think how many times you have enjoyed DEL MONTE Products—how unfailing their guarantee of quality and flavor.

Today we offer you a new member of this famous family—DEL MONTE Coffee. Isn't it natural to look to DEL MONTE for a new achievement in coffee goodness—an entirely new distinction in coffee richness and coffee flavor?

Certainly you should! And we think DEL MONTE Coffee will live up to your most critical expectations—a coffee you will welcome as no coffee was ever welcomed before!

How DEL MONTE *Coffee Was Created*

In creating this truly modern coffee, we enlisted the knowledge and skill of coffee specialists who had made coffee blending their life work. Back of them we put the full resources and experience of the whole DEL MONTE organization.

Throwing aside outgrown prejudices and outworn formulas, we took advantage of every modern improvement in coffee growing and handling.

We selected only the finest coffees —premium coffees from the world's premium coffee districts—only those coffees whose flavor was safeguarded during the long journey to our shores. We used the most modern equipment and science—in blending, roasting and packaging.

A long task—and an expensive one! But out of it came an entirely new expression of coffee goodness—a coffee of distinct "character"—a coffee, superior in aroma and true coffee flavor, we believe, to anything that has ever before been offered to American coffee-lovers.

That coffee is now waiting for you on grocers' shelves everywhere. Just ask for DEL MONTE and be sure you get the familiar green can with the red shield. Treat yourself to a steaming cup of DEL MONTE Coffee. You will enjoy all the satisfaction of a coffee fulfilling the promise that goes with the DEL MONTE label wherever you find it.

As Fresh as the Day It Was Roasted

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of DEL MONTE Coffee to risk losing any part of it!

In this modern, air-proof package, DEL MONTE Coffee retains all the volatile, aromatic oils that give it so much of its new distinction and better flavor.

Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich, as full-bodied—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you, fresh from the roasting.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

DEL MONTE COFFEE

Over a hundred Del Monte *delicious varieties*

A modern coffee for modern tastes

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

WOMEN DRIVERS ARE SAFE DRIVERS*

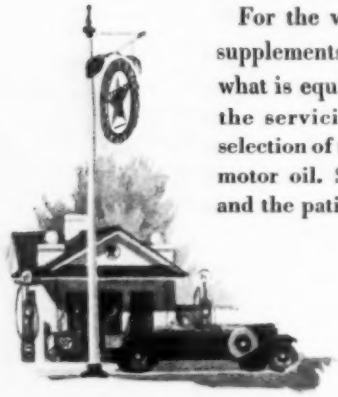
"What, another fender?"

"A summons for speeding! A dent in the radiator! Another fender! Now really John . . ."

For years her own record has been clean in spite of the fact that with her daily driving she puts down more miles on the speedometer than her husband.

For the woman driver of today supplements care at the wheel with what is equally important—care in the servicing of her car, in the selection of the right gasoline and motor oil. She has the desire and the patience to compare ease of starting, power on hills, mileage and cost. And—she has singled out Texaco Gasoline, high-test at no extra price, and Texaco Golden Motor Oil, clean, clear, pure. She has found that this combination assures her absolute dependability in every driving situation and gives her the confidence and sense of security behind the wheel which she desires above all else.

For finest engine performance—for greatest economy—stop for gasoline and motor oil at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO

GASOLINE-MOTOR OIL

* STATISTICS INDICATE—24% of the licensed drivers in the U. S. A. are women, yet they are involved in only 6% of all automobile accidents.

Love Me, Love My Queenie

(*Continued from page 89*)

and Dulcey had parted company as roommates in the nursery.

He put Margaret's photograph under his pillow and climbed into bed. But he missed Queenie. For seven years she had slept on his feet. Many a silken coverlid had he and Queenie gone through together, and many a row on account of the coverlids.

THE next morning, after breakfast, Hank sought out his mother in her room.

"Need a little cash."

"Cash?" repeated his mother as if she had never heard the word.

"Yeah. I'm kinda low." (If his family had known how low, if they had dreamed that he had borrowed from a butler— But he could trust both Grandfather and Adolph; they were his most loyal supporters.)

"But, Hank, what do you *do* with your money?"

"Do with it?" He sneered villainously. "That little, measly fifty? Why, that isn't anything. Why, that isn't even a start. Fifty is just pathetic, that's what it is."

Suddenly then—Hank had never been more astonished in his life—Celia flew up.

"Look here, my boy, not so high-hat, please. You're getting perfectly impossible about money."

"But gee, some boys have a hundred and then charge everything besides."

"I don't care if some boys have a thousand. Money's money. Somebody has to earn it; it doesn't grow on trees, or fall from the heavens, or roll in in barrels." Her blue eyes snapped; her tongue raced. "And I've stood between you and your father long enough. It's absurd that a seventeen-year-old boy can't get along on fifty dollars a month. Some boys in this world *live* on fifty a month, food and shelter and everything. Some don't even have fifty. A lot don't. Some boys are starving and ragged and cold in this world, and fifty a month would be a million to them. I can't bear to have a son who doesn't have any sense about money. It's stupid and brainless and soft. And you've got to buck up. You've got to learn to be intelligent about money. I'll lend you some money now, of course. Obviously you have to buy Christmas presents. But after this I'm through. If you get in a money scrape, you just get out of it."

She marched to her dressing-table, picked up a purse. "Here's a twenty-dollar bill. I expect to be paid back the first of January."

Red and smarting, he accepted the bill. The thought occurred to him that Grandfather would undoubtedly crash through with a gold-piece for Christmas, so that with this twenty everything was really all right. But he hated to have Celia razz him. She could make him feel so contemptible. Also it was bad enough to have one tight parent. If Celia was going to go miserly on him—

But there was one nice thing about Celia. She spoke her piece, and then she was through. She didn't sulk like some parents. So that now she simply put on her hat and handed him her coat, he helped her into it, and in five minutes they were on their way to the bus— Hank knew the reason that they weren't taking the car and John was because Celia had some crazy idea that the bus was a "wholesome influence"—and Celia was chattering about Christmas presents.

They had a lot of fun shopping. Ordinarily shopping was a bore, but Celia made it a kind of holiday lark. He bought Dulcey a cute little jigger to wear around her neck, a thin chain with a little heart-shaped locket. He got Grandfather and Dad each a really good tie, and some cheap doodads for the maids, and a French calendar for Mam'selle with pictures of Paris on every sheet, and he sneaked in a purchase for Celia when she wasn't looking, a swell pink scarf-thing—he didn't know what it was for exactly, but it was very snappy, as Dulcey would say. Then, oh gosh, there was Aunt Patty in Larchmont and all her kids—

"Oh," said Celia, "I bought some things for them. All you have to do is write cards."

He blazed with relief. Aunt Patty and her kids bored him so.

Margaret's gift they had left until last. It was so important. He mentioned jewelry. Girls were nuts about jewelry.

"Oh, no, Hank, that's so personal."

They were sitting in a Park Avenue restaurant, and Celia had certainly ordered a handsome lunch. A good provider, Celia, you had to admit it.

"But gee!" (He was thinking that the very way he felt about Margaret was "personal.")

"Her mother wouldn't let her accept anything like that, Hank. It's frightfully bad form. Let's think up something really interesting."

"Well." He began poking at his soup. "Well, I was thinkin' about sumpm up at school. You know that picture of Queenie."

"Yes."

"Well, I was thinkin' that a Christmas present ought to be a—sort of—well, you know, sumpm you wanta keep yourself—that idea—and I thought I'd kind of like to give Margaret that picture, just the way it is maybe without a new frame or anything. It wouldn't look nice with a new frame." His blue eyes sought hers shyly; his earnest young face pinked ever so little.

"I think that would be lovely," said Celia quietly.

"She'd be crazy about it," he went on more confidently. "I've told her all about Queenie. She's crazy about dogs. But it's kind of a funny present, too. Maybe—" His brow worried again. "Do you honest think it would be all right, Mother?" (Celia in public always became "Mother" by some strange impulse of propriety on his part.)

"If I were a girl," said Celia undemonstratively, "and a boy gave me his only picture of his dog, I'd love him forever."

Hank grinned. "Honest? Well, then, that's all right." His face sobered again. "Gee, she's a babe, Mother." By his reverent voice, and expression, Celia gathered that this was a supreme tribute.

"Is she? I'm so anxious to meet her."

"Well, you will. She gets into New York the day after Christmas. I asked her to go with me to Genevieve Leonard's party."

"That's nice."

"And I thought you might give a dinner before—Red and Stuffy and Bob and their babes."

"Oh!" Celia looked a trifle startled for a moment. "Oh, all right. We'd better get busy and invite them, hadn't we?"

"I already have."

"I see. That was forehanded of you. And don't I have to be old-fashioned and write notes to their mothers?"

"Well, you can if you want to," granted Hank. "But they'd come anyway."

"Well, I'm glad you told me, darling. It's nice to be advised. And the cook might be interested to know, too."

"Oh, gee."

HANK caught her smile, grinned slightly discomfited. His mother was always making cracks like that.

"Who are these other—babes?"

"Irene Stafford is Red's. She isn't very hot, but he likes her all right. And Peggy Andrews, you know her, Bob's woman. And Stuffy's got a new one. She's kinda cute. Fuzzy, sorta, but cute."

"Fuzzy?"

"Yeah. Not very bright."

"Not, I take it, actually deficient in mentality."

"No, not exactly. Just fuzzy."

"I see. Well, we'll give them a good party."

"Attagirl," said Hank approvingly.

That afternoon he went to see Queenie at the

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THE FINISH IN ALL WEATHER

KEEPING A CAR LOOKING new and beautiful for years is easy for the motorist who keeps the finish Simonized. Even after traveling thousands and thousands of miles in all kinds of weather, the Simonized car sparkles like new while the car that has not been Simonized, though driven only a few hundred miles looks old.

The sooner a car is Simonized, the better. The wonderful protection only Simoniz provides guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. When cars are dulled and discolored Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and your car will always look new and worth more when traded in.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

In using advertisements see page 6

CLEARING THE SKIN

DEMEYER

ALMOST all skins are in need of a thorough pre-summer clearing. For one thing, a stodgy wintertime diet is likely to have sapped the color from the cheeks. Furthermore, the uncertain temperatures of the changing season cause the skin to be unusually sensitive and subject to eruptions.

To all of you who are combating bumps and blotches, and longing for the clear color and fine texture of a healthy skin, this lesson is directed.

The most effective treatment works in two ways: the skin is purified from the *inside* by flushing the face with a fresh blood supply, and it is cleansed and soothed from the *outside*.

The simplest and most generally useful of healing treatments consists of my Spotpruf Lotion and Spotpruf Cream used in combination. After you have cleansed your skin night and morning with Cleansing Cream, pat with Spotpruf Lotion, which is not only delightfully soothing and antiseptic, but makes a lovely silky powder base. At night, pat a thin film of Spotpruf Cream on the affected areas. As easy as it is effective!

For the oily skin with persistent eruptions, you may require a more heroic treatment: begin with an application of Anti-Brown Spot *exactly according to directions on the jar*. The smarting sensation is caused by the active ingredients which bring the blood to the surface. Two minutes .. *one* minute .. may be long enough for the first application, if your face is unduly sensitive.

Remove Anti-Brown Spot with Cleansing Cream and Tissues. Wipe thoroughly and gently. Press out surface gatherings. Pat on Acne Lotion. For daytime, powder directly over the Lotion; at night, follow with Healing Cream, which is left on.

Given nightly, this treatment has successfully cleared many cases of acne.

For the oily skin with a tendency to sallowness and minor eruptions, I have prepared my Venetian Ardena Masque, to draw the blood to the face, and freshen and clear the surfaces.

There is not room to give more detailed instructions, but to any of you who are interested I will gladly send my booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful," describing my Preparations fully.

LESSON NUMBER FOUR—*In previous lessons, Miss Arden has described the first steps in her famous treatment—Cleansing, Toning and Soothing. The next step is CLEARING . . . (Extra copies of earlier lessons may be obtained on request.)*

PREPARATIONS REFERRED TO IN THIS LESSON

For Quickening the Circulation

VENETIAN ANTI-BROWN SPOT OINTMENT
A creamy, tingling ointment which stimulates the circulation . . $2.50, $5.

VENETIAN ARDENA MASQUE
A wonderful corrective which purifies and awakens the skin . . . . . $5.

For Soothing and Healing

VENETIAN ACNE LOTION
An antiseptic healing lotion which frees the skin of pimples, spots and eruptions. $1.25.

VENETIAN HEALING CREAM
A healing and remedial cream to be used for skin blemishes . . . . . $1.25.

SPOTPRUF LOTION
A healing preparation that is ideal for daytime use . . . . . $3.

SPOTPRUF CREAM
All the healing properties of Spotpruf Lotion have been included in this important preparation to be used overnight . . . $5.

SPOTPRUF HAIR TONIC
In creating this tonic Miss Arden has recognized the fact that eruptions of the face frequently start on the scalp. Spotpruf Hair Tonic has been formulated to relieve such a condition . . . . . $2.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

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In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price. Canadian Wholesale Distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

Love Me, Love My Queenie

animal hospital. It was awful. She jumped at him and jumped and jumped, her eyes straining and popping, her body hurling against him in mad, frantic lunges.

Finally he got her quiet. Kneeling beside her, he held her and talked to her:

"Good Queenie. Good girl. Comin' home pretty soon."

Her tongue dripped with love, her tail bobbed wildly, her brown eyes streamed adoration.

At last he had to go. Her long, shuddering yowls, the sound of her body thudding against the cage, beat in his ears louder than the thunder of New York traffic.

That night he sent a letter to Miss Margaret Leighton, Cypress Hall, Westbury, Long Island. But it wasn't a very good letter. The old picture of Queenie was on his desk, an enlarged snapshot of the lop-eared, soft-eyed cocker spaniel whose heart, so long ago given to him, he had broken to-day. S'posing she died—she would, some day—his precious picture would be gone. No, he wouldn't wrap it up to-night. He'd keep it just this one more night for himself.

But in cardboard and excelsior Queenie and the old brown leather frame left the next day. Hank wrapped it himself, tenderly and securely. Somebody, once had said—oh, gee, that was Jesus; he caught himself, shocked—it was more blessed to give than to receive. It was true; Hank knew it was true. He felt sort of clean and big inside, because he was giving Margaret his most precious possession on earth.

THE money situation was acute again. He borrowed two dollars from Red, and they spent a long and satisfying afternoon at "The Flame of Love," the latest talkie, after which they dropped in a candy store for a modest snack of chocolate nut sundaes, salted peanuts, and coconut kisses, which expedition left him with fifteen cents and a whole Christmas vacation confronting him.

He decided to economize. Simple pleasures would be his. There was reading. He was terribly behind on his reading. So he sauntered to the newsstand and bought up the month's grist of movie magazine, charging them to his father's newspaper account. He and Dulcey retired to his room with a plateful of cookies and a quantity of miscellaneous fruit, crackers, and sweet pickles, and spent a pleasant afternoon. The only flaw was that somebody spilled pickle juice on the bed, and Dulcey said there'd be a holy row about it. It was a new bed cover, it seemed.

The next morning, still in a stern mood, he decided to go over his wardrobe. He was appallingly low in certain items. He strolled into his father's dressing-room, selected three first-class ties, one admirable pair of golf stockings of a most virile pattern, two excellent pairs of pajamas of the Lido persuasion, and transferred them to his room, feeling extremely noble to have pieced out his wardrobe so thriftily with mere hand-me-downs. That afternoon Grandfather took him and Dulcey to a matinee, and Hank bought a chocolate bar for Dulcey which left him a nickel. As Dulcey said, life was just one nickel after another.

Then economy palled. Bob Dilling telephoned, desiring to make a tour of New York, and since this was the day before Christmas and one felt expansive and full of cheer, Hank acquiesced—first making a deal with Bob. He, Bob, could have his hockey stick for the niggardly sum of four dollars in cash. Bob, who was always solvent, agreed. They had an exhilarating day of it, inspecting and appraising radio sets, baseball gloves, fishing rods, and racing cars. But it was certainly queer how money melted. He hadn't bought a thing, but when he got home, he hardly had a bean left. Of course, they had had a few sodas and bags of taffy and orangeades here and there, and he had put a dollar in a Salvation Army pot, and

ELINOR GLYN ANSWERS THE QUESTION

"What is IT in Dress?"

"Dear Miss Glyn: Won't you please write an article about how men like a girl to dress? I try to buy nice clothes, but somehow I just don't know the secret . . . men overlook me, while other girls who don't spend more than I do are popular."

GLADYS M——

WHAT is "it" in dress? What appeals instantly to a man's taste?

Many girls—wives, too—have asked me this, and the answer is simple.

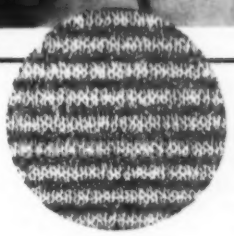
Men are drab looking creatures, therefore they get a thrill out of the gay, colorful clothes women wear. Shouldn't we play up to this? Here are two simple rules:

FIRST, select the colors most becoming to you.

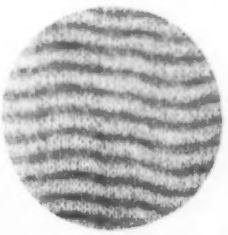
THEN, keep them lovely and vibrant as long as you wear them.

Remember, only just as long as the color is kept in its perfect, new state has it the power to charm. Just a little fading takes away some of the power to thrill—means a loss of "it."

Be careful to guard color charm, always. There is a sure way to do this, through the use of that wonderful product, Lux. Ordinary soaps steal away a bit of color pigment as they cleanse, but Lux is especially made to preserve colors in all their joyous allure.



Sample (magnified) *Luxed 10 times*—wool and silk fibres in place, *no shrinking*, shape and color perfect—like new.



Sample (equally magnified) *washed 10 times* in ordinary "good" soap—fibres out of place, color dulled, garment *shrunken*.

And in Your Home

Your surroundings, too, can help get over your personality, your charm.

Keep pretty curtains, slip covers, table linens, always as gayly colorful as new. Here, too, Lux will help you, for men love color.

ELINOR GLYN

In this printed silk frock it is color which gives you a thrill when you see it! Lux is especially made to preserve this magic charm of color!

***If it's safe in water, it's safe in* LUX**

In using advertisements see page 6

. . . easily cut 8 thicknesses

Comparative tests prove the quality of Wiss Scissors. Their sharp blades will slice through 8 thicknesses of muslin, easier than you thought — and more important, *stay in perfect adjustment.*

They are built for harder work than you require... Those shown here should be in every home.

Write for booklet "C"

HOUSEHOLD SHEARS

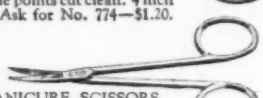
For dressmaking or heavy sewing. A second pair should be in every kitchen. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 138—$1.70.

SEWING SCISSORS

For mending and light sewing. Stay sharp . . . 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.

EMBROIDERY SCISSORS

Light, dainty, yet strong. Needle points cut clean. 4 inch size. Ask for No. 774—$1.20.



MANICURE SCISSORS

Needle sharp curved points, match perfectly and hold their edge. 3¾ inch size. Ask for No. 573¾—$1.50.

NAIL SCISSORS

Strong, curved blades. Cut heavy toenails easily. 3½ inch size. Ask for No. 623½—$1.35.

BARBER SHEARS

Finest cutlery steel. 7½ inch. Ask for No. 447½—$2.10.

WISS SCISSORS

Wonderful Cutters

J. WISS & SONS CO. - - NEWARK, N. J.

ESTABLISHED 1848

Love Me, Love My Queenie

at the end he had to take a taxi home because it was late, but he hadn't really bought anything. Money sure was funny.

He decided to speak to his father about booming up the old allowance. It was Christmas Eve, and no doubt the man would see reason.

With great enthusiasm he helped to trim the tree. He rushed around in high spirits, performing incredible feats of agility and speed, climbing up stepladders, hanging wreaths and holly and ropes of tinsel. Christmas was swell. It made you feel fine. He was a pretty lucky fellow, after all. Everything was jake except the little matter of money, and when Dad raised his allowance, that would be all right, too.

But Dad was cold on the subject, incredibly unfeeling. Hank couldn't understand how man could *be* so utterly without human feeling. He merely said "Nothing doing," and went on dragging out garlands from the big wooden box on the floor.

Still—it was Christmas Eve. Outside bells were ringing and carolers were singing, inside were the smell of roses and pine, glitter of tinsel, the soft shine of candles, the gleam of red ribbon, the mystery of piled-up packages everywhere. And Queenie was coming home. At six o'clock he was to go and fetch her. And tomorrow morning Margaret would unwrap the picture. His breath stopped a little when he thought of that. Supposing she didn't quite understand. Ah, but she would.

Queenie came home. Queenie in the flesh; Queenie unchastened by disgraceful maternity; Queenie insanely charging at everybody, putting up her paws, being kissed and patted and welcomed by everybody including the cook, who always before had pretended to hate her; Queenie at last settling down at his feet while Celia read "The Christmas Carol," as she had read it every Christmas Eve since Hank was seven years old. Mam'selle and Dulcey both cried over Tiny Tim, Mam'selle taking off the eyeglasses that pinched her nose, fumbling for her handkerchief, discovering that she had none, borrowing Dad's, mopping her eyes as she made little choking sounds of misery; Dulcey gulping, swallowing, finally bursting out in a "Yoo-hoo" that made Queenie perk up her ears, startled.

CHRISTMAS DAY went off nicely. Grandfather had a family dinner and was not a churl about gifts; Hank's goldpiece was a twenty, and there were also some new brushes and a moiré wallet for evening wear with his initials on it in silver. Sitting between Aunt Patty and a young cousin whose front teeth were missing, Hank partook of lordly dishes passed by Adolph, his creditor, and later, in the pantry, he arranged with Adolph an extension of the time of the loan. Adolph was gracious, and why shouldn't he be? He was one of the best-paid butlers in New York. Hank played anagrams and parchesi with Dulcey and the cousins through a long Christmas afternoon, and attended a Christmas night concert with the family in Grandfather's box. He didn't like these kids' games, and he didn't like highbrow music— females in gold dresses twittering away about birds and love and la-de-dahing all over the place—but all that day he shivered inside with a secret and thrilling ecstasy.

Margaret. Margaret and him. She was so much closer to him now, because he had sent her, as it were, his heart, tied up in cardboard and string. She knew now what he had never dared tell her, that he loved her. Margaret . . . "Mr. and Mrs. St. John Leighton announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret, to Mr. Hanford Parkison" . . . "Mrs. Hanford Parkison, the former Margaret Leighton" . . .

Years hence she would say, "He sent me the darling picture of old Queenie, and then I knew," and they would smile at each other, gray hairs and all.

THE evening of the twenty-sixth finally came. That morning Hank had had a rather trying interview with his father. The midterm report card had been ill-advised enough to appear that day. Latin—D minus. He had not acquitted himself well in the interview. There really seemed so little to say in extenuation of a D minus. He was honestly ashamed. And he had promised fervently to do better. But that had passed as do all crises, and now it was six o'clock, and Margaret—and the others—would be here at seven.

Hank dressed in an extreme of agitation. He wondered if he could really bear to see Margaret. He hadn't seen her now for three weeks. At the dance he was going to ask her—well, maybe he wouldn't say it right out in so many words, but—

He waited for his guests, pacing like a wild man. His fingers had quaked coldly as he dressed, but they had performed well. He presented the picture of a perfectly-turned-out young man; his evening clothes were irreproachable; his thick blond hair shone. Only a few reddish-brown dog hairs here and there on his jacket might have been said to detract from absolute perfection.

BOB and Red and Stuffy arrived with their respective "babes." Celia and Dad were on hand to do the proper thing. Dulcey peeped in the door, was brought in in a disgracefully dirty frock, made straight for Bob whom she adored, and Mam'selle came clucking to snatch her away.

And then came Margaret. Hank heard the bell, rushed down himself, collided with the parlor maid, threw open the door.

"Hello, Handsome," she said and swept in.

He followed her dumbly up the steps. She was more beautiful than he had remembered. She was the most beautiful girl in the world. Stuttering, he introduced her to his mother; Celia whisked her off up another flight. In another moment she was back, and they were all tumbling downstairs again to the dining-room. (Everybody, that is, but Celia and Dad. Those superfluous two were dining in martyred isolation in their bedroom.)

Stuffy's babe, Ivy Gillmore, was on Hank's left. He liked Ivy all right, and besides one had to be polite, but it was hard. For Margaret was on his right. Her face was like a wild-flower, he thought. Her brown eyes were deep and dark; her white taffeta frock was ruffled to the floor; she sat quiet and shining like a queen. And she was his. He had chosen her. Long ago—oh, weeks ago!—she had called him her boy-friend, so she had chosen him, too. Nothing remained except to put into words this beautiful exaltation that was hers and his.

"Gosh, Margaret, you look—sweet," he whispered.

She smiled, plucked at an oyster with a tiny fork. He understood why she didn't talk. What they had to say was not to be spoken lightly here at this chattering, giggling table. Abruptly he put out his hand under the table, found hers, then drew it away quickly, his cheeks hot. She laughed. He wondered why.

"Have a good Christmas, Marg?" boomed Red across the table. "Get a lotta loot?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I did magnificent. Oh!" She turned toward Hank. "Oh, I was terribly amused over the funny picture, Hank. My dears, you should have seen what Hank sent me. It was simply screaming. How did you ever think of anything so pricelessly funny, darling?"

"What was it?" they screamed. "Hurry up. Tell us. What was it, Marg?"

"Well!" Her bright, dark gaze was roaming delightedly around the table. "Well, it was a picture. A picture of a simply screaming dog. You know, one of those clown dogs, all ears and eyes with the most *ridiculous* expression—It was simply screaming. I love jokes, you know. And this was the most *killing* beast. He must really be a real dog. He looks just like a

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NO matter the cost of your home, it deserves T/N quiet sanitation.

T/N flushes so quietly you can scarcely hear it. Built all in one piece of highest grade vitreous china, tank and bowl combined. Space thrifty, it can be installed under a window, or in a corner.

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Please send me free descriptive literature on the T/N One Piece Water Closet.

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Love Me, Love My Queenie

comic valentine. Really, it was awfully clever of you, Hank, to send me a funny thing like that. All the others—I mean—" She corrected herself modestly. "I mean, well, a girl always gets simply crowds of flowers and candy, doesn't she, Irene? And I mean it was terribly cute of you—"

"Shut up," cut in a terrible voice. It was Bob. Bob had guessed.

"Why? What's the matter?" asked Margaret wide-eyed.

"The matter," stated Bob roughly, "is with your head. It *was* a joke. But you didn't see the point." He picked up a fork, jabbed a morsel of fish.

"Well, I *don't* think that was such a hot anecdote, if you don't mind my saying so, Marg," said one of the girls.

"Say," begged Stuffy, "what are you all talkin' about anyway?"

"Oh, don't mind Bob," spoke Peggy. "He's sore because I confessed to-night that yes, I had actually had a date once before I met him. Can you bear it?"

"Everybody's so *acrimonious*," wailed Stuffy.

"I'm not," piped up Ivy. "I'm all set and ready to go. And I think this is a lovely party, Hank. Pleased to meet you and come again, and if anybody wants to step around the table with me right here in the middle of the fish, I'm never the girl to refuse an honest offer."

Red jumped up; they danced around while the others cheered.

"Hey, you, sit down," ordered Stuffy. "That's my woman."

And so the dinner party went on. Hank wondered afterward what he talked about to Ivy. He knew that he had conversed with her feverishly for minutes, never stopping until Stuffy said again:

"Say, whose woman is this anyway? Lay off. I want a little clean fun myself."

He knew that then he had joined in with the rest of them, that he even turned to Margaret now and again, and that everything seemed noisy and gay, and that evidently his dinner party was a success. But he never knew what he had said, what anybody else had said, why they laughed or whether he laughed.

After dinner they piled into two cars. Hank and Margaret sat in the family car with his mother and father and Red and Irene. Hank couldn't talk. He knew he was being hopelessly rude, but he could only sit there looking out of the window. He was thinking how much he hated Margaret Leighton. He had never hated anybody so hard before in his entire life.

GENEVIEVE LEONARD'S sub-deb party was a lively, young-spirited affair. Prep-school New York was there in full bloom, a hundred boys and girls not yet jaded by parties. For some of them—for Hank indeed—it was the first big party in their lives outside of a school dance. A negro band in Palm Beach suits played blue and rhythmic jazz. The oval room of the Park Avenue hotel shimmered with the mirrored images of flower-colored frocks, correct black clothes, young heads, young faces, weaving feet, nosegays, curls, boyish bobs, eyes, cheeks, dimples, lips. There was dancing and entertainment and food enough even to satisfy adolescent appetites, notoriously insatiable. Even the parents, what few there were present, played bridge discreetly in an adjoining room, stepping in only occasionally to dance.

Hank danced with Margaret, holding her in icy arms. She babbled on in her own bland way, and he astonished himself by answering in kind.

Wasn't this a perfectly marvelous party? Marvelous. Wasn't Stuffy a riot? He sure was. She adored Ivy Gillmore. Yeah, sure, she was a swell kid.

Until he relinquished her to a blond young man in spectacles, whom he had never seen before.

He danced with Genevieve. He danced with Peggy and Irene and Ivy. Then he went in and whispered to his mother,

"When you're dummy, give me the sign."

Presently she appeared, and they danced. Celia certainly looked knock-out to-night. She was the prettiest *old* woman he had ever seen anyway. She was forty now, but you'd never guess it. Her vivid, slim cheeks, her blue, dark-lashed eyes, her jetty hair, her graceful, light body made other old women look simply pathetic. She had on a turquoise gown and her real pearls; she didn't need make-up. And she could sure shake a foot. He was proud to dance with her. And with her, his own mother in his arms, came a kind of comfort. She'd never let him down anyway. She could raise Cain, she could tongue-lash and make him feel like a yellow dog, but she was for him, always had been and always would be. It made you feel good to know that somebody was for you. Bob was for him, too. But it made him sick to think that Bob knew. He wouldn't have had even Bob know that horrible thing.

"Your Margaret is a beauty, Hank," said Celia.

"Uh."

"You're being very generous with her."

"Uh."

"Aren't you having a good time?"

"Sure."

"I'm sorry."

"That's all right."

SHE did not press him. Stuffy cut in, thinking it a tremendous joke to dance with Hank's old lady. She smiled back at Hank over Stuffy's shoulder; he was left standing like a fool in the middle of the floor. He saw a girl in a red dress sitting alone by a pillar.

"Might as well do the papa act," he muttered and went over to her.

"I'm Hank Parkison. Like to step?"

"Oh!" The girl jumped up quickly. "Are *you* Hank Parkison? I just got here. I'm Trudy Hamlin, Margaret's cousin."

"Gee, are you?" he said—not very enthusiastically, she thought.

She was a funny little kid. Olive-brown skin crinkly brown hair done into a plain little wad at the back of her neck, wide brown eyes. And she was very small. She made him feel enormous, overpowering. He had to bend over to hear her talk. She talked in a low voice that sounded somehow amused most of the time. She danced beautifully. Hank had not enjoyed one single dance to-night, but his old enthusiasm for dancing came back somewhat as he danced with Trudy Hamlin. But he kept thinking,

"Isn't it just my luck to get hooked with her cousin?"

After the dance they sat in a corner. Nobody came to claim her. He was stuck. My gosh! She was talking, but he wasn't listening to her.

"—school here in New York because I like to go home week-ends."

"Oh."

"I'm not terribly crazy about town. I've got a horse and dogs and I like to ride and walk—"

"Live in Westbury?" he managed to ask.

"No, Stamford. We're the poor branch of the family."

"Oh."

The music had started again. Margaret, in the affectionate embrace of the blond boy in spectacles, whirled by, saw them, waved airily.

"Isn't she beautiful?" said Trudy warmly.

"Yeah."

"Why, you don't sound very—"

He sprang up. "Come on. Let's dance again."

She looked up, smiling. "Don't you want to cut in on Margaret?"

"No. Come on."

"All right."

She rose, and again they were dancing. He kind of liked the little mutt, he decided. She

Drawn by R. L. Leonard

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RENEW your porch furniture with a coat or two of "61" Quick Drying Enamel .... dries in 4 hours. ANY furniture, floor or woodwork glows and sparkles after a simple treatment with these rich enamel colors and soft pastel shades. Most any shade desired may be easily secured by the simple mixing of two or more of the regular colors. Laps, streaks and brush marks become a memory brightened by their absence, when you use this smooth and free flowing enamel. It covers and hides the old surface so well that often one coat is enough. Householders who have used "61" Quick Drying Enamel find it so easy to achieve charming color effects in every room throughout the house. They know its long lasting durability and waterproof qualities. Paint and hardware dealers nearly everywhere are showing these beautiful "61" QDE colors. If yours isn't, write for names of nearby dealers. Color Chart is free. PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 79 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 21 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

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QUICK DRYING ENAMEL

dries in 4 hours

Stand the surface and you love at first touch

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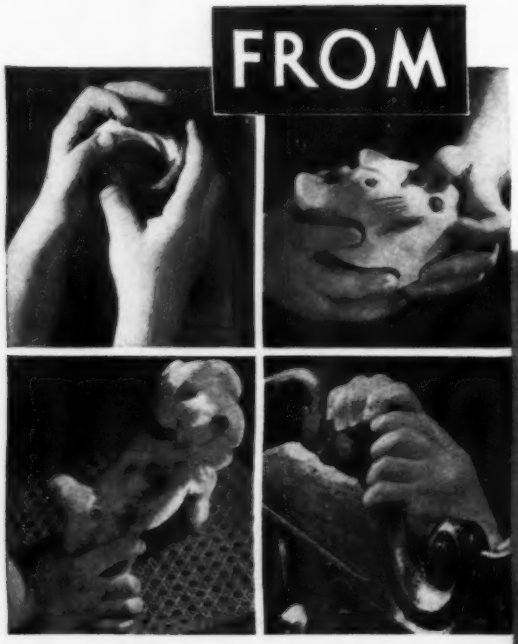
BABY'S HANDS CARRY GERMS



Baby's hands pick up germs from these

And baby will put his hands in his mouth!

KILL GERMS BY USING "LYSOL" WHEN YOU CLEAN

GERMS lurk on everything baby's hands touch—and baby *will* put his hands in his mouth.

Soap and water aren't enough to kill these germs. To keep baby safe, use "Lysol" Disinfectant to *disinfect as you clean*. It's so easy. Merely add one tablespoonful of "Lysol" to each quart of cleaning water. Wipe off woodwork, nursery furniture, rugs, doorknobs, toys, and other things baby's hands are constantly touching. This "ounce of prevention" may be worth many pounds of cure.

Doctors and health authorities are using "Lysol" to prevent infection outside your home. *You* and your doctor are the guardians of the health within. Let "Lysol" help you with your responsibility. "Lysol" used regularly in your cleaning water (one tablespoonful to each quart) will greatly reduce the chance of sickness.

* * *

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol" Disinfectant.

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LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sale Distributors*
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Love Me, Love My Queenie

wasn't pretty or snappy, but she was sort of comfortable. She made a fellow feel easy. And he did like to dance with a little kid like this. He liked the big, masterful way his shoulders felt; they felt like football shoulders. Margaret, slender as she was, was tall; he had always felt a little dwarfed by her.

A strange boy cut in. He was not sorry.

"S'pose I oughta ask Margaret. I brought her."

Dutifully he sought her out, standing in white taffeta ruffles completely surrounded by a circle of black-and-white figures.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Hank," she called out lightly, "but I'm just going on to the Gerrard party. Wallie here is going to take me. The family are there, you know, and I promised—"

"Oh. Well. Sure, that's all right."

But what a nerve! Supposing he had been crazy about her; she would have tooled off just the same, leaving him flat. Gosh, what a girl! Not even good manners.

"Where's your mother? I must—"

He accompanied her stiffly into the cardroom. She was extremely charming to Mr. and Mrs. Parkison.

"It was terribly sweet of you. I had a perfectly divine time. You understand why—the fond parents are waiting—thanks awfully—"

And then they walked out again, and he was accompanying her to the dressing-room. She came forth in her black evening coat, her eyes and cheeks and mouth radiant above the high, white fur collar. She held out a small hand.

"Good night, Hank. It was terribly nice. Thanks awfully. Oh, there you are, Wallie. We must hurry, lamb. Mother and Father—"

He watched her narrow, velvet-wrapped figure down the winding stairs. So far as he was concerned, he had seen her for the last time. And he was only glad, glad. He never wanted to see her again.

AFTER supper he and Trudy sat again in another corner. He wanted to go home, but there was yet another hour.

"Oh, Hank!" said Trudy suddenly. "I saw that darling picture you sent Margaret for Christmas. It is your dog?"

He shot a quick, dark glance at her, suspicious, hostile. But her brown eyes were glowing warmly; she was leaning toward him, gentle, eager.

"I'm sure it is. Isn't it?"

He nodded dumbly, sudden, incredulous happiness sweeping through him.

"It's a cocker, isn't it? A lady?"

He nodded again, mumbling, "Name is Queenie."

"Oh, but she's sweet!" She leaned back with a little sigh. "I love that kind of dog. You can just see her little dog-soul shining in her face. How old is she, Hank? Have you had her long?"

"Seven. I've had her since she was a puppy, 'bout this big. She got banged up by an automobile when she was three, and she's always seemed kinda old and wobbly ever since."

"Oh. Does she suffer?"

"No. She's just sorta lame. Gee, you ought to see her at night. She waits till she thinks I'm asleep, and then she hops—plump—on the bed. Only she can't hop. She just sorta squats and then springs like a grasshopper and trusts to luck she'll get there. But she always waits till she thinks I'm asleep—"

On he went with the tale that every dog-owner knows and most dog-owners tell, the true story that can be told of any dog who wants to sleep on his master's feet, who isn't allowed to officially, and who sleeps there just the same.

He was still telling her about Queenie, and she was telling him about Toto, her Scottish terrier, when the band swung into "Home, Sweet Home," and Mr. and Mrs. Parkison came out to gather them up.

★ DESQUAMATION

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath.

Lift that Veil ★

THERE'S REAL BEAUTY UNDERNEATH

JUST UNDERNEATH the skin you see, there's a lovely, transparent new skin waiting to come through!

It's fresh and clear as baby skin.

A veil of old skin covers it. A veil so thin you cannot see it.

But wait! Day by day, *invisibly*, this veil of old skin is *peeling off* to let the new skin through.

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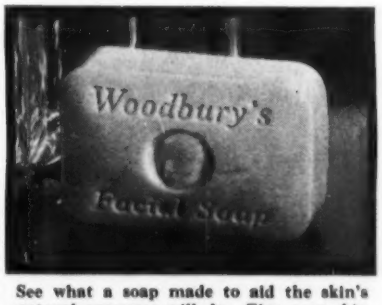
It's a natural process of the skin. And there's a promise in it for every girl.

FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose.) Work this gently into your skin, from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.



See what a soap made to aid the skin's natural processes will do. Give your skin its first Woodbury treatment today.

See what a prescription based on the fundamental processes of the skin will do for *your* skin.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It ★ also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. *The Andrew Jergens Company—Cincinnati, Ohio.*

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For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., 2911 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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HABITS of personal cleanliness have very little to do with the origin of rectal trouble.

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ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues specially processed to satisfy the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: absorbency—softness—chemical purity. These specially treated fibres, soft and cloth-like, are extremely absorbent. Without this absorbent quality thorough hygiene is impossible.

It doesn't pay to be careless in this bathroom essential. Insist on ScotTissue—Sani-Tissue or Waldorf.

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Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world. Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty-fibre* qualities.

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

Love Me, Love My Queenie

IT WAS March, the beginning of Easter vacation.

Hank was on the train, nearly in New York. He was sitting in a day coach, but he was not hungry, except with the more or less permanent hunger that he could always muster. He had lunched substantially but frugally in the diner and had supplemented lunch with ten cents' worth of caramels, selected because of lasting chewing qualities.

He had his usual amount of luggage. He had also in a vest pocket a small brown book which he took out and looked at every few minutes, poring over its lines and columns with an eye that glinted greedily. Its title was "Boston Savings Bank." Its contents described the financial condition of Hanford Parkison, Atchison School for Boys, Boston, Mass.—total seventy-eight dollars and fifty-two cents, including interest.

His bank account was his passion now. That impressive sum represented the most painful economies, the most heroic sacrifices. Movies, school games, clothes, candy, hot dogs, magazines had all been sacrificed to the little brown book. And yet it wasn't hard either. When you're in love and going to be married—well, *some day* they were going to be married—you just naturally want to save money. You've got to take care of a wife, haven't you? You've got to have money ahead, don't you? Gee whiz!

At Grand Central Celia and Dulcey met him, bore him in the car home to Queenie.

"Trudy sent you a package, darling," said Celia.

"What? She did? What is it?"

"I don't know. I didn't open it."

"Gee, I wonder what it is. Gee whiz!"

He tore up to his room, Queenie dashing madly at his heels. On his table was a large and bulky parcel.

"Gosh, I wonder—"

He cut the string, tore at the wrappings. Queenie's lop ears, Queenie's eyes, Queenie's squatting figure, in an old leather frame. A sheet of notepaper was stuck in the picture.

"Hank, darling, I swiped this for you. Don't mind the theft. She'll never miss it, she wouldn't care, and it was indecent for her to have it.

TRUDY."

HE PUT the photograph on his desk in its old place. Then he went down to tell Celia.

"She sent me that old pic. of Queenie. She swiped it from—"

"Did she? Bless her heart!"

"That's what I think."

"She's a darling girl, Hank."

"Isn't she?"

He was red and swallowing and looked so honest and young and happy that Celia's heart caught her.

"And you've been a fine young man this term, Hank. Dad's pleased to death."

"Uh. That's good."

"How's the old bank account?"

"Great. Seventy-eight, fifty-two." He was beaming like a Wall Street turkey-cock.

"Oh, you're rich."

"Sure."

"Who's rich?" It was Grandfather, coming in with Dad.

"Hello." "Hello." "Hello," said everybody. The men pumped hands violently.

"Who's rich?" said Grandfather again.

"Me. I've got seventy-eight dollars and fifty-two cents in the bank."

"And no debts?" asked Grandfather shrewdly.

"No debts."

"Good. And I hear you're going to work this summer."

"I am if I can get a job. Could you get me a job at the bank, Grandfather, a runner or something?"

"Maybe."

In tea rooms and wherever women gather, Air-Way's unusual service is the subject of favorable comment.

GRATEFUL WOMEN PRAISE AIR-WAY FOR SAFEGUARDING THEM FROM INFECTIOUS HOUSEHOLD DIRT

Since the dawn of civilization women have been gathering up infectious dust and dirt within the home and carrying or casting it out to preserve the health and comfort of the family. The disposal of this collected refuse has been for ages one of the most disagreeable tasks in the occupation of home-making. Now for the first time and by *Air-Way* this problem is solved to the satisfaction of one of the world's greatest public health authorities.

Today hundreds of thousands of women no longer dread this task, because *Air-Way* leadership has freed them forever from this repugnant necessity. For the *Air-Way* Sanitary System deposits all collected germs and refuse in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container that is detached bodily to be burned or cast away. There is no dust pan, dirt receptacle nor cleaner bag to empty. This is only one of the many radical differences in design, construction and performance which distinguish *Air-Way* from the usual cleaning systems. Not only does *Air-Way* provide this priceless feature but with it lightness, ease of operation, the widest range of usefulness, which includes the efficient cleaning of everything, everywhere, in the home—floor coverings, draperies, upholstered furniture, hard-to-get-at places, walls, ceilings, closets and corners. It polishes floors, renovates pillows, and provides an easily operated, practical moth control for everything moths attack.

Move up to the new and higher standard of living brought into the world by *Air-Way* leadership.

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"Dangerous Housework", a valuable and interesting book by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, an eminent authority on health and hygiene, reveals the dangers that threaten the housewife in cleaning the house and disposing of the dirt and how to avoid them. Every woman should read it.

Use this coupon for Dr. Copeland's free booklet.
Air-Way Electric Appliance Corp.,
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Please send me a free copy of *"Dangerous Housework."*
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SANITARY SYSTEM
No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. AIR-WAY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

In using advertisements see page 6

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 minutes

Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

Love Me, Love My Queenie

"And I also hear there's a charming young lady. I want to meet her."

"She's coming to-night!" cried Hank.

"Admirable. I want to meet her because she has worked a miracle, and miracle-workers are rare in this world."

Hank grinned. He didn't mind Grandfather's kidding.

"You know, Frank," said Grandfather turning to his son, "it reminds me of you. You were a terribly extravagant boy until Celia came along—I can remember perfectly that one winter your carriage bill was three hundred dollars. I raised the roof—"

"I protest," shouted Dad.

But the laughter drowned him out. Hank was all but exploding with his guffaws.

"Gee, Dad, that sure is one on you. And gosh, Gramps, you shoulda heard him razzin' me."

"Well," said Grandfather, "all I've got to say is, God bless the women. They surely do make men out of us, don't they?"

"He passed his Latin, too, Gramps," put in Dulcey proudly.

"No!" said Gramps.

"Yes, he did!"

"Then she's a better girl than you were, Celia. Fred flunked Latin twice, remember?"

"I did not!" shouted Dad. "Only once!"

Hank was staring at him with wide blue eyes.

"Dad, did you honest flunk Latin?"

"I did."

"Oh, Dad, isn't it a lousy subject?"

"It certainly is," declared Dad.

HANK whistled piercingly as he dressed for dinner that evening. Trudy was coming. They were going to the theater. Everything was so right, so happy—Trudy, school, bank account, everything. And could you beat it? Dad was human. That was great, to find out that your father was human. He gave a last slap at his shining hair, ran from the room, flung himself astride the banisters, and went slithering dizzily down, whooping as he went.

The Diamond Ring

(*Continued from page 30*)

whitewashed front and green painted blinds. Black people crowded its small front porch. They had come to ask for mail, to exchange eggs for rations or kerosene, to see each other and laugh and talk, to ride the merry-go-round in the little open field next to the post-office. Now they were watching the boat sidle up to the wharf to unload what it brought. To-morrow morning, soon after first fowl crow, that same boat would be back to take Nancy to the Sunday-school convention. For two days he'd be free. He'd come back and watch the merry-go-round all day long to-morrow.

"Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt land," Bubba sang softly, for his heart burned so hot in his breast his wind was short.

A good look at the merry-go-round would maybe cool his craving and give him a sort of easement. When suddenly its loud, clear music rang out, Bubba's singing hushed. The horses and the chariots were beginning to turn. He was afraid to look long, for the diamond ring was on his mind; yet when he went to ask for it, he found the post-office window blocked with people. He must wait until they thinned out.

"Hey, Bubba," one sprightly old gray-haired man called to him.

"Howdy, Uncle Chaw-tobacco," Bubba answered politely.

"Whe's Miss Nancy dis evenin'?"

"She home," Bubba answered shyly.

"You come to get rations for em?"

Bubba hesitated. To say yes would be lying, but Nancy had warned him not to tell his business, although she had said lying was a bad sin.

No Summer fears

for young EDWARD EVERETT HALE, IV

He has this protection so many mothers give

WHAT's a second summer, to a baby like this!

Of course Edward Everett Hale, IV is a young gentleman who has a lot to back him up. Eleven Colonial Governors in the family is enough to supply anyone with a certain amount of resistance. But Edward is just plain *healthy*.

He always has been. Young dynamo that he is, he's yet restrained to a regular baby routine. Bath, naps, clothes, food—all are carefully planned for his comfort and well being.

At three months the family physician launched him into solid food. As a matter of course the one chosen was the children's own cereal—Cream of Wheat. Edward was a year old the seventeenth of March, and, regular as clock work, eats his silver porringer full, morning and evening. He *loves* his meals.

"Edward is an extraordinarily healthy child," says Edward's mother. "He has eaten Cream of Wheat every day since he was three months old. Furthermore, he likes it."

How many mothers report the same thing! Specialists everywhere say Cream of Wheat. We found that out, for certain, when we asked 221 leading medical men in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto. Unanimously they gave Cream of Wheat their distinguished approval.

In the first place, it's a wonderful energy food. (And no one knows, like the baby's mother, what an amazing consumer of energy he is.) Secondly, Cream of Wheat is *planned* for untried digestive systems. Its simple form is easily handled by little stomachs making their first difficult change from milk to something solid. So inexpensive too. Forty generous servings in a package.

Now that summer days are at hand, there's one easy thing you can do to safeguard your baby. If the physician says he's ready for solid food, start him off with Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—an authoritative booklet, The Important Business of Feeding Children—giving correct diets from infancy through high school.

Send coupon today to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. C-49, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name .....

Address .....

If sample of Cream of Wheat is desired, check here ☐

CREAM OF WHEAT ★

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In using advertisements see page 6

KELVINATOR

brings you 4-way cold

● There is no basis of comparison by which you may judge the new Super-Automatic Kelvinator.

For no other electric refrigerator has yet approached the marvelous four-fold service of the de luxe Kelvinator—in automatic super-fast freezing of ice cubes and desserts—in scientifically correct cold held uniformly below 50 degrees in food compartments—in fast freezing of ice and desserts—and in its unique cold storage compartment with below-freezing cold for keeping meats, fish, game, frozen fruits and other frozen delicacies.

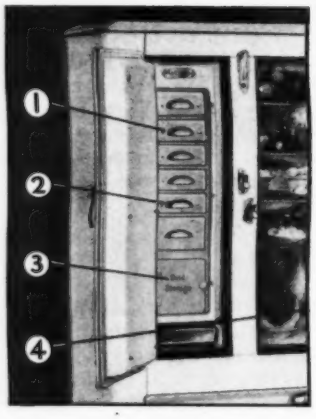
It is more than a coincidence that in thus broadening the service delivered by electric refrigeration, Kelvinator and the entire Kelvinator dealer organization are now enjoying the most tremendous increase in sales in their history.

Knowing that Kelvinator's great resources bring these exclusive advantages to you at no advance in price, you are well advised to inspect the complete new Kelvinator line before making any investment in electric refrigeration.

Features noted above are standard on the 12 beautiful new Super-Automatic Kelvinators—with the exception of Cold Storage Compartment, exclusive to de luxe models. See them at your nearest Kelvinator showroom. Purchase on easy terms through Kelvinator's ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

Kelvinator Corporation, 14251 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan

Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
Kelvinator Limited, London, England



① *Automatic Fast Freezing*—More ice in de luxe models, size for size, than any other refrigerator. From 20 pounds to 34 pounds ice capacity including cold storage compartment.

② *Automatic Super-Fast Freezing*—Iso-Thermic Compartment gives super-fast freezing of ice cubes and desserts—without regulation.

③ *Automatic Cold Storage*—With below-freezing cold for storing the new frosted foods, frozen meats, fish, game, ice cream and fruits.

④ *Automatic Cold for Foods*—Always below 50 degrees, just the right temperature for keeping perishables fresh and wholesome.

KELVINATOR

THE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Kelvinator Corporation
Detroit, Michigan
Please mail me free folder describing the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators

Name_____

Address_____

The Diamond Ring

"Yes, suh," Bubba lied bravely.

An elderly, fat black woman with her head tied neatly in a white head-kerchief laughed out merrily. "I declare to Gawd, Uncle, you say you is a hundred and forty years old, but you don't look a day over ninety to me. Not a day."

"Dat's de Gawd's truth, too," the others chimed in gaily, and Uncle Chaw-tobacco got so flustered with happiness, he had to get his red pocket handkerchief out of his pocket and wipe the sweat out of his eyes.

As he did so a dime fell from its folds to the floor. Bubba's foot quickly covered it, but his mind said no. To take it would be stealing. He picked it up and returned it. Uncle made a low bow, dropped his dime into his pocket, and stammered to Bubba:

"Thank you kindly, son. Miss Nancy's lucky to have you. You is a nice, mannersable boy. You'll be big enough to plow by next year, enty?"

Then he strutted away importantly.

The people were all too busy with their own affairs to notice Bubba, as he went to stand outside on the post-office piazza and listen to the merry-go-round's beautiful music. His joy in hearing it almost drowned his sorrow that he could not ride on it. Suddenly an idea struck him: maybe if he asked Uncle Chaw-tobacco for that dime, he could get it. Or maybe if he asked him and that old woman for a nickel apiece, he could get a dime; or if he'd ask all these people to give him a penny apiece, that would be enough. More than twice ten were here. Which one should he ask first? He looked at them all, then he knew he could not ask at all. He longed to. He tried to make his feet walk straight toward Uncle Chaw-tobacco, who was sweet-talking a young girl in a corner, but they felt numb and would not move a single step. His feet were as coward-hearted as the rest of him.

THE people were thinning out, leaving the post-office. The time had come for him to get the diamond ring. He moved toward the small, square window, stood underneath it, then looked up and said weakly,

"Is you got a package for Miss Nancy Pineset?"

"Who is that?" a gruff voice asked sternly.

"Dis me, Bubba, de boy what Miss Nancy is a raisin'."

"Did she tell you to get this package for her?"

"Yes, suh. She send me at em. It's a diamond ring."

"A diamond ring? Who is sending Nancy a diamond ring?"

"She Cousin Sue, yonder to town. Aun' Nancy's gwine to wear em to de Sunday-school convention to-morrow."

He had forgotten. He had told about the diamond ring. Nancy would skin him alive if she found out.

Bubba shivered. Then he heard a grunt and saw a red, rough hand coming out through the small, square window. In the hand's big fingers was a small package wrapped in brown paper and tied with a red cord. He reached up and took it.

Outside the setting sun hung low behind the tall trees. Its yellow light glowed through the myrtle thickets, but it made their shadows darker than ever. Night was coming out of the earth. First dark was near. The precious minutes were going. He could not tarry long. He would take one good look at the red horses and gold chariots, then he would run home fast.

Bubba stepped softly toward the little open field where the merry-go-round whirled round and round, and both his hands held fast to the package with the diamond ring inside it.

The crowd which had filled the post-office now stood around the merry-go-round. Two young black bucks were holding their sweethearts' hands, inviting the girls to ride. The girls held back, afraid to mount either horses or

A hostess in California asks "How can the Dessert and Salad be combined correctly into one course and make a perfect ending to a dinner?"

We are so glad that you have asked this question, for it gives us an opportunity to tell you and our many other Knox friends about this Salad-Dessert recipe which seems to meet with so much favor with everybody who uses it. Frequently we find that *both* a salad and a dessert are really too much for one meal—(whether you have "Company" or are just serving the family). This "Salad-Dessert", by the way, is most appropriate for a Bridge Party (all the women love to serve it—and even the men exclaim over its goodness). We make it in either a large mold or individual molds and serve it with a tiny cheese sandwich that has been toasted, or with a Swedish wafer. We are sure any hostess will take pride in serving our Salad-Dessert for almost every occasion:—

SALAD-DESSERT

(8 Servings) (Illustrated below)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine • 4 tablespoonfuls cold water • ½ teaspoonful salt • 1 tablespoonful butter • ½ teaspoonful paprika • Yolks of two eggs • Few grains cayenne • 3 tablespoonfuls sugar • ⅔ cup milk • 2 tablespoonfuls canned pineapple juice • 1 cup prepared fruit • ½ cup mild vinegar • 1 cup heavy cream.

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Whip egg yolks and salt, add gradually vinegar, sugar, butter, cayenne and pineapple juice. Whip lightly. Heat milk in double boiler and gradually add the above mixture. Add soaked gelatine and when mixture thickens, remove from fire. Whip occasionally while cooling, and when beginning to set, add whipped cream and the fruit cut in small pieces (oranges, cherries, canned pineapple, grapefruit, pears or any desired fruit). Turn into wet mold and, when firm, remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise to which has been added a few spoonfuls whipped cream or the beaten white of egg. Mold may be tightly sealed and packed in ice and salt if a frozen salad is desired or turn mixture into trays of electric refrigerator.

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS

There are no complications with Knox—the real gelatine. You do not have to remember whether strawberry flavor blends with fish—or raspberry flavor with eggs or lemon with milk or cream. Knox Sparkling Gelatine comes to you plain without any ready-made mixtures. You merely soak and dissolve the gelatine, add your own pure ingredients, cool and serve it—ready for banquet or plain home meal. And you needn't use the entire package at one time. It is good for four different desserts, salads or other combinations, six servings of each.

Mail the coupon for the Knox Recipe Books which answer any possible question about desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes and other dainties.

KNOX GELATINE, 140 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

My name is _____

My address is _____

My grocer's name is _____

In using advertisements see page 6

You Alone, Mothers, Must Save Them...

From Infection By Harsh, Impure Paper

Bathroom Paper from Rayon's Base . . Pure Cellulose Is Softer, More Absorbent, 20 Times Sterilized

NOW a way has been found to make bathroom paper softer—by making it from the source of silky rayon. And safer—by sterilizing it 20 times—every sheet in every roll.

You can *feel* the difference between "Northern Tissue" and cheap yellow or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely by grinding raw wood into a splintery mass. (Always detected by testing with the chemical phloroglucinol.)

Paper from "Cooked" Cellulose — Base of Rayon

To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious Rayon is made. So it makes a paper that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent groundwood "toilet papers". © N. P. M., 1930

Then 20 Times Sterilized— Every Sheet in Every Roll

Then in the making, "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized—every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

What 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States Say

Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh or impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected." Ask for "Northern Tissue"—10c a roll at any Department, grocery or drug store. Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.

Fits Built-In Fixtures

NORTHERN TISSUE

With the Blue Core

The Diamond Ring

chariots. If only somebody would ask him to ride! If only! But nobody knew he was there until he stumped his toe, fell sprawling, and the package holding the diamond ring flew out of his hands right close to the big, strong foot of a black stranger, who leaned and picked it up, then turned it over and over in his fingers, but when Bubba hopped up and reached for it, he put it in his pocket, a deep pants pocket under his faded blue overalls. Bubba's heart stood still.

"Dat package ain' my own. Dat's Aun' Nancy's package. I got to go home right now and take em to Aun' Nancy. I got to hurry home."

The man's black eyes looked friendly enough in spite of the broad grin on his face. "I heard you say you had come to get a diamond ring, but how-come you in such a haste, son? You ought to ride on de merry-go-round befo' you go."

"I ain' got no money to ride, suh."

"I'll gi' you a dime."

"Aun' Nancy said 'e would skin me if I much as look at de merry-go-round."

ALL the laughter left the man's eyes. They narrowed as his hand went deep down into his pocket again. "Who's you' Aun' Nancy?"

"She is de lady what's raisin' me."

"Whe' is you' Ma, son?"

"I dunno, suh."

"Whe' is you' Pa?"

"I dunno, suh."

"Well, what does you know?" The man laughed.

"I dunno, suh." Bubba felt too miserable for words. Tears blinded him, and his throat was tight and choky.

"Boy," the man laughed out loud, "you must be pure mindless. You don' know nuttin'. No wonder you' Ma was glad to leave you behind em. I don' believe you even know a merry-go-round is made for boys to ride on."

Bubba hung his head.

"Does you?"

"Yes, suh."

"You don' want to ride?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, how-come you don' hop on em?"

"I ain' got no money, suh."

"De lady what's raisin' you wouldn' gi' you a dime?"

"No, suh."

"Well, me an' you better talk about dat."

The man cleared his throat. "Listen, sonny: I needs a diamond ring awful bad right now. I could get me a fine wife if I had one, and I been expectin' to buy me one soon as I could. You take dis ten cents and go ride on de merry-go-round whilst I examine dis ring. If it's a good one, I'll pay you all it's worth. If it ain' no good, an' I don' want em, you can wrap em back up and take em home. You look like a good boy to me, and I got faith in all what you tell me. So take dis dime and go ride. Pleasure you-self. Here's another nickel. Buy you'self a lemonade."

Bubba was too excited to think. The man had the ring. The two pieces of money were in his own hand. Wings took hold of his feet. No more stumbling or falling for them, and before he could halt them, they carried him toward the beat of the sharp, clear music; then they stepped up and got themselves into the stirrups, and Bubba was sitting astride a bay horse with his fingers trembling as they held to the red bridle rein. The horse began rocking under him, and the merry-go-round began circling. Faster and faster he went, round and round into a bouncing gallop. Never had he dreamed that any riding could be so sweet or any music so soul-stirring. His head was dizzy, cold sweat drenched him, his heart beat with hard knocks inside his breast. Round and round he went, galloping, galloping to a tune of gay music which rang happily in his ears.

He had forgotten everything else on earth but the music and his horse and the saddle and bridle. But soon the swift riding began

TO THE BRIDE

EVERY ten months, a million new couples take up the job of making a home. That marvelous first year! Busy days for the bride. Not in many years to come, will shopping lists bring such thrills. The first chair! The first rug. The first pair of woolly blankets. How carefully, proudly chosen from the stocks of a dozen stores!

And more than likely the very first product to go into the new medicine cabinet will bear the label of Squibb. For the youngest bride knows the trustworthiness of this fine old name. And even as her mother and grandmother before her, she selects Squibb Products for her medicine cabinet.

Since 1858 E. R. Squibb & Sons have prepared medicinal products of outstanding quality for home use. Into their making go the same care and exactly the same high skill that are used in preparing the most delicate vaccines and sera—professional preparations for which the House of Squibb is famous.

So excellent, indeed, are Squibb Products—and so widespread has become their reputation for efficacy and purity—that mothers consider them home necessities and countless physicians prescribe them before all others.

Select them confidently when you buy—these products which contain The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker . . . and when emergencies arise, you may turn to them with full assurance of their efficacy, purity and reliability. *At all reliable drug stores featuring service and quality products.*

Squibb's Home Necessities

★

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes the germ-acids of decay, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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A DISCOVERY
By *a 22 year old student, brought leisure to millions of women*

Achieving, at 22, what some of the world's greatest scientists had sought in vain for half a century, Charles Martin Hall invented a process by which aluminum could be made on a commercial scale.

Curiously enough, after a company had been organized to produce aluminum by Hall's process, one of the first articles made was a tea kettle. Why? Because even then it was known that aluminum conducted heat 5 times faster than iron or steel, was easy to keep clean and bright, and promised to wear forever. Thus aluminum, the metal that now brings leisure to millions of women, got its first big start in the kitchen.

Everybody knows how aluminum cooking utensils took America by storm, and how much they have lightened the drudgery of housework. But few realize the extent to which aluminum is found in the modern home.

It is little over forty years since Hall made his discovery. Yet in that short time, the scientists and engineers on the staff of the company which Hall helped to form, have learned much about this young metal.

They learned for one thing how to roll it into sheets—and how, by continued rolling, these sheets could be made into foil—some of it so thin that it would take ten sheets to equal the thickness of the paper on which this is printed.

Because this foil is pure and clean and will not tarnish, and because it is impervious to light or moisture or gases, the manufacturers of food and drug products soon discovered it to be ideal for wrapping their products. Foods may be kept in contact with it indefinitely with perfect safety.

Today aluminum foil is used for wrapping and protecting a wide variety of products—chocolate bars, candy mints, chewing gum, yeast cakes, cheese, tea, film rolls, soap, cigars, and cigarettes, to mention a few.

Aluminum is also used for the screw caps of bottles and jars. Aluminum caps (often in color and bearing printed trade marks or designs) are used for sealing bottles of ketchup, pickles, salad dressings, etc., and for capping jars of vanishing cream and bottles of proprietary remedies.

Perhaps more interesting still, pure soft aluminum is made into collapsible tubes for tooth paste, shaving cream, and numerous pharmaceutical products.

From year to year, many other interesting discoveries have been made about aluminum. Some time ago it was found that this bright metal could be ground to a flaky powder and made into paint. At first, this powder was mixed with "banana oil" and used almost exclusively for painting radiators. But soon paint makers found that it could be mixed with varnish like any other paint pigment. When this aluminum paint is applied, the minute flakes of metal overlap one another (as you can see under a microscope) and form a coat of metal protection that defies rain, sun, snow or hail.

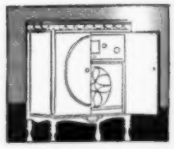
This was an important discovery, for while people may not want aluminum colored houses, it has been demonstrated that aluminum paint, as a priming coat, forms a thin coat of metal that protects the wood underneath against moisture changes, and makes the color coats that are put on top wear much longer. Eventually, it is thought the best grades of lumber may come from the mill already "primed" with aluminum paint.

By combining aluminum with small percentages of other metals, the metallurgists of Aluminum Company of America developed a series of "alloys". After these alloys have been heat-treated they become exceedingly tough and strong—some of them as strong as structural steel.

Thus, when automotive engineers wanted a light, strong metal, and one that would conduct heat many times faster than iron or steel, they turned to these alloys of aluminum. Through them they were able, not only to save weight, but to make speedier cars. Today pistons and connecting rods of aluminum alloys have become almost standard in automobile engineering practice. Eight out of ten car manufacturers use aluminum alloy pistons in their motors.

Because these alloys of aluminum are so strong and light, and so resistant to corrosion, hundreds of uses have been found for them outside and inside the home.

Outside, you will find aluminum shingles, gutters and downspouts, casement window frames and window screen frames. Inside you will find the ovens of the better electric ranges lined with aluminum. Washing machines, ironers, sewing machines, health lamps, and exercisers, all with many aluminum parts.



Did you ever realize how much heavier and harder to push about your vacuum cleaner would be if it weren't for aluminum?

Even in so recent an invention as radio, aluminum brings decided advantages. Your radio is almost certain to have aluminum parts performing a service which no other metal could perform so efficiently. How little did Charles Martin Hall dream what a contribution he was making to the comfort of life when, on a February morning in 1886, his crude experiments, in a wood-shed laboratory, solved the problem which for half a century had confounded the scientists. At that time aluminum was a semi-precious metal selling at about $25.00 a pound—today it sells for less than 25c a pound. Imagine being able to buy a $25.00 rug or a $25.00 chair for less than 25c. This great reduction in price is due first to Hall's discovery and second to the research and development work which has been carried on by Aluminum Company of America.

Because this company is the sole producer of Aluminum in this country it has always striven to lower prices so that the advantages of aluminum might be made available to more and more manufacturers and, through them, to more and more people.

In order to establish the identity of its own brand, and to build good-will around its name, Aluminum Company of America has created a trade name. That name is made up of three syllables, AL CO A, standing for the beginning letters of the principal words of its name: AL uminum CO mpany *of* A merica. ALCOA ALUMINUM is the highest standard in the world.

The story of the remarkable discovery and consequent development of aluminum reads like a romance. It has been written and printed in a book entitled "Alcoa Aluminum in the Home." We will be glad to send you a complimentary copy if you will address Aluminum Company of America: 2416 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The Diamond Ring

slowing; his horse's fast galloping slackened. A few more turns and they were still. The ride was over.

Where was that man? Where was Aunt Nancy's diamond ring? Night was here. The road toward home was as black as the fear in his heart.

Through the crowd he went, searching, searching, peering through the flickering light cast by the flambeaux encircling the merry-go-round. The horses and chariots were being filled again, and another journey was about to begin. Where was the man with the package? Bubba's eyes traveled fast, trying to see every soul who was riding. The man was not aboard. He was not among the gay bystanders. He was nowhere at all. He and the ring were gone. Bubba's heart opened and shut like a book. Nancy would skin him alive. If she did not kill him, he would have to go through life skinless. Terror crazed him. What must he do?

The boat was gone. Its black plume of smoke had broken and settled into a dark cloud over the river. The deck hands were singing in the distance, and their voices melted into the booming frog voices and sharp cricket notes. Fireflies sparkled in the low tree branches. The evening star blazed out. Bats sailed about in the sky. A pair of yoked oxen hitched to an empty cart chewed their cuds sleepily. Mules gnawed at the old trees to which they were tethered, then one stopped gnawing and, lifting his bony head, brayed long and sorrowfully.

A friendly chuckle fell close to Bubba's ear. A bony hand clutched his shoulder.

"What you cryin' 'bout, son? You ain' got no need to cry. Looka what I got for you." Uncle Chaw-tobacco was putting two green pieces of paper money into his hand.

"Dese is one-dollar bills. De gentleman what was a talkin' to you told me to gi' em to you. He said he was takin' dat package wid him. He's a nice man. A fine man. He is one o' dem boat hands, and he makes plenty of money every day."

Bubba squeezed the money tight in his hand. There was nothing to do but go home and get skinned.

NANCY was standing in the door, waiting for him, watching for him, and her angry voice met him before he even got near the doorstep.

"Great Gawd, Bubba! Whe' you been so long? How-come you is so lated? I was just about to go hunt you. Did you got de ring? Talk fast. Don' keep me waitin."

"No'm, de ring ain' come." Bubba was almost too weak to stammer out the words.

"Ain' come? My Gawd! I wish I could kill dat gal Sue. I wonder how-come 'e disapp'int me like dis. Now I ain' got a piece o' ring to wear. Not a piece. Sue promised me 'e wouldn' fail to send me dat ring. 'E promised so faithful I had believe em. My Gawd, I'm too disapp'int. I could pure butt my head on the wall."

Her wailing voice rose higher and higher, shriller and shriller, and her shoulders shook with sobs.

Bubba could hardly believe his senses. Nancy thought his lie was the truth. Thank God! He felt sorry for her, yet his own relief was comforting. And there was the paper money in his pocket.

"Aun' Nancy, please don' cry. Please stop an' let me tell you something. I fetched you a present. A nice present."

Nancy's wailing stilled. Her red eyes glowed at the one-dollar bill he held out toward her.

"If you wouldn' cry, I'll gi' you dis dollar." Bubba held out one of the green dollar bills toward her.

"Whe'd you git dat money, Bubba?"

Bubba swallowed hard. He made his words speak out clear. 'At gentleman what was at de landing. He gi' em to me. He's a nice man, Aun' Nancy. Uncle Chaw-tobacco said he was a fine man."

free • 25¢ can of Johnson's Liquid Wax

Microscopic view of dust on furniture. Compare dry hard surface of Johnson's Wax (left) with oily film (right) which holds dust like flies on fly-paper. This explains graphically what chemists found by weighing actual dust accumulation.

to save *half* your dusting • This is the news. Fifty per cent less dust accumulates on waxed furniture than on oil finishes. So say the chemists. Just twice as much reading, resting, playing with the children. Just twice as much "Isn't she a good housekeeper?" Exactly twice as little work! • If you'd like to try it, here's a 25c can of Johnson's Wax *free*. . . . On it goes. Easy as a beauty lotion because it is liquid at first. Then out from under the polishing cloth quickly comes your own fair face—up come a thousand little sunbeams. All the imprisoned richness of the true wood, polished to a clear radiant lustre. Dust pockets are sealed up. No breeding place for germs. • Now you're through. See how dry the surface is. Dust can't cling to it. But wait a minute. Bang! goes a candle-stick. Scratch! go smock buttons. Bad luck. Must have marred the wood certainly. No? *That's* how protective wax is. • Comes time to dust. Where is it? You haven't *seen* it go. All you know is, there's so little of it. So lightly, nonchalantly, waving your dust-rag like a pennant, you whisk! And instantly the lustrous wax surface is clear again • Here's a can of Johnson's Wax—take it please, won't you?

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. GH6, Racine, Wis. • Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and illustrated booklet "Reducing the care of floors and furniture."

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____ City & State _____

In using advertisements see page 6

inconspicuous

MODESS COMPACT

Thinner—for the fitted silhouette

THE SLIM, classically long, unbroken lines of evening and afternoon frocks render doubly acceptable the concealing thinness of Modess Compact. Its inconspicuousness is attained without sacrifice of efficiency or the gracious softness which has so commended Modess to women.

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material, the same absorbency, the same yielding pliancy. Yet it is thinner by half.

This refinement is made possible by the wholly different construction of Modess and by the fluffy, cotton-like, disposable filler.

To provide an assortment adapted to the range of gowns of smartly dressed women, three Modess Compacts, in a special wrap, are included in every box of regular Modess.

The obvious superiority of Modess will, we are confident, impress you.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

modess

The Diamond Ring

"He must be a nice man for true," Nancy answered slowly, as her fingers smoothed out the crumpled money; then she folded it carefully and put it in her apron pocket.

"Did you git de washin' money?"

"Yes'm." Bubba handed her the kerchief with the hard knot of money tied in one corner.

Nancy untied the knot, counted the money—two quarters, two dimes, one nickel; it was all there. "Here's a nickel, Bubba. I gi' you dis for bein' a good boy."

"Thank you kindly, Aun' Nan, you sho is good to me."

Her eyes measured him. Her fingers picked up a shining dime, then dropped it back into her palm. Slowly they picked it up again.

"Here's a dime, Bubba. It's a sin to gi' a boy money to waste, but I'm gwine to do it anyhow. To-morrow you go ride on de merry-go-round. Mind, now, don't you fall off and kill you'self."

"No, ma'am," Bubba promised joyfully, gratefully, and his feet began dancing boldly, cutting a happy little pigeon-wing step to the merry-go-round's music which rang out clearly in his heart.

THE next two days passed quickly. Far too quickly. Bubba had ridden eleven times on the merry-go-round, and the green dollar bill had been spent along with the dime Nancy had given him. He had tried horses of every color, besides all the gold chariots, and he knew the merry-go-round tune by heart as well as he knew the spirituals which were sung at meeting. But he was not happy, for the time had come for Aunt Nancy's return. The boat had already blown for the landing and would soon be in sight, and his heart swelled up with fear until it felt likely to burst.

As the boat came chugging noisily around the bend of the river, for the tide held it back, sparks mixed with the smoke which poured out of the smokestack, bells jangled, the propeller churned the water as the great hulk eased sideways and stopped at the wharf.

Bubba felt low in his mind. What would Aunt Nancy do when she found out about the diamond ring?

This afternoon he had gone home and straightened up the house as well as he could, fed the fowls and milked the cow. Potatoes were banked in the ashes for supper. But he wished he had kept that green dollar bill to give to Aunt Nancy when she got on him with a stick.

The landing was crowded with people, but through them Bubba saw Nancy on the narrow gangplank coming ashore, and right behind her with her valise in one hand and her packages in the other was that man, that boat hand, who had taken the diamond ring and sent him those two green dollars.

"Hey, Bubba! How you do, son?" Nancy called out cheerfully to him.

Bubba tried to answer her promptly, but his words were slow to come. He threaded his way through the crowd and stood humbly before her, holding up his mouth for her to kiss, then he nearly fell over, for his eyes caught the sparkle of a diamond ring on a finger of the plump hand she put on his shoulder.

"Meet you new uncle, Bubba," Nancy cried out loud enough for everybody to hear her, then she laughed merrily at the silence her words caused.

"All o' yunnuh come meet my new husband," she added, looking at the crowd, "Me an' him was married no longer'n dis mornin', *just befo' de boat left town. Look at him good, Bubba, an' tell me how you likes him.*"

"Who dat got married dis mornin'?" Uncle Chaw-tobacco shouted. "Not you, I hope, Miss Nancy. Can' be. Great Gawd, I is too disapp'int. I had aimed to marry you my-se'f befo' long."

The people roared with laughter, then each man and woman stepped up and kissed the bride and shook the groom's hand and wished

How to be CAPTIVATING

BEBE DANIELS, one of the most fascinating of motion picture stars, says there's one essential charm . . .

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—*a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.*

How ALLURING in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential!*

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"THAT is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

"Lux Toilet Soap," she concluded, "is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth."

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who give their skin regular care with Lux Toilet Soap. Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . .

Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap. Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

So enthusiastic are they that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

9 out of 10 Lovely Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with their many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.

Photo by E. Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in her luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom in Hollywood.

"Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin, have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"

Bebe Daniels

BETTY COMPSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It keeps my skin superbly smooth."*

ANNA Q. NILSSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "Leaves my skin like velvet."*

SALLY BLANE, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It's a wonderful soap."*

LUX TOILET SOAP ★

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

In using advertisements see page 6

A RHYTHM OF COLOR FOR THE TABLE BEAUTIFUL!

THIS exquisite Gobelin Pattern rendered in Spode's Bone Porcelain is an adaptation of a Tapestry design from the great Period of Louis XIV. The deeper shades of rose, blue, and green have been wrought with an emotional verity that reaps warmest approval. Discerning hostesses at once envision the fascinating possibilities in table decoration when combining this Gobelin Pattern with colorful glass, sparkling silver, and fine linen. It is as expressive of individuality as of that most charming and cultured Period in French history. You will love it for the added pleasure it will bring to yourself and your guests. Not every store is privileged to show you this beautiful pattern. Write for name of the Spode dealer nearest you. Copeland & Thompson, Inc., 206 Fifth Avenue, New York City

By appointment to His Majesty, The King, and to H. R. H., The Prince of Wales

SPODE

The Diamond Ring

them both long lives and happiness.

In the midst of it all the groom leaned down and murmured in Bubba's ear,

"Don' fret 'bout dat diamond ring, sonny. I know Miss Sue yonder to town. She was a witness at de weddin' dis mornin', an' I gi' em fifty cents for de ring. It ain' been cost but a quarter to start wid. I told you I could git me a fine wife wid dat ring."

Bubba squeezed his hand until he leaned down again.

"Please, suh, don' let Aun' Nancy lick me," he pleaded.

"Lick who? Nobody ain' gwine lick nobody. Me an' you an' de bride is gwine now to take a ride on dat same merry-go-round befo' we goes home to-night. Come on, Nancy, gal. We got to celebrate de weddin' wid a ride. We is due to pleasure ourselves a plenty to-day, by dis is us weddin' day."

"Sho," Nancy answered happily. "I'm pure ravin' to ride on dat merry-go-round. I hear say it's de sweetest ridin' ever was. But wait on me a minute till I show all dese gals de fine diamond ring what you give me."

And Bubba's heart beat softly again, as he watched Nancy holding out her hand where the diamond ring sparkled bravely so that all the people might see it.

WHEN all the hand-shaking and good wishing were finally over, Nancy and her new husband climbed into a chariot on the merry-go-round and Bubba mounted a horse right in front of them. At first Nancy's cries of terror almost smothered her husband's low comforting words, but before long she aughed joyously as they whirled round and round.

Everything would have been perfect except for a heavy burden which weighted Bubba's heart down, in spite of the joy he felt. Nancy did not dream that the diamond ring came in the mail or that he had taken two green dollars for it.

He argued with himself; Nancy was happy, her husband was happy, the diamond ring was on her finger, why not let things stay as they were? Why make trouble for himself?

His misery stung him like a thorn in his breast. He might be a fool to do it, but he would have to tell Nancy the truth or he would never feel peaceful again. He walked homeward behind the newly-wed couple and with every step his unhappiness grew. When must he speak? How could he make his tongue talk, dry as it was?

Ahead of him in the dusk he could see the Praise House with its white-washed front, gleaming. When he got in front of it, then he would speak out; he would face the worst, whatever that was.

He did try to. He cleared his throat, grunted, called out: "Aun' Nancy, please wait a minute. I got to tell you something."

But he got no further for Nancy broke into a great peal of laughter.

"Lawd, Bubba, I didn' know you was dat scared of de grave-yard. Come on an' hold my hand 'til we get past de Praise House. L'Boy, you hand is cold as ice an' tremblin' like a leaf."

Her hand which took his was hot and wet, and the ring on it pressed against his fingers. His feet slackened their gait, then stopped dead still.

"What de matter ail you, Bubba? Is you sick? I hope to Gawd you ain' seen no spirit a-walkin' in dis grave-yard. Hurry up an' talk."

"I got de ring from de post-office. It been come on de boat. I had aim to fetch em home to you, but I been fall down—" His breath gave out; sobs shook his words to pieces.

"What ring is you talk 'bout, Bubba? Hush you cryin' befo' I pop you on de jaw."

Then the new husband spoke up. "Don' talk hard at de boy, Nancy. He is a nice lil boy an' he ain' done a thing wrong. I is de one, not him."

Bubba's heart beat so loud and so fast he could not hear the rest of the man's words, but he did hear Nancy's happy laugh at the end

All the natural pride of owning Gorham sterling *is yours for a modest expenditure*

THERE is both pride and pleasure in owning Gorham sterling table silver. You weave a spell of beauty, well-being—even luxury about your table.

For a very modest sum it is entirely possible to own this lovely and distinguished Gorham sterling which has been the choice of the most discerning families for generations.

A complete service for eight, 76 pieces, can be had for less than $218. The beautiful Etruscan pattern illustrated costs only $234.

A COMPLETE SERVICE FOR EIGHT MAY BE HAD AS LOW AS $218

The established jeweler in your city will be glad to show you a wide variety of exquisite Gorham patterns in table silver, as well as many beautiful hollow-ware pieces in harmonizing designs.

A new book, charmingly illustrated, written by Lilian M. Gunn, well-known authority on the etiquette of entertainment, is now ready. Fill out and mail the coupon below.

STEICHEN

THE GORHAM COMPANY
Providence, Rhode Island . . . . . Dept. H-1
Please send "The Art of Table Setting," for which I enclose 25¢.

Name _____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

PLUG IN FOR CORRECT TIME!

Electricity keeps the Telechron in your home as accurate as the Telechron Master Clock in the power house

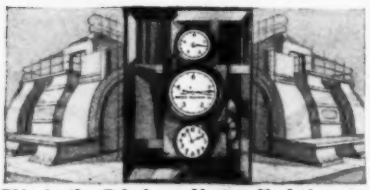
Must you guess each morning which one of your clocks is right, if any? Do you ever forget the daily or weekly winding? It's disconcerting to miss a train by two minutes — unnerving to burn a batch of biscuits. Life moves so much more serenely, when it moves on schedule. . . . And Telechron was created just to keep life like that.

Telechron does. You can connect it with the nearest electric outlet, set it and forget it. It will serve you faithfully for weeks and months and years. Its complete accuracy is assured by even impulses of alternating current, regulated at the power house by a Telechron Master Clock. You can *trust* Telechron!

The very same precision is built into all the Telechron models. There are banjo clocks for the wall, graceful tambours for the mantel, compact little clocks for desk or radio, bedside clocks with alarm and illuminated dial, clocks in color for the kitchen—Telechron clocks—for every purpose and every price, from $9.95 to $55.* Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

* The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from $40 to $1200.

Below: *Vernon, particularly popular for bedside or dressing-table. Mahogany case. Three-inch gold-finish dial, illuminated by tiny Mazda lamp. Height 6⅛". Price* $21.



This is the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. Checked by radio with naval observatory time, it governs the speed of the giant generators that supply impulses of alternating current to regulate the Telechron in your home. These are the only master clocks used by power companies to furnish regulated time to the public.

Below: *Madison, an attractive banjo clock in early American design. Mahogany case with colored glass panels. Six-inch silvered dial. Height 32½". Price* $50.

Telechron

electric time-keepers

The Diamond Ring

of them, and he felt her warm lips giving his cheek a loud smack, and heard them say close to his ear,

"Don' fret bout de ring, son. If it wasn' for you a-droppin' 'em, I might not a got me dis fine husband. I might a had to married Uncle Chaw-tobacco to keep from bein' a old maid."

The husband laughed gaily. "Who? You? You a old maid? Never in dis world. Not sweet an' pretty as you is. Ain't it so, Bubba?"

"It sho is," Bubba answered, then he wiped his tears away on his shirt sleeve.

The Style of Your House

(*Continued from page 57*)

natural material, and architects have used the ranch houses of the pioneers in designing dwellings with a distinct local atmosphere.

Occasionally there is conflict between the desires of the home-builder and the types of houses already in the neighborhood. If there is a strong tradition in favor of one style, as in the older towns of New England, it should be respected. But sometimes a compromise can be effected that will satisfy the individual preferences of the owner, and at the same time harmonize well with the adjoining dwellings. A woman once asked me to design a Colonial house for her. She had already selected her site—a lot in a fine residential section, but long empty because it was some feet below the street. Next door was a Colonial house. I studied the lot and found it entirely unsuited to Colonial, but a visit to her home suggested the solution. Her furniture was old Italian, and she possessed several interesting Italian floral paintings. In the end I built her an Italian house with a sunken garden in front, to make a virtue of the disadvantage of the lot. It harmonizes nicely with its next-door neighbor, and it fits the owner and her possessions much better than a Colonial house would.

From what had already been said, you will readily understand that there is a close connection between the style and the material chosen. As a rule, wood is the most economical material. Stucco on wood frame, "back-plastered," and brick veneer are somewhat more expensive, while stucco on tile, solid brick, and stone are the most costly materials. Occasionally one meets a client who has no feeling whatever for the proper use of materials. I heard not long ago of a wealthy woman who asked her architect to copy for her new house on the Southern coast an Italian marble palace, and she wanted it copied in *wood*. Her architect of course refused to do it. Wood lends itself readily to Colonial designs and to the characteristic types of the Northwest. Stucco calls to mind either certain English types, or the houses of southern Europe with their tile roofs and iron balconies. Brick suggests charming English cottages, Colonial houses, and white-washed French cottages.

One of the most necessary steps in developing the design of the house is to learn how the owners live, because the exterior must express the plan of the house, and the plan depends on how the people who live in it like to spend their time. People who like to entertain lavishly and formally will probably be happier in a rather formal house. Those who dislike low-ceiled rooms and bedrooms cut off by a steep roof will not care to live in the cunning cottage they like so well in pictures. On the other hand, people who live informally and who like cosiness and picturesqueness in a house will be most content if their house is of this type.

The small house develops naturally from all the various factors mentioned—the cost, the materials used, the contour, size, and location of the site, the architectural traditions of the neighborhood, and the general plan worked out after a study of the owner's tastes and manner of living; and if each angle of the problem is thoughtfully studied by the architect with the frank co-operation of his client, the result is bound to be a happy one.

Do you offer your guests apologies...or the COMFORTS THEY EXPECT?

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dear! It will run clean in just a minute."

"Anything else I can get you, dear?" "No, thanks. Everything's just fine."

AN apology every time guests wash their hands! Makes you almost hate to be hostess, doesn't it?

So unnecessary, too—now that the new Chase Copper Water Tubing makes it such a simple, economical matter to replace worn-out, rusted water pipes. This remarkable product does away with slow-running water, rust-ruined laundry and costly makeshift pipe repairs for good and all!

You see, Chase Copper Water Tubing is *flexible.* It comes in long coils that your plumber can easily bend to suit the course of the water line. Instead of ripping out walls, floors and tiling to lay the whole line bare, he usually makes a small opening... perhaps lifts one of the floor boards. Then he runs the Tubing *down through the wall*... bending it here and there (instead of using fittings) when the direction changes. Often he doesn't even bother to take out the old rusted pipe... just runs the Tubing beside it. When he does have to make an occasional joint, he uses special Chase Fittings that go on quickly.

Simple, isn't it? And look what it saves—plumber's time, damage to your house... and the many expensive fittings you'd need if you used rigid pipe.

More than that—you've an *absolutely rust-proof water system.* Chase Copper Water Tubing cannot rust, for it's 99.9% pure copper. It will give you clean, clear water at full pressure as long as your house stands!

How much will it cost? That depends on your particular water system. Just ask your plumber. He'll be glad to estimate exactly how little it will cost to completely modernize your home with Chase Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings.

CHASE

This mark is stamped on all Chase plumbing products

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING comes in a coil, bends around corners, and is 99.9% pure copper. Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings are marked and guaranteed.

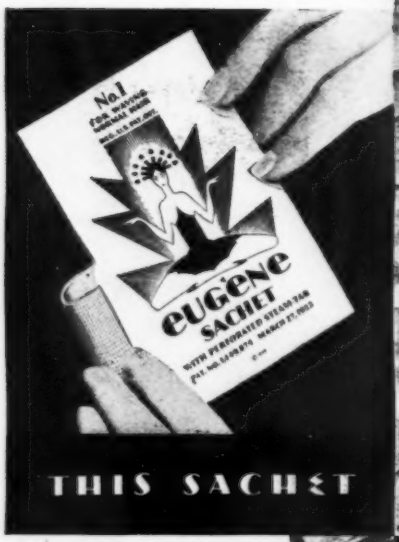
NEW HOUSES. When a new house is being built, and open walls make pipe easy to install —use Chase Alpha *Brass Pipe.*

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters—Chase Bronze Screen Cloth—Chase Plumbing Supplies —Chase Copper and Brass in Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial use.

In using advertisements see page 6



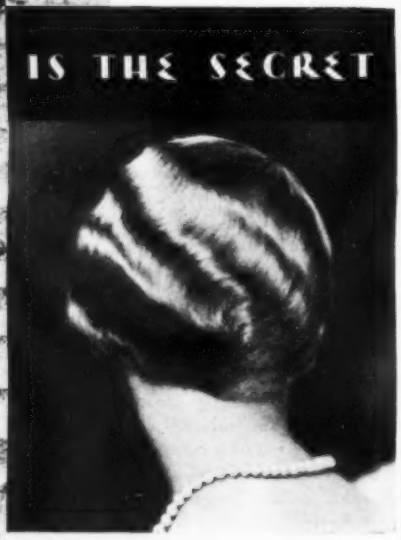
THIS SACHET

"Eugène!"
is the world's verdict

•

"*Eugene!*" answered Paris, "*Eugene!*" answered London, and now—"*Eugene!*" answers New York, Chicago, Los Angeles. In all the great cities of the world, when you ask for the name of the preferred method of permanent waving, smart society has only one answer . . . . . "EUGENE!"

IS THE SECRET



Please note the patented perforated steam tab, on the Eugène Sachet shown above. This tab controls and directs the steam. It has made permanent waving safe, gentle, certain.

With this sachet your hairdresser can wave those few new inches of straight hair, grown since your previous permanent wave, without re-waving the old wave! Thus, the Eugène Wave is worth its slightly higher price because it can be maintained at its lovely best —*permanently!*

Send for "The Eugène Beauty Book," and a specimen Eugène Sachet.

Eugène Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Eugene S.A. Paris: Eugene, Ltd. London: Eugene G. m. b. H., Berlin: Eugene, Ltd., Sydney

eugène
permanent waves

Stars and Scissors

(*Continued from page 45*)

I've a little story to tell you about that—and well authenticated, too—that a famous clergyman once wrote to Booth asking to be admitted at a side door of the theatre, so that he might escape observation and criticism maybe. Booth right away wrote back in his own hand these words:

"My dear Sir:

There is no door in my theatre through which God can not see."

Ach, my dear, that's a grand story. Didn't I tell you how he honored his profession!

For twenty years Booth was traveling as a star here and in London, acting with Irving, and later on, with Lawrence Barrett (another big actor) went on a joint starring tour. His very last appearance was April 4, 1891, as *Hamlet*—at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.

I made Booth's last costume, and it was at the very end of his life. My husband went to him and himself took the measurements. (Mr. Freisinger adored Booth and often talked with him.) It was a plain, black costume he wanted—I still have the picture—and quite different from the other *Hamlets*. Booth always wanted his costume plainer and simpler and much longer, too, than the other *Hamlets*, and to tell the truth I never liked his *Hamlet* costume as well as others I've made. I made costumes for all the *Hamlets* of my time, you know.

The Greatest Hamlet

Booth impressed me very much, even then when he was really at the end of his days. He was always the great personage. His greatness hung about him like a mantle. He was very sad—he always seemed *Hamlet* to me then at the end, just as when I first saw him in Germany as a young girl. He didn't *play Hamlet*, my dear—he *was Hamlet*.

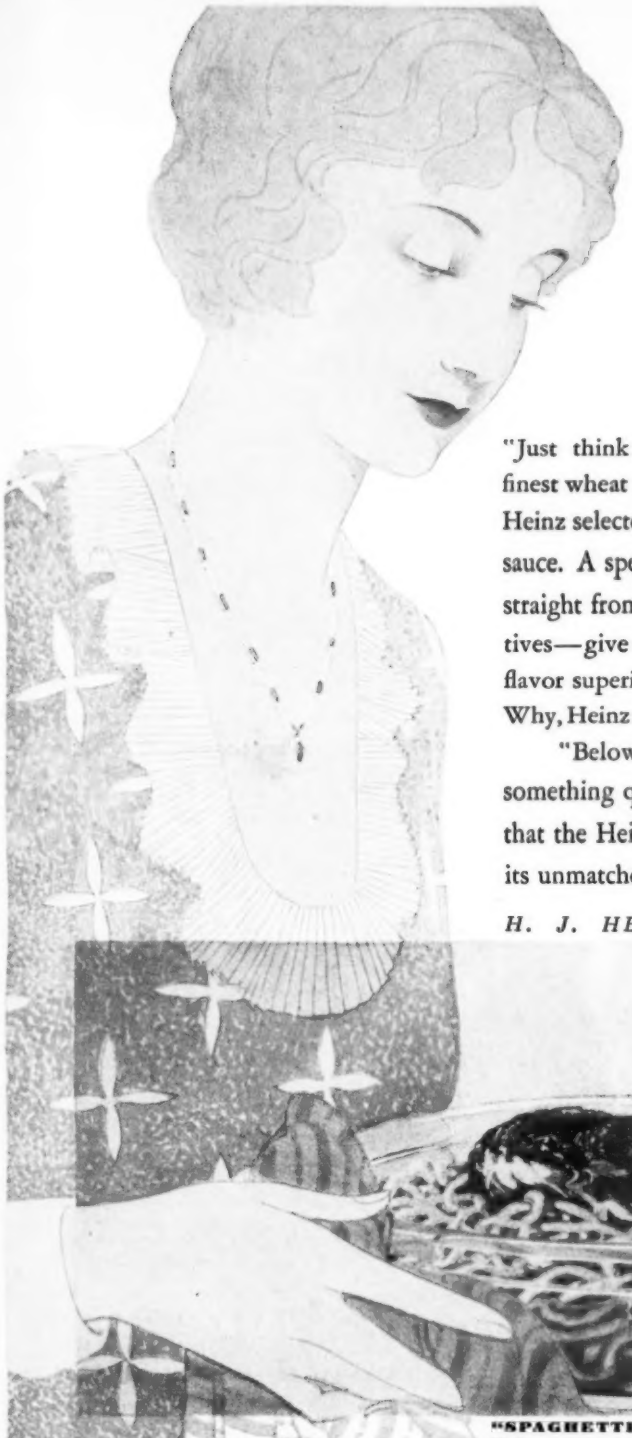
Ach, how wonderful it was—his *Hamlet!* So mysterious and dark like the night, my dear, burning with a kind of fire! Such a vision of melancholy! Sublime, I tell you, in his suffering, he seemed. He had what we call the pure tragedy, and a kind of force—electrical, it was—such as has never been equaled on the stage, I tell you.

Booth loved most of all to act *Richelieu* (one of his greatest rôles), and he was so marvelous in that, that no actor could ever stand up against him! Yes, he loved to act *Richelieu*, but used to get weary of *Hamlet*, they said. His wife, Mary McVicker, tells a little story about this. It was her custom every morning to put out the costumes of the part he was to play that night, that he might be reminded early in the day. She tells that whenever he saw the robes of *Hamlet*, he right away became moody and fretful and depressed. But when he saw *Richelieu*, or even *Shylock*, he was always smiling.

But even if he was weary of his *Hamlet*, the whole world thinks of him, even the people who never saw him, as *the Hamlet*—and so he was! But he wasn't the only one, you say? All the great actors take a crack at *Hamlet*, just as all the great actresses must have their fling at *Juliet* and *Lady Macbeth*, though mighty few of them get away with it? I should say not—but *sotto voce!* I costumed all the *Hamlets*—Forbes Robertson (very scholarly he was—and handsome, too), Walter Hampden, and John Barrymore, the last of the *Hamlets* up to date, and one of the best of the younger *Hamlets* in some respects—all of them serious, all effective—but not a Booth among the lot! And at my age, my dear, I'm privileged to speak my opinion, surely.

There can be no argument about Booth's *Hamlet*. It stands supreme even now. And Booth is dead.

I remember well when he died. Here in New York it was, in 1893. Retired from the world, no longer acting, and living at the Players' Club—the club he gave to the actors. His own beautiful room is still standing, my dear,



"TO TURN AN ORDINARY DINNER INTO SOMETHING QUITE APPETIZING AND DELICIOUS . . .

"Don't think of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti as merely a luncheon or supper dish, even though it does fit in so beautifully in both these capacities," says Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company. "We've a way to serve it for dinner that capitalizes to the full its wonderful flavor and goodness.

"Just think! Heinz makes the dry spaghetti . . . of the finest wheat . . . and the very air in the drying room is washed. Heinz selected tomatoes are used to make the rich, red, piquant sauce. A special cheese is added for its tang and zest. Spices straight from the Orient—selected there by Heinz representatives—give their delicate flavors. Chefs who are masters of flavor superintend the cooking in Heinz spotless kitchens . . . Why, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti couldn't be other than delightful!

"Below is the recipe that will turn an ordinary dinner into something quite delicious for you. And you'll find in this way that the Heinz Spaghetti has the happy faculty of passing on its unmatched flavor to the roast.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.

Enjoy these radio talks! • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

"SPAGHETTI with pot roast the Heinz way . . . "Prepare a Pot Roast in your usual manner. When it is about done add a can or more, according to the size of your roast, of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, which you have already heated. Let the whole simmer for a few minutes, adding water to replace the gravy absorbed by the spaghetti. In serving, place the meat in the center of the platter, and heap the spaghetti around it. I might mention that you'll find Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle a very tasty and fitting accompaniment to this delicious dish."

57

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★

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

Yes, ma'am, these young children have to be fed just right . . .

Says the Uneeda Boy

Why not let the "Uneeda Bakers" make *all* her cookies and crackers and biscuit . . .

They use the *very* best of everything — and they are so particular about their baking. So fussy about it, I mean . . . I know all about how they work, because I'm the Uneeda Boy.

If I were you I'd be sure to look for the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal on every biscuit package.

You'd be surprised to see how many different kinds of things they make *specially* for children, too . . .

Just think how many million children are eating Uneeda Graham Crackers this minute!

The familiar light-brown squares of childhood memory—Uneeda Graham Crackers! Crunchy-crisp when eaten dry—delicious in a bowl of milk. Just sweet enough to be exactly right for every age and every taste. Be sure they're the real Uneeda Graham Crackers—you can tell them by the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal. Also sold by the pound.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

"Uneeda Bakers"

Stars and Scissors

just as he left it. But Booth is dead. The noblest, the most wonderful, spiritual—*ach*, the very greatest of all great actors is gone forever from our sight. "The rest is silence" —*Hamlet's* last word, and Booth's last words on the stage.

And now, that other magic name—Eleanora Duse! *Ach*, my dear, I can hardly speak of her even now. The memory of Duse is still haunting me! She stirred up this old town as it was never stirred up since the days of the great Booth. Years ago she came, unknown, with a little, cheap Italian company, and was discovered in the beginning by a few knowing people. After that, *Gott in Himmel!* They came in droves!

I never can forget her face, so sad that when you looked at her you were shedding tears yourself. She was to me a celestial being, not of this world I tell you. As if some spirit was earthbound in her! She impressed me as nobody—nobody, I say—has ever impressed me before.

You can not call it acting, my dear—not acting as we know it. We can only say she was the first one who *lived* her part on the stage. She gave her soul to it, I swear, but when I knew Duse it was toward the end of her life. Of that I shall now speak.

Eleanora Duse

I was called to the Savoy Hotel to see her about a costume. We spoke matters over together in French (she didn't speak English, you know), and she described to me very carefully a simple negligée she wanted made for "The Lady from the Sea." She described exactly what she wanted—just how the folds must fall, folding and plaiting the silk shawl she wore with her beautiful hands to show me as we talked, the kind of crêpe she wanted, even the color, which must be a very deep cream.

"More butter color," she kept saying, "than cream." The loose, flowing sleeves she was very particular about—how they fell, and even the length of the ribbon that tied them together. *Ach*, so much care and thought she took about that little, plain garment! Not for the garment itself, but for the *feeling* it brought to the part. But so sad she was! I still see her haunting face. So gentle-spoken, so kind to me, and at the end, my dear, so touching it was, for when I sent my bill she put an extra $25.00 on her check, thinking I had not charged enough!

Duse was the first, the only real exponent of the so-called 'natural' school of acting. A great break from the artificial school of which Bernhardt was the most splendid flower.

Why, Duse appeared even then without make-up—which was unheard of. And who can say how Duse made this miracle, for it was a miracle! She made you forget everything—time, surroundings—forget you were in the theatre. What an actress she was! *Ach*, you stopped thinking—you were only feeling pain, despair, love, passion, wonder. You weren't seeing a performance on the stage, no!

Duse's method was *herself*—no tricks, no effects, no artifice—she only *lived*, for the hour she was acting, the character she portrayed on the stage. Duse was a spiritual and technical marvel! And her hands—the beauty and rhythm of her perfect hands—what she expressed with them! *Ach*, her hands could speak just as her voice could. If she was acting only with her hands, you would still know what she meant.

And her low, clear, vibrant voice with the strange, harsh tones breaking through—I can still hear it. What the voice means to an actress few know! She was always heard and understood in every part of the theatre.

I saw Duse once again, three years ago, when she returned to this country for the last time. She died in Pittsburgh at the close of a hard and tragic season here. This time I did not speak to Duse, I only saw her from the front, and again in "The Lady from the Sea." She

New, Unique Salads and Real
MEXICAN DISHES

Now Easily Prepared at home . .

WHATEVER else may be said of Mexico, its cooking is a work of art. Touched with magic flavor, the simplest dishes become a treat . . . the plainest foods an urge to the appetite.

The secret is seasoning. Its basis is the ground pod of the Mexican Ancho Chili pepper; this plus a delicate blend of other rare spices. The formula was first known to ancient Aztec; later adopted by Spaniards and now being discovered throughout America.

Gebhardt, San Antonio, imports Chili peppers and compounds the powder according to the ancient formula. Add his unique, spicy condiment to your daily cooking. Liven up party luncheons and after bridge suppers with something delicious, novel, unique.

If your grocer hasn't genuine Gebhardt's Chili Powder in 15c and 35c bottles with recipe folder enclosed, send for 10c sample described below. The Dinner package sampler is also a bargain if you can't get Gebhardt's Mexican foods in cans at your store.

Alice Bradley's: "Salads" . . Gebhardt's "Mexican Recipes" and SAMPLE!

Retail Value 40c Postpaid

10¢

The principal of Miss Farmer's Boston School of Cookery has written this smart new book on "Salads"; the new vogue in color, decoration and design. Gebhardt's book: "Mexican Cookery" is a manual of native culinary lore. Both books, plus 10c sample sent you for only a dime.

The SAMPLER
MEXICAN DINNER PACKAGE

$1 Brings this box of rare, delicious Mexican foods: 1 can each of Chili Con Carne, Tamales, Beans; 2 cans of Deviled Sandwich Spread; 1 bottle Chili Powder and two famous recipe books. Shipped to any U. S. address postpaid for a dollar bill.

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Gebhardt's
★ Chili POWDER
GENUINE MEXICAN

GEBHARDT'S · San Antonio, Texas GH-6

☐ Enclosed find 10c for sample Gebhardt's genuine Mexican Chili Powder and two famous Recipe books.
☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for Gebhardt's Mexican dinner package sampler.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... *State*.....
Dealer's Name.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Everybody's standby

Beauty. Eyebrows, eyelashes and hands, all give testimony if you use "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. There's nothing better to insure a well-groomed appearance. A little left on the eyelids overnight encourages the lashes to grow and you can train the brows to a graceful arch with a small brush and a dab of Jelly. If your hands are chapped or red, massage with "Vaseline" Jelly and wear old cotton or silk gloves overnight. Even one such treatment shows results.

Men's Uses. If you want to please your men folks, buy each one a jar of "Vaseline" Jelly. Get them to try an application before lathering, for a quick, easy shave. Prevents razor pull.

Babies. There should be a tube of "Vaseline" Jelly on hand just for baby's use. Smear a little over his tender skin after his bath, to prevent chafing, and remember to soothe inflamed buttocks with "Vaseline" Jelly when you change his diaper. Use it on his scalp, too, and he won't be tormented with "cradle cap" or dry scaliness. Ward off sniffles by swabbing his nostrils gently every day with a bit of sterile cotton dipped in Jelly.

First Aid. What price carelessness? Even the smallest bruise or abrasion may cause serious trouble. Be sure all minor cuts, scratches, burns and bumps are sterile and then apply "Vaseline" Jelly to promote healing. Your doctor will approve your good sense.

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★ "Vaseline" Preparations

Stars and Scissors

came back then so tired, broken—old and worn she was, but still so beautiful. Nothing, not even her gray hair or her pain, could destroy Duse—she was only becoming more wonderful!

Yes, Duse was the greatest spiritual force the stage has ever known. Indescribable—gone forever—but a memory that tears and burns. *"Rien qu'un souvenir!"*—her last words in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Nothing but a memory! And that's the stage. All we have of the great actor—when he's gone—a memory. All we have of Duse. But I tell you, when I read that she had died—alone here, away from her beloved Italy—after the long and terrible labors of her life, in my heart I tell you I was glad. You understand? Glad.

Coats without Sleeves

Well now, my dear, we must come back—back to our talk, and as always, we go from tears to laughter, just as in life, so I'll give you a story, an accident that was really almost a tragedy, which happened with another fine actress of the old school, an American comedienne—Henrietta Crosman.

What a time that was! The greatest disaster I ever had over the costumes for "Sweet Kitty Belaire" for Belasco. Henrietta Crosman was playing in this, also Florence Roberts, and it was to be a great production, the opening in Washington. We went two days in advance for the dress rehearsal. I had all the costumes ready—everything in perfect condition, including twenty-five coats (gorgeous they were!) for the men. As always, everything was in perfect order, packed, and sent off a day in advance in the great theatrical trunks. Then Mr. Freisinger and I went to Washington with the company, and as soon as we arrived, began unpacking the things.

My tailor was to have gone on ahead, as usual. But, *Gott in Himmel*, the tailor wasn't there—all the great trunks and no tailor! Well, I simply thought he'd come on the next train and began unpacking at once, but then it was I found out *why* he wasn't there! My dear, can you believe it?—there were all my beautiful coats packed in their fresh tissue-paper, but *not a sleeve in a single one of them!* Not a sleeve—all the material—cloth—but not a sleeve even cut! My dear, my head went round! Mr. Freisinger was like a crazy man. What to do! Of course Belasco couldn't know of this tragedy or even the manager—somehow we must have the sleeves made and put in the coats. It was Sunday morning, and the dress rehearsal was called for Monday.

Well, my dear, I tell you that was one of the times I worked like forty.—*Ach*, a hundred devils were after me!

Mr. Freisinger was just tearing up and down! "What *shall* we do?" he cried. "I must go back at once and get the tailor."

"*Ach*," I said, "don't speak to me! Go back and find that cursed little tailor if you want! I've no time to think of him—now I must find a tailor (a dozen tailors) *here!*"

Like mad, my dear, I jumped into a cab, and I drove all over Washington, hunting for a tailor to finish the job. Of course, everything was closed on Sunday, and we had to go from place to place to locate a tailor. By that time the cab driver was almost crazy, too, as I told him my story, of course.

Finally, *Gott sei Dank*, we found a tailor. We got two tailors who brought us two more, and they in turn found two others, so we were six—and I begged them all to come and help me. At first they refused—they wouldn't work on Sunday, not they! I was almost weeping. On my knees I went to that first tailor, I tell you, begging him to come to me—and such prices I offered him! Well, to make a long story short, of course he came, my dear—he couldn't do anything else. They *all* came! Then they all worked all Sunday and Sunday night until seven o'clock Monday morning, when they departed (almost dying they were, too) everything in perfect order, all the sleeves

Tarnished silver, scaly teakettles, meat grinders and waffle-irons, vacuum-bottles and vases —even false teeth

Believe it or not

ten thousand housewives say:

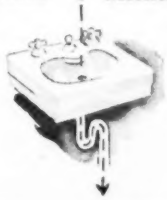
"Drāno *cleans them all!*"

MORE than ten thousand women wrote more than ten thousand letters in the recent Drāno Experience Contest. One after another, they told us of the many unusual cleaning tasks that Drāno is doing for them . . . without any of that tedious, time-wasting scraping and scrubbing, scouring and rubbing.

You use Drāno, of course, to open drains — keep them fast-flowing. More than likely, you use it, too, for the laborless cleaning of broiler-pans and casseroles, stove burners and garbage cans. But think of all these other things that Drāno can clean for you—

Meat grinders and waffle-irons, teakettles and water-heaters, fish-bowls and babies' bottles, combs and jewelry, fruit-jars and vacuum-bottles, flower-vases and bird-baths, stove parts and cream-separators, milk cans and poultry troughs. To remove paint, clean automobile radiators and greasy garage floors. Just a Drāno-soaking, that's all. Could anything be easier?

Keep a can of Drāno handy on the kitchen shelf, and in the bathroom, too. On sale at all grocery, drug, hardware stores, and house furnishings departments. And for a copy of our helpful booklet, just write to The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

***Tell your husband about* Drāno**

Does your husband know that Drāno is packed in 5, 10, 25 and 50 lb. containers for industrial use? Drāno is used for drastic cleaning jobs—in hotels, mills, mines and all kinds of factories—and is available through supply houses.

THE CONTEST WINNERS

From among the many thousands of excellent letters entered in the contest, the judges — Miss Katharine A. Fisher, Director of the Good Housekeeping Institute; Miss Lita Bane, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal; Mrs. Martha C. Peabody, Household Editor of the Woman's Home Companion, and the President of The Drackett Chemical Company — *selected the following:*

Regular Use Contest

1st Prize $500
Mrs. Irvine L. Miller, Beltsville, Md.

2nd Prize $250
Mr. Charles A. Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.

3rd Prize $200
Mrs. Wm. Blower, Akron, Ohio

4th Prize $150
Mrs. William L. McClure, Yakima, Wash.

5th Prize $100
Mrs. F. W. Feil, Racine, Wis.

6th Prize $50
Mrs. Marion Fay, Pittsburgh, Pa.

7th Prize $25
Mrs. J. L. Linden, Los Angeles, Calif.

8th Prize $25
Mrs. J. H. Scott, Pasadena, Calif.

$10 Prizes—*Regular Use Contest*

Mrs. W. E. Coulbourn, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. Nellie C. Herman, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Nelson, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mr. Paul W. Pagelow, Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. William Ralph, Bethaven, N. C.; Mr. Edwin S. Smith, Kenmore, N. Y.; Mr. W. E. Whipp, Green Lake, Wis.; Mrs. Elsie W. White, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. J. R. Wilcox, Washington, D. C.; Mr. R. G. Williams, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

$5 Prizes—*Regular Use Contest*

Mrs. H. C. Anderson, Moorhead, Minn.; Mrs. B. J. Bennett, Jr., Pasadena, Calif.; Mr. Howard Bensteel, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. C. E. Carey, W. Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Alta G. Clever, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Nathan W. Cunningham, Clyde, Ohio; Mrs. Norman H. Dieter, Hawthorne, N. Y.; Mrs. O. B. Farmer, Tullytown, Pa.; Mrs. F. W. Field, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Dorothy A. Fifield, So. Lancaster, Mass.; Mr. R. A. Foose, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. H. I. Jackson, Rushville, Nebr.; Mr. George W. Lamb, E. Chicago, Ind.; Mrs. V. J. Linneman, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. J. O. Mueller, Dayton, Ohio; Miss Carrie Onslow, Darlington, S. C.; Mrs. J. Rupp, Delta, Ohio; Mrs. H. Skidmore, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. Arthur Sutherland, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. B. B. Whitehill, Uniontown, Pa.

Other Use Contest

1st Prize $500
Mrs. E. L. Noble, Britton, S. Dak.

2nd Prize $250
Mr. Charles Albert Miller, Ruskin, B. C.

3rd Prize $200
Mr. James H. Thompson, Grand Marais, Mich.

4th Prize $150
Mr. Grady Clampitt, Mancos, Colo.

5th Prize $100
Mrs. Carl G. A. Johnson, Lakewood, Ohio

6th Prize $50
Mrs. F. W. Allen, Oswego, Oregon

7th Prize $25
Mrs. Murel Bullis, Redwood City, Calif.

8th Prize $25
Mrs. Ira C. Drake, Jr., Muskegon, Mich.

$10 Prizes—*Other Use Contest*

Mrs. R. S. Cook, Brantford, Ont.; Mrs. Emily M. Harvey, San Francisco, Calif.; Mr. Walter C. Kessler, Roanoke, Va.; Mrs. Virginia D. Meier, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. Thos. M. Randolph, Marietta, Ga.; Mr. Geo. Raveling, Rock Rapids, Iowa; Mrs. Delia Rentenbach, Hancock, Mich.; Mrs. Julia Sanders, Malta, Idaho; Mr. William H. Sebenius, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. R. L. Snetzer, Omaha, Nebr.

$5 Prizes—*Other Use Contest*

Mrs. Edward P. Ancona, Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Mrs. W. H. Bomberger, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. James Carlton, Canadensis, Pa.; Mrs. Grady Clampitt, Mancos, Colo.; Mrs. R. G. Cumber, N. Platte, Nebr.; Mrs. Scott Graham, Altamont, Kans.; Mrs. Flo Westerlund Hall, Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. I. H. Lovett, Rolla, Mo.; Mrs. R. L. Lowry, Temple, Tex.; Mrs. W. F. Meyer, Fairmount, Ind.; Mrs. Olive Herring Nelson, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Dorothy L. Nuttall, Lake Worth, Fla.; Mrs. L. A. Paulus, White Plains, N. Y.; Mr. Robert Perrin, Westbrook, Maine; Mr. Wm. Harrison Raab, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. H. A. Sidler, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. E. Simons, Bethel, Conn.; Mrs. Willard A. Slade, Hubbardston, Mass.; Mrs. Maud E. Uschold, Lacon, Ill.; Miss Dorothy Wood, Glendale, Calif.

New Use Contest

1st Prize $500
Mrs. Ruth B. Johnson, Savannah, Ga.

2nd Prize $250
Mrs. Helen Street, Ottawa, Ont.

3rd Prize $200
Mr. William J. Kelley, E. Quogue, L. I., N. Y.

4th Prize $150
Mr. Clifford L. Englert, Irvington, N. J.

5th Prize $100
Mr. B. M. Moore, Tucson, Ariz.

6th Prize $50
Mr. Edward C. Stetzer, Longport, N. J.

7th Prize $25
Mrs. M. B. Egar, Jacksonville, Fla.

8th Prize $25
Mr. J. Cole Morton, Ridgefarm, Ill.

$10 Prizes—*New Use Contest*

Mr. R. H. Baker, Birmingham, Ala.; Miss Maude M. Bush, Washington C. H., Ohio; Mr. Harold C. Kimball, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mr. Wm. P. Mattern, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. Hugo Orlopp, Atchison, Kans.; Mr. Chas. H. Otis, Madison, Wis.; Mr. Gordon Rodibaugh, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Bertha L. Smith, Cardington, Ohio; Mrs. Fern E. Tanner, Morro Bay, Calif.; Mrs. A. L. Tarlton, Lovington, N. Mex.

$5 Prizes—*New Use Contest*

Mrs. Mildred J. Ahlgren, Big Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Paul Barnum, Pasadena, Calif.; Mr. Fred Burchett, Derby, Colo.; Mrs. James W. Davis, Chillicothe, Mo.; Mr. John W. Dixon, Independence, Calif.; Dr. Theodore F. Foster, Trenton, Tenn.; Mr. C. H. Fraer, Eugene, Oregon; Mrs. H. N. Gordon, Fenton, Mich.; Mrs. Charles A. Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dr. Arthur R. Klawans, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. L. Lucas, Muldraugh, Ky.; Mr. Alfred D. McLean, Hyde Park, Mass.; Miss Lucille Messier, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. W. S. Pardue, Obion, Tenn.; Mrs. Leta Pearson, Emery, S. Dak.; Mrs. J. Schlapp, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Jack T. Scott, Floydada, Tex.; Mr. Howell A. Smith, Manassa, Colo.; Mrs. E. D. White, Shawsville, Va.; Mrs. Florence Wilkinson, Hollywood, Calif.

In using advertisements see page 6

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

What to do for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and for the first days after a shampoo it looks lovely, all soft and wavy. But, this soon passes off and in a little over a week, it becomes excessively oily and stringy. Added to this is the fact that it comes out in handfuls when I have it shampooed and every time I comb it I lose quite a lot.—M. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dear M. S., Don't be discouraged. I'm sure you can do something about your hair. Right away, I'd suggest a shampoo *oftener* than once a week, with a special shampoo.

I'm going to tell you about a shampoo for *oily hair*—Packer's Liquid Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is safe and pure but it is also gently astringent and tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use it every four or five days at first.

Then for falling hair . . . If you shampoo your hair regularly with this healthful pine tar shampoo, I think you'll notice an improvement. The gentle stimulation you get from this astringent shampoo tends to tone up the scalp. In addition, use a little daily massage. The good rich blood will be stirred to nourish the hair and keep it strong and healthy.

One thing more—often that combination of oily hair and falling hair means *dandruff*. If you have noticed dandruff, will you read what I say down below?

And for dandruff—

Dear Miss Carroll: Everyone tells me that I have beautiful hair and yet even though I wash it once a week it gets oily about the fourth day and then does not look pretty. I also have a great deal of dandruff.—Miss R. W. M., Strathcona, Alberta, Canada.

Dandruff and excessively oily hair often go together. Doctors who specialize in the care of the hair, call it *seborrhoic dermatitis*, and agree that it is a dangerous infection.

So I'm going to urge you to start in right away to shampoo once a day for three days with Packer's Tar Soap. This famous soap has long been a standard treatment in cases of dandruff. These frequent shampoos are antiseptic in effect. They bring the healthful piney lather of Packer's Tar Soap into frequent contact with your scalp—and dandruff germs *hate* pine tar.

After you've had your three every-day shampoos, you ought to be able to control the dandruff by shampooing twice a week, and then once a week—unless your dandruff is serious. If it is, I suggest that you go to see a good dermatologist.

A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Miss Carroll: Can you tell me which Packer Shampoo to use? Every time I wash my hair it is so flyaway afterwards that for several weeks I cannot keep it in place.—Mrs. J. R. F., Oxford, Michigan.

Dry hair *is* difficult. I'd suggest daily massage. Then, I'd use a special shampoo *for dry* hair.

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo for dry hair is one of the nicest shampoos I've ever tried. It's a golden liquid, easy to use because it's so lathery and rinses so easily. It contains softening glycerine that leaves your hair easier to manage.

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CITY STATE

Stars and Scissors

in all the coats, everything ready! And then, my dear, I went to the hotel and there I lay exhausted for two whole days, not speaking even to Mr. Freisinger. I tell you I put two years of my life in those two days.

"And the tailor, your wicked tailor, what did you do to him?—For of course he came back again."

Ach, of course, he came back again! He played the baby act and came back crying to me. He said it was too much work for him—the sleeves were not done in time, and he didn't dare face me, so he just packed up all the coats unfinished—not even the buttonholes cut—(I forgot to tell you that)—and ran away.

My dear, when I think of it now! This man who had worked for seven years for me and that I trusted so! Well, "all's well that ends well"—and I can laugh at it now as it makes a good story—but then—that certainly ended well for Belasco, who never knew, my dear, the hole he was in! That was the worst tragedy that happened to me in later years, but, my dear, you know from the beginning I was always able to do something in a hurry—and I saved the day—just as I saved it for Lehmann years ago at the opera.

John Drew

But now, back to stardom for a few minutes (we can't keep away from the stars), and first of all comes John Drew, who began his career so long ago in the famous Daly Company.

John Drew was the son of a great mother, a grand actress known throughout the country, the famous Mrs. John Drew. A remarkable career she had, lasting over seventy years. She also managed the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia and was one of the first women to tackle theatrical management in America. Two of her children were very famous on our stage—Georgia Drew who married Maurice Barrymore, father of Ethel, John, and Lionel; and John Drew, one of our most successful and popular actors. Many things I did for him. He was a delightful man, very cultivated and agreeable—a fine actor, let me tell you. People used to say, "John Drew is always John Drew—just himself," but, my dear, that was not true. He was himself, because he had a very marked, strong personality, but he was a very fine technician, too. He knew his job of acting. There is many a one that doesn't—especially to-day. A long and distinguished career he had right up to the end of his days. He died two years ago on tour, still in harness, as every actor wants to die.

But of course you can't mention Drew without all the Barrymores rising up before you: Maurice, the greatest of the lot, the father of Ethel, John, and Lionel; and Mrs. Drew, a wonderful actress of the old school.

"You can't give the histories of the Barrymores, you say?" No, certainly not, my dear, they don't need any more laurels—they've had enough; but I must say, before you show me the exit, that I made Ethel's costumes for her first play, "Captain Jinks." She was charming then. Her life has been a regular Christmas tree, my dear, full of plums and presents, and most of them handed to her on a silver platter. She's one of the favorites of the gods—not every actress has had her chance.

"But you're forgetting the Coghlans."

No, indeed, for I've a nice little story about Charles Coghlan and his costumes.

Coghlan was an Irish-born English actor, and one of the greatest ever. He came over for the famous producer, Lester Wallach, and opened at the old Wallach Theatre. He was a wonderful person, never at a loss what to do on the stage. He got himself so into the rôle that no matter what happened, he could always say the right thing, even when funny accidents occurred and his lines went up the spout. Coghlan was an actor years ahead of his time—what we'd now call a modern. He was most finished and polished in his acting—a splendid

"Ladies and-babies take my advice!"

"I tell you, folks, the time has come when something simply must be done! Just look at the weather—getting warmer, every day. Prickly heat has become a big problem . . . are we going to put up with it? And with chafing, too? I say—No, my friends! Take my advice . . .

"End these troubles! Get acquainted with the right kind of powder! I met it when I was all chafed and cross, and I've been a better baby ever since. In all my eleven months of experience, I've never known powder so soft and fine! It keeps me comfortable—and cool. And remember, folks, I'm not the only one . . . if all those in favor could only stand up, you'd see that babies know what's best!"

The Chief Chemist has something to say... Baby powders are not all alike, as a baby soon finds out! You yourself will understand the difference in them, when you know the difference in *talcs*. The high-grade Italian talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope—or you can feel it this way . . .

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Extra comfort in this cream! Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing and relieves chafing, prickly heat, "diaper rash," and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of this cream, rubbed gently on the baby's skin before going outdoors, will prevent painful sunburn.

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CREAM

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. all three vital aids to Beauty in this one satiny cream!

Speed. Simplicity. Scientific precision. These are the basic principles of this new treatment, planned for the busy modern woman by the House of Pinaud to meet the new needs of Today.

France! England! America! All over the world this treatment is revolutionizing skin care . . . Now in barely a minute a day, you can take the three steps vital for keeping your skin supple, fresh, young! . . . And all you need is the jade-green jar of Pinaud's Cream, and a cotton pad to *wash* it away! For Pinaud's Cream is more than just a Cream: it is Pore-cleanser—Tissue-oil—Astringent—combined in one! . . . Swiftly, you smooth it on. No need to rub it in—it liquefies instantly . . . sinking in . . . loosening even the deep-down "plugs" of dirt which clog and enlarge the pores . . . and "floating" them to the surface . . . At the same moment, it supples dried-out tissues with swiftly-absorbed oils, resembling the fine oils of the skin itself . . . Then at the touch of clear water, the Cream actually emulsifies—washes away! And the water itself, acting on pores freed of clogging accumulations, becomes a marvelous Astringent! Now without additional powder-base: powder clings exquisitely to the new softness of your cheek . . . *And because you* wash *Pinaud's Cream away, you remove it completely. No sticky, waxy traces are left deep in the pores—as when you wipe off the ordinary cream—clogging and coarsening your skin slowly but surely. Pinaud's Cream leaves your skin so fresh, so scientifically clean that you can see* and feel *the difference!* . . . Give yourself this quick, delightful home treatment faithfully for one week—night and morning. Follow the simple directions carefully. You will note a definite improvement in the very texture of your skin!—smoother, finer, *younger*—as you "wash the years away"!

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Your name *Your address*

Stars and Scissors

stage presence, beautiful voice, and a great talent. To this day he's still called the greatest *Charles Surface* (in "The School for Scandal") the stage has ever known.

Now, don't interrupt! I'm just coming to the story. This is only a little preparation for it. All good stories need that!

Well, Coghlan, it seems, had brought all his fine old costumes that season from England, of plays—(classics and such) never seen any more now—or even then, for there were no great actors left to play those big rôles. He was looking them over one day and said to Tyler (very sad he was):

"I think I'd best get rid of these costumes. I shall never use them again. Send for a costumer and I'll sell them."

So Tyler sent for Eaves, who had a large theatrical emporium. Eaves came, looked them over carefully (there were dozens of them), Coghlan standing by, very gloomy.

"Well, Mr. Coghlan," Eaves said, after he'd examined them inch by inch, "I'll give you a hundred dollars for the lot."

Ach, Coghlan jumped into the air, furious he was. "A hundred *dollars!*" he said. "Did I hear you aright? Did you say a paltry *hundred* dollars for all these magnificent costumes? Why, they're worth $10,000 at least!"

Coghlan worked himself into a great state walking back and forth. "Ten thousand dollars, at least!" he kept shouting. "Why, I don't think I'd sell them for $10,000. They're worth far more than that even."

"Maybe," said Eaves, very frightened of him, "maybe, Mr. Coghlan, but who is left to play these great parts when *you're* gone?"

Coghlan stopped short like he was shot, stared at Eaves, drew himself up like a grenadier, burst into the most wonderful, happy smiles, rushed to Eaves, almost embracing him, and said:

"You're right, Eaves, right! There is no one left after I'm gone. You may *have* them! Have them *all!* I'll *give* 'em to you."

Ach, my dear, didn't I tell you actors never grew up?

Mary Anderson

"And as we are back in the old days, there's Mansfield to speak about?" *Yes, yes, yes!* but before that, my dear, comes Mary Anderson, unique figure of the American stage in the early days. Beautiful as an angel—and a strange, wonderful career she had, let me tell you! She was another one before my time, but everybody who knows anything about the theatre knows about her. Certainly she's worth speaking about!

Mary Anderson was born in California in 1859. She was educated in a convent and was so thrilled at a performance of Booth's that she saw as a very young girl that she determined then and there to become a Shakespearian actress herself, so at the age of fourteen, my dear, she left school and began to study elocution, if you please—all the Shakespearian rôles, etc. And from that, two years later, she made her début in Louisville, Kentucky, at the age of sixteen, as *Juliet*. Just walked herself right on to the stage, and was probably the worst *Juliet* ever seen. It was really because of her great beauty and her wonderful sweetness and simplicity and extraordinary voice, too, that she made such a sensation. This poor, unknown "young lady from Louisville" as she was called in the newspapers, became an actress overnight.

She went on tour for several seasons, and in 1877 appeared in Boston, and her success was perfectly tremendous—packed houses every performance with the most cultivated audiences—even Longfellow and other great literary celebrities of that time were wild in their praise of her. Her beauty fascinated everybody, but she was never a truly great actress then or even later—though she had a great career.

Mary Anderson was one of nature's darlings,

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KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

In using advertisements see page 6

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Be sure to mail the coupon below for fascinating samples of Waverly Fabrics and our practical booklet which will help you to solve a number of perplexing problems in home decoration.

WHITE gulls flying . . . a deck breeze blowing . . . and boats cleaving the water like silver knives flashing in the sun. Which is ahead? Perhaps the tall-masted one in the foreground . . . perhaps the wary one tacking to windward . . .

At any rate, Paul Poiret—noted French designer—wins first honors for creating this beautiful summer print, "Yachting", especially for Schumacher's Waverly line. Its colors are brilliant as a cloudless sky, refreshing as salt sea air. And its sportive feeling makes it particularly suited to the gay informality of the summer home. For living room, dining room or bedroom . . . for draperies, cushions or decorative screens . . . this design is one of a charming collection of Waverly Fabrics which retail for fifty cents to a dollar fifty per yard. Ask to see them in the drapery department of dry goods, furniture and department stores.

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Please send me your booklet on home decoration and samples of Waverly Fabrics. I am enclosing ten cents to cover mailing costs.

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Waverly Fabrics

A SCHUMACHER UNIT

Stars and Scissors

and she certainly began at the top. "Yes, where there's plenty of room," as Daniel Webster once said—and a splendid place to begin.

What is more she stayed at the top all through her career, which lasted thirteen years, and she became famous in England as well as America—the world always at her feet! That's a record for you! An intuitive actress, she was! She was always studying new rôles and had a great repertoire—*Juliet, Rosalind, Hermione, Perdita, Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," in which she was very beautiful, and her greatest rôle of all—*Galatea. Ach*, ravishing she was in that! Even to this day people rave of her beauty as *Galatea*—a beautiful Greek statue she was in that play, coming to life, divine to look at!

Mary Anderson was a unique figure, and the ending of her career was as strange as the beginning, for didn't she retire from the stage at the height of her great popularity, with two continents at her beautiful feet, marry a nice quiet man, Antonio de Navarro, and settle herself down in England, forever turning her back on the stage.

And she's still living there now in Broadway, England—still beautiful—her seventy-odd years mean nothing to her.

Which is as it should be—at least, I think so—my seventy-odd years mean nothing to me!

Mary Anderson's stage story is like no one's else. Giving it all up in the prime of her life, with never a look backward, no longing for the theatre, just content and happy in her peaceful little corner of old England. I don't know of another career to match it, do you?

H. L. Bateman

Now, while I'm harking back to the old generation, I've a little story to tell you about a picturesque American actor and manager, long since forgotten by most people. H. L. Bateman was his name. My husband had many funny things to tell about him.

Bateman it was who brought out his daughter Kate in the famous old play, "Evangeline," made from Longfellow's poem. Old Bateman was a great power in the theatre at that time. He was the one who brought Opera Bouffe to America, and also brought the celebrated Madame Parepa Rosa, the queen of song. There are endless yarns about him. He didn't mind what he did. While his daughter was playing in "Evangeline," he used to stand at the door of the theatre and hail the strangers passing along Broadway. He'd invite them to come in and see the play, and if they hadn't the money for a ticket, he'd give them one! Also, funnier still, if any one left before the play was over, he'd hurry right out after them, catch them by the coattails, and say:

"Why, what's the matter? What are you leaving for? Didn't you like the *acting?*" (*Ach*, he ought to be alive now)!

Bateman was very excitable, and he was once brought before a police magistrate on complaint of a poor cab driver, who said Bateman had assaulted him when he asked for his fare.

"Did you strike this man," said the judge.

"*Strike* him?" said Bateman, glaring at the magistrate— "Strike *him! That miserable creature?* Certainly *not!*—I merely *brushed him aside with my hand, thus*"—making a big, sweeping gesture which had knocked the poor little cabman down, head over heels, and rolled him in the gutter. No wonder they called Bateman "Chain Lightning"!

Ach, didn't I tell you, actors are just like children!

"Yes, I agree, but you're forgetting your promise. What about—"

Yes, yes—I know—Richard Mansfield, one of the most distinguished actors of the American stage, the son of a famous old singer, Madame Rudersdorff. And what a man he was! Full of talents. Very straight in his ways and very severe. You could never give him a back answer—in fact, hardly speak to him at all. Very

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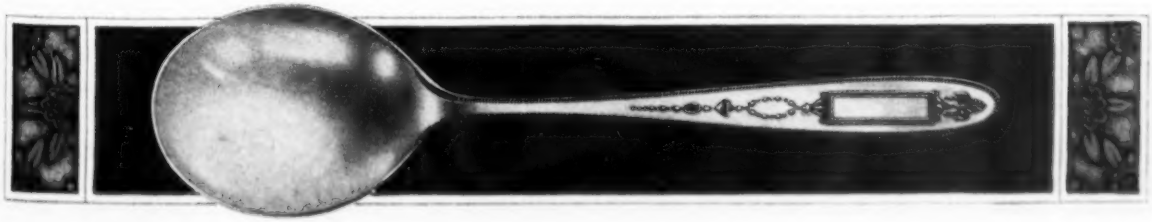
Cream soup spoons in the Grosvenor design of Community (or in any one of Community's six designs) are $8.00 for six . . . *salad forks* are $7.50 for six, like the one next the plate . . . *Salad knives* are $11.50 for six — (against the plate at the right) . . . And a whole new service of this velvety silverware would cost only $36.50 for six people . . . or, for eight, $48.00.

Do you know — that you can get silverware services of TUDOR PLATE, designed, made, and guaranteed by the same craftsmen who create *Community?* TUDOR PLATE teaspoons are $2.00 for six; a service for six people costs $18.00. Ask about it!



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Stars and Scissors

difficult he was to work for, but a magnificent actor—in conception, technique, make-up—he was wonderful.

He was a product of what we call "the old school," which produced great actors, and not specialists like to-day. He was always individual in each character. His transitions, my dear, were wonderful! In "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" he was impossible to imagine. You sat shivering. But it was in his magnificent production of "Richard the Third" that he rose to his greatest heights. He broke all tradition, appearing as a young man in the first scenes and growing older as the play went on.

He studied painting and singing, and also played the piano very well. In fact, it was as a *singer* in light opera in England that he began his career.

We made all the costumes for "Monsieur Beaucaire," enchanting things! Mansfield was the first person to do Shaw in America, and produced "Arms and the Man" in 1894, and "The Devil's Disciple" a few years later. His greatest successes were "The Parisienne Romance," "Prince Karl," "Beau Brummel," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Shakespeare, Shaw, and on and on. There's a list for you. No one has taken the place of Richard Mansfield on our stage, in my opinion.

Mrs. Fiske

Mrs. Fiske? Well, now, I think you'll agree that Mrs. Fiske is an institution. She's reached that point in fame and dignity with the whole American public. Many things I've made for her; her great production, "Becky Sharp," also the costumes for "George Sand."

Mrs. Fiske (Minnie Maddern then) began as a baby in a fly-by-night theatrical troupe (and the whole Maddern family was in it) that toured the West and South in the old days when a dining-room in a roadhouse was made into a kind of theatre at night. She acted all the children's parts, and as a baby she was kept in her mother's dressing-room at the theatre, and an old theatrical trunk was her cradle. At three years she played one of the Apparitions in "Macbeth," and like Adelina Patti she too had to be bribed with candy (lollipops) to do it. A funny little ghost, I tell you, with bristling red curls and a little white nightgown. She played everything for years, then married Harrison Grey Fiske, editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*, and retired from the stage and wrote several plays on her own hook. After three years she returned again to the stage in Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and gave a remarkable performance which attracted the greatest attention. That's where I came in.

I remember well the first time I met her. I was called into her dressing-room in the theatre and there she sat in her corset, if you please—very cunning they wore them in those days—in front of her mirror. She wanted a plain little frock for "A Doll's House," which she was about to do. She said,

"If these things please me, and I'm sure they will (most polite she was), I shall give you many orders."

Well, they did please her and I did costumes for "Hedda Gabler" and "Becky Sharp" and "George Sand."

We had a great time with the "George Sand" costumes. She was very particular about them, for she had to wear men's clothes in that (for the first time), and I made long trousers for her (a beautiful costume). Also she had to smoke a cigar as *George Sand*, which upset her very much. It seems she hadn't smoked before, and she said:

"Oh, this is dreadful! How ever shall I be able to smoke a cigar *every night*—and *two matinees!*"

Mr. Fiske (her husband and manager) gave her a cigar while I was fitting her, I remember, and she began practicing on the spot! Rather upsetting to the fitting, my dear!

I remember I had another worriment with her *George Sand* costumes, besides the cigar. Ferdinand Gottschalk was playing one of the

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If you are planning to go away this summer, the children will take these wonderful encyclopedias with them and everything they see will have meaning.

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Please check in the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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HOLLYWOOD ★ ★ ★	*Roosevelt Hotel*	SAN FRANCISCO ★ ★ ★	*Maurice Hotel*
LOS ANGELES ★ ★ ★	*Beverly-Wilshire*	SAN FRANCISCO ★ ★ ★	*St. Francis*
LOS ANGELES ★ ★	*Los Angeles Biltmore*	SAN JOSÉ ★ ★ ★ ★	*Hotel Sainte Claire*
LOS ANGELES ★ ★ ★	*Garden of Allah*	SANTA BARBARA ★ ★ ★ ★	*El Mirasol*
PASADENA ★ ★ ★	*Flintridge Biltmore*	SANTA BARBARA	*Santa Barbara Biltmore*
SAN FRANCISCO ★ ★ ★ ★	*The Clift*	SANTA MARIA ★ ★	*Santa Maria Inn*

WHEN you are out every day, all day, and half the night in the glorious air of California, you naturally want your bed to be one of those havens of restfulness where you can drop off to sleep as soon as your head touches the pillow.

And that is just what you *can* expect if you stop at any of the long list of distinguished California hotels where Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases are made up crisp and smooth every day on all the beds.

They are the same sheets that you can buy at the Wamsutta counters in any good department store. For there is *only one* Wamsutta Percale.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, New Bedford, Massachusetts

RIDLEY WATTS & CO., *Selling Agents*
44 Leonard St., New York

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA PERCALE SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

Stars and Scissors

parts, and his coat was forgotten for the opening night. Think of it! This was in Baltimore, and when we went to hang up the clothes, we were minus his coat. To send for it was impossible. So from two o'clock in the afternoon until the play opened that night, again I myself cut and made him a coat, with my own hands. At eight o'clock it was ready—the *outside*, I mean—but there was no lining! Of course, I told him about it.

"Here," I said, "Mr. Gottschalk, here, at least, is the coat to cover yourself, but don't look for the *lining*, for there isn't any!"

He was very charming when I explained matters to him, and said:

"Never mind, Madame, don't excite yourself. I'll wear it just as it is, buttoned up tight! So. No one shall see that we have no lining! After all, a beautiful coat like this needs no lining!"

Which was very gallant of him, I must say. A woman would have made a terrible row! Think what dear Lilli Lehman would have done! *Ach!*

Mrs. Fiske impressed me very much the first time I saw her—in fact, she always does. She's very nervous and quick in her thoughts and speech, but always very considerate, and I must say really kind to everybody in her company and all those who work for her. She has had years of success, and many plays she's done; but her biggest success, I think, was in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." She had such an intensity in that part—such realism, my dear—that people were simply electrified! She's certainly among the most intelligent of the American actors. She has always maintained an ideal—always upheld her banner—through long years and big difficulties, too.

Sothern and Marlowe

I can't quite catch up with this new generation—not yet! So let's jump back fast as we can to safe ground and the old days, where I at least feel more at home. Sothern and Marlowe? Yes, indeed. They were fine Shakesperian actors. Sothern really started out with his famous father, who made such a hit as *Lord Dundreary*. E. H. Sothern is a gentleman; yes, let's emphasize it—a gentleman, as many of the actors of the "old school" were—and brought to the stage all that that means—and it means a lot!

I first worked for him through Hermann, the well-known costumer, and was often at rehearsals, where he was really so nervous he couldn't bear a sound. My dear, if you just blew your nose, *ach*, the rehearsal stopped! He and Julia Marlowe had a long, successful career together, mostly in Shakespeare in the later years.

Julia Marlowe was lovely to look at and had a most beautiful voice. The magic of her voice added greatly to her performance. I'm always telling you the *voice* means so much to an actor.

I made the costumes for her in "The Taming of the Shrew." We had a great struggle, as she was very fussy and always wanting things changed. I also made her *Lady Macbeth* costume, which was magnificent. Hermann and I did that together and nearly killed ourselves. Both she and Sothern knew what they wanted and would fix and pin and change things until it was exactly to suit them. *Ach*, my dear, that's always the way. "Costuming requires as much diplomacy as—diplomacy?" I should say so! More!

Sothern and Marlowe have retired from the stage now, which I must say is a very real loss to it in all ways.

Margaret Anglin is another to speak a few words about. Anglin's first success was with Mansfield in "Cyrano." She played *Roxanne*—and very charming she was, and talented. She's run the gamut of the theatre, its ups and downs, though mostly ups I must say for her. I think her real high spot, though, was producing the Greek dramas, first in California, then here. That, my dear, was a real contribution

Germs destroy teeth and tissues

Film *that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.*

FREE ... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Try this special tooth paste—sent free. It will aid in bringing lovelier teeth where other ways have failed.

YOUR teeth may be *unusually subject to decay.* They may be *stained, discolored and dull . . . gum troubles may threaten.*

If they are, please accept a tooth paste to try, that, under the observation of specialists, is found a great aid in combating the cause of common tooth or gum disorders. There is no other kind just like it. That is why in ten days' time you will see results that ordinary brushing has failed to bring.

Germs and film must be removed from teeth

Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar are a contributory cause of pyorrhea.

The approved way to fight germs on teeth is to remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film imprisons germs and clings so tenaciously that brushing fails to dislodge it.

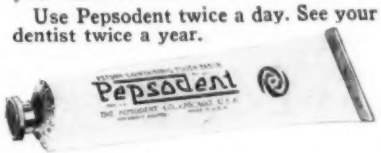
Today, more than ever, dentists are urging patients to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentrifrice called Pepsodent. It was developed to act in an utterly different way.

Pepsodent REMOVES FILM SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a gentle action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

Do not delay

We do not claim Pepsodent to be a "cure" for decay and pyorrhea. It is urged as an aid in their prevention. But we do say—there is only one Pepsodent. We believe it is the finest tooth paste dental science has, thus far, been able to produce. Please write today for your tube to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist twice a year.



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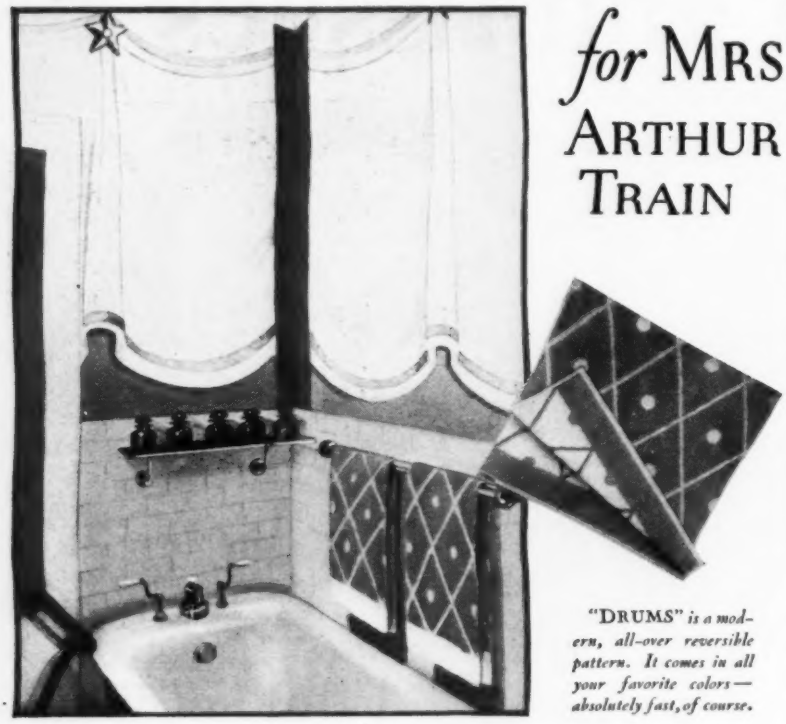
Only one tube to a family 3458

In using advertisements see page 6

"DRUMS" a smart new towel *designed by* MRS. GEORGE DRAPER *for* MRS ARTHUR TRAIN



"DRUMS" is a modern, all-over reversible pattern. It comes in all your favorite colors—absolutely fast, of course.

MRS. GEORGE DRAPER—architectural and decorative consultant—designed this latest Martex towel "Drums" especially for Mrs. Arthur Train's exquisite empire bathroom.

Mrs. Draper decorated this striking room in several tones of blue and red. "Drums" in a soft blue gives the final perfect touch. "Drums" will give your bathroom, too, a smart, delightful air.

This is only one of the many unusually lovely Martex towels designed by famous artists and decorators. All have the Martex qualities of exceptional softness and extraordinary resistance. The famous Martex underweave, illustrated at the right, explains why. Yet they cost no more.

At linen shops and department stores. Singly or in sets. Wellington, Sears & Co., 77 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.

Underweave of ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open, weak.

Underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and durable.

MARTEX

TOWELS BATH MATS WASH CLOTHS

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

Stars and Scissors

to the stage. She had many successes and was for years with Henry Miller.

Henry Miller—ah, Henry Miller is dead. Actor, manager, and gentleman, for that he always was. A fine actor, yes. And English. I remember I made a beautiful square coat for him once, a Louis XIV coat. He was very fussy about it, and although I was making it, he wouldn't trust me. He had for years a woman advisor or costumer, and he always took her advice. She always came in to tell him what *he* thought about it! (Don't laugh! That was so, my dear. He was never sure until *she* told him what was right.) I remember she came in that day when I was fitting him at the theatre (I don't remember her name).

And Miller said, "Well?" turning himself around for her to look at. "Well?"

My dear, the coat was wonderful—perfect. So she could find nothing wrong, but, of course, she *had* to make some remarks. "Yes, Mr. Miller," she said, "it is very handsome."

"But is it *becoming?*" said he. "Is it the right *length?*"

Then she stuck her head over on one side, shut one eye, and looked at it again and said: "Yes, *very* becoming, Mr. Miller, but, well—I think I'd made it just a *trifle* shorter *here*," pointing to the hem. "Put a pin in *there*," said she to me.

"Certainly," I answered, sticking a pin into the place she pointed to.

"Yes, a little shorter *there*," she said, pointing again.

So I stuck in another pin! Then they were delighted, and I said (very diplomatically):

"I understand perfectly. I've put the pins in where you wanted, Mr. Miller."

Well, so I had! I put the pins *in*, but the minute I got home I pulled the pins *out!* Of course, I never touched it! Why should I ruin my beautiful coat by making it too short? Certainly not!

But, as I've often told you, one must be a great diplomat.

Joe Jefferson

And now we come to the last—positively! Joe Jefferson famous in "Rip Van Winkle," and Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead." They were unique in that they played one rôle almost throughout their lives. For years they went from one end of the country to the other, doing the same thing over and over again. In fact, people thought of Jefferson only as *Rip Van Winkle*, just as they thought of Booth as *Hamlet*. Jefferson came of an old theatrical tribe and acted from a child until he was seventy-seven years old. He was a great impersonator, and his acting was so natural, so spontaneous. Why, he once said if he was called in the middle of the night, he could jump out of bed in his nightgown and, without any paint or costume, in an instant be *Rip Van Winkle*. He got close to the hearts of the playgoers and made them laugh and cry at the same time—which they all loved.

Jefferson always thought everything was up to the actor. He used to say, "Show me a tired actor, and I'll show you a dull audience."

"The Cricket on the Hearth" was one of his big plays, also "The Rivals," but as *Rip Van Winkle* he went down to glory.

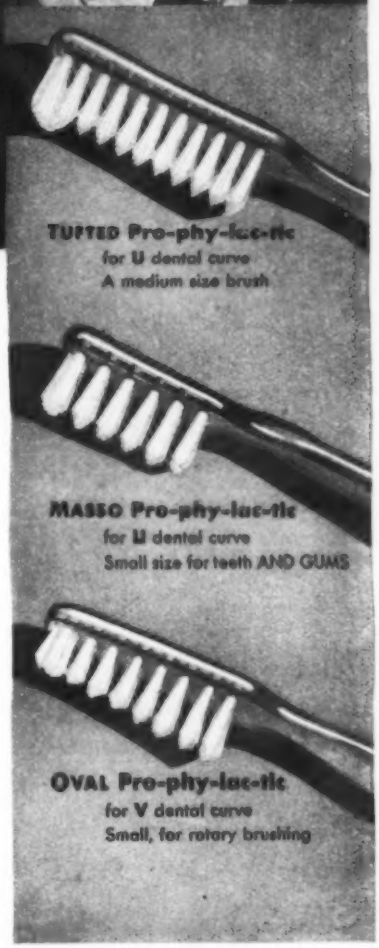
Glory everlasting! How wonderful these people were—these great people I'm always talking about! How differently my life is because of them. *Ach*, I try to tell you what they mean—but how can I describe the difference they make—what they are bringing to the world? All so different—all so wonderful—all shining and giving something that lifts the whole thing up. *Ach*, how can I say it—speak what I mean—to make the little tribute that's always in my heart!

"There is one glory of the sun,
And another glory of the moon,
And another glory of the stars,
For one star differeth from another star in glory."

Blindfolded!

All right for cigarettes

All *wrong* for *tooth brushes*



FREE Bite Test

scientifically selects correct brush to fit your dental curve

WHY buy blindly, when the correct tooth brush may mean the difference between sound, healthy teeth and painful cavities?

The very first time you use the brush prescribed by the Bite Test as scientifically suited to your own dental curve, you will feel the amazing difference. You will note how the bristles reach places never before touched. Especially on the molars (back teeth). And in the inter-dental crevices.

Now we offer free a 30-second way to find out whether your dental curve is **U**, **U**, or **V**. It is a new invention developed by Pro-phy-lac-tic, tooth brush authorities for forty-two years. Dentists are delighted with it; 42,840 of them have written us for Bite Tests.

They know that *one* style of brush cannot fit *three* different dental curves. In fact, the tooth brush you are now using may be the wrong type for you. It may clean your front teeth perfectly (almost any brush will), and yet be utterly unsuited for your hard-to-reach back teeth, where fifty per cent of all dental decay starts.

Take the Bite Test at any up-to-date drug store. The pharmacist will gladly give you a free test card. Or send the coupon below for enough Bite Tests for your family, and take the test at home.

You bite into the genuine dental wax and make an exact impression of your teeth. Comparison with the clear diagrams quickly tells you which curve your teeth follow. That automatically selects the correct brush to reach and clean completely every surface of every tooth.

Only Pro-phy-lac-tic makes all three types of brushes. All exhibit the sturdy quality which you expect in the products of old New England craftsmen. The bristles are beautifully even and resilient, resistant to moisture, and ever-anchored.

Each brush is sterilized, and comes to you untouched by hands, in the clean yellow carton. In all colors and hardnesses, 50¢. Youth's brush, 40¢. Baby size, 25¢. Special plate brush, 50¢.

3 Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH BRUSHES

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company
Florence, Mass. Dept. (G. J.)

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me free Bite Tests for .... people.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

YOUR white cottons and linens—dazzlingly white! Even whiter than sunshine can make them!

This is the miracle Clorox performs in your washtubs—whether it rains or shines, whether you dry your laundry indoors or out. The benefits of fresh air and sunshine are bottled in Clorox—it both bleaches and disinfects. Whether you use machine or tubs, you need not change your regular method of laundering—simply add Clorox to your soaking suds or first rinse.

Clorox is a product of modern science, created by electrolytic action. It has positive germ-killing power. In every drop there are billions of active units of oxygen. These tiny units penetrate into every fibre of your clothes—doing the work of rubbing, boiling, bleaching, and disinfecting. It's ever so much easier on your clothes than the old "boiling-and-rub" method and saves both your time and energy!

Another thing. Ordinary stains disappear in the regular process of laundering with Clorox. Stubborn stains—ink, blood, fruit, berry, grass, medicine—even scorched spots and mildew—disappear just as easily and completely in a slightly stronger solution of Clorox.

Nor is that all! Clorox bleaches wooden drainboards whiter than new—makes porcelain surfaces sparkle—deodorizes and disinfects garbage cans and toilet bowls. In fact there are dozens of ways in which Clorox can daily make your housekeeping easier.

Clorox is at your grocer's—a generous bottle at a very small price. Order today! If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address—and we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Department B, Oakland, California.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Stars and Scissors

Yes, yes— Oh *that's* it—*that's* what I mean! That's what they seem to me. They're all different—all shining—all glorious! So much glory they shed on the whole world!

"What changes I've seen in my seventy years! The whole thing revolutionized—the theatrical pie turned completely over. Yes, we could talk by the hour, and the truth is that to-day there no longer exists in either the theatre or the opera the great singers or actors of former years. In the entire world there is not to-day another Malibran, or Grisi or Jenny Lind, an Adelina Patti or Christina Nilsson, and nowhere is there on this round earth another Lehmann, another Brandt, nor will there be another Schumann-Heink when she is gone.

In my opinion, which I must still hold to the end of my days, *beauty* has gone out of the world for the time being. And if the youngsters don't know what I mean by *beauty*, my dear, then that's still another thing for them to think over, and a lot of good it will do them, for they must think hard.

"And now we leave it at that—leave them thinking?" Yes, I agree again. Haven't you noticed, my dear, I always agree with you? But I'm not through; there are still some of our present-day actors of which there is a lot to say, but they can't all be squeezed into this Arabian Night.

We've still another coming, you know—one more—but our last. Yes, the last; my dear, how sad that makes me, for I haven't begun to tell the half! Yes, I see you moving to the exit. I know what that means! I'm soon to be dismissed. And it's time I went. Turn down the hour-glass!

But before I go, I give you a promise, and a choice. A choice of where our last *rendezvous* shall be. There are still so many treasures (so many plums) for you—so like Portia in front of the caskets, I advise you to look carefully and choose well, for the one great gorgeous jewel of my later years as "costumer par excellence."

Ach, my dear, you've read my mind—Caruso! Yes, Caruso. And Caruso it shall be. On Caruso we shall now make our exit, and on Caruso we shall make a splendid entrance for the grand finale.

Caruso, who is no longer here, no longer to be heard—though forever in my old ears his glorious tones still sing. So put down your curtain softly—we make our exit.

(*To be concluded*)

Shall We Cook Without Water?

(*Continued from page 91*)

water from the start, having the kettle uncovered throughout the cooking period. With this method of course, there may be some loss in food value of the vegetables. Individual family tastes must determine which of these methods you follow.

Corn, asparagus, celery, and beets should also be cooked in boiling water to cover, or the asparagus and beets may be steamed. We are often asked as to the method of cooking asparagus so as to have the entire stalk tender at the same time. This can be accomplished by steaming it or by standing the stalks upright with the tips protruding out of the boiling water. Cook them in this way until the butts begin to get tender—about fifteen minutes. Then lay the stalks flat in the boiling water and continue cooking until entirely tender. A simpler way is to cut off the butts and cook them separately until nearly tender. Then add the tips and continue cooking until the entire stalk is tender. In preparing beets, remember to leave at least one inch of the stem on the beets, otherwise they will bleed and be most unappetizing when cooked.

Vegetables can be baked in the oven in a covered casserole, either alone or with other foods being baked for the meal. We find one-

TRY THIS ECONOMICAL WAY TO

modernize

YOUR BATHROOM!

THERE are many well-kept homes in which the bathroom has a neglected and run-down appearance. This very often is caused by a worn-out, antiquated toilet seat—a condition which can be remedied, easily and inexpensively, by replacing the old toilet seat with an immaculate Church Sani-White or Church Colored Toilet Seat. No other single item of furniture can so quickly and completely change the appearance of your bathroom from the old-fashioned to the modern.

With ordinary household tools and a new Church Toilet Seat you can transform your bathroom in ten minutes. They can be had in a complete range of beautiful pastel shades and sea-pearl tints, together with Bathroom Stools, or Chairs to match. These beautiful items of equipment will fit in well with rugs, towels, curtains and any colorful furnishings you may already have. Church Seats and Bathroom Chairs will not chip, crack or lose their original lustrous finish.

Write for our illustrated folio. It is full of helpful suggestions on modernizing bathrooms and fully describes the large variety of Church Toilet Seats and Bathroom Stools offered. C. F. Church Manufacturing Company, Department G-6, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

CHURCH *sani-* SEATS

"TOILET SEATS FOR BETTER BATHROOMS"

In using advertisements see page 6

"S.R.O.

..sorry we are loaded"

IT is a far cry to the day when the Wright brothers spread faltering wings at Kitty Hawk. Now giant air liners—loaded to capacity—ply the skyways. Berry Brothers, maker of fine varnishes, enamels, lacquers and paints is proud of the part it has played in this development. Berryloid Aircraft Finishes, products of this manufacturer, have attracted patrons to aviation with color. Airport officials have proved to their own satisfaction that attractively finished planes get more passenger business. Berryloid is the high-luster lacquer for airplanes and motor cars. For beauty and protection it is used on 80% of America's commercial airplanes, and on fine motor cars here and abroad. Here is evidence no transport company, pilot or driver can afford to overlook. Make ships and motor cars look brand new for the cost of refinishing. There is a Berryloid custom shop nearby. The famous Berrycraft Finishes for household and industrial use are also made by Berry Brothers. Use these long-wearing products for any finishing job. Your dealer has them or will get them for you.

BERRY BROTHERS INC

Varnishes Enamels Lacquers Paints

DETROIT. MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Shall We Cook Without Water?

half cupful of boiling water sufficient to add to most vegetables when a six-cup size casserole is being used. Although any temperature from 275° F. to 450° F. may be used for baking vegetables, we have found that the higher temperatures give better results, particularly in the color of the vegetables. Such vegetables as cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, broccoli, turnips, and onions sometimes tend to take on a more pronounced flavor, particularly when baked at a lower temperature. This can be overcome to a considerable degree by covering with boiling water when baking them.

We are often asked about using soda in cooking vegetables to improve their color. The Institute prefers the natural color which is obtained in cooking the vegetables by the methods which we have suggested above. However, if you wish to add soda, do not use more than a pinch, as soda tends to destroy the vitamins in vegetables. As for salt, it may or may not be added during the cooking as preferred. And the Institute has found, too, that a pinch of sugar added to practically all vegetables during cooking improves their flavor.

And just a word about canned vegetables. If you wish to bring them to the table deliciously full flavored, turn them—liquor and all—into a shallow frying pan or skillet, turn on full heat, and boil them rapidly, uncovered, until most of the liquor has cooked off, then season them.

Courses, Courses, Courses

(*Continued from page 99*)

of flour for every cupful of milk. Season this gravy, which should not be too thick, with a little sugar, pepper, salt, and a piece of butter. Then pour the gravy over the sautéed tomatoes and bacon. Toast is an ideal accompaniment for this delicious dish, but hot rolls or baking powder biscuits are just as good. Have this meal for supper some night, and you'll forget all about roast pork, salad, corn soufflé, etc.

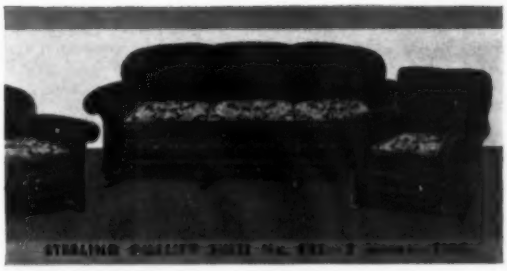
The fact that these menus more or less commence and end in the same course does not mean that they should be served on the kitchen table, in the dinette, or on any other eat-and-run furniture. So bring out your silver, glassware, candles, and pleasant table accessories and glorify the dish you are serving.

Can't you visualize the picture of a casserole dish appearing on such a table and the expectant hush as the cover is lifted? In Menu V such a casserole meal is illustrated. Lobster Mexicane is made this way. Cut the lobster meat in pieces about as big as walnuts. For four people you should have two baby lobsters or two cans of that delicious sea food. Then put a No. 3 can of tomatoes on to "cook down" that is, to simmer about fifteen minutes. Season with ¾ teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, ¼ teaspoonful powdered clove, and one bay leaf. While the tomatoes are cooking, sauté one large peeled onion and one seeded green pepper, which have been sliced fine, in three tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook until tender, but don't let them brown. Put the onion and pepper in the tomatoes. Then, if you want to go the limit, add one cupful of cooked mushrooms which have been previously sliced in thin pieces and sautéed until tender in two tablespoonfuls of fat. Put these in your tomatoes the very last thing. Follow with a lump of butter—about three tablespoonfuls, a dash of tabasco sauce, and the pieces of lobster meat. Simmer until the lobster is heated and serve in a casserole or covered silver dish. A helping of this with some fluffy brown rice will "stop the show."

How to cook the rice? Well, here's the way we do it. Wash one cupful of rice in cold water, then add it slowly to at least three pints of vigorously boiling water, to which one teaspoonful of salt has been added. Boil for fifteen minutes. Then drain the rice, put it in a steamer, and continue to cook it 45 minutes.

Choose your new living room suite from these KROEHLER super-values...

—the maximum of PROVED QUALITY at each price



No. 237—Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to match, $48.50 . . . . . $150

No. 445—Davenport and button-back chair, extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Wide range of colors. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair, $63 . . . . . $190

Prices slightly higher in Western Canada

CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

ONLY six months ago your selection of living room furniture would have been made with much guesswork and uncertainty. But these new and amazing Kroehler Value Standards have completely revolutionized everything.

Here you have *three definite standards of value*—three definite *price groups*—each of which offers the maximum of proved quality, of beauty and of comfort at its price.

No matter from which of these three price groups you select your new living room suite, you are assured that each piece is "*quality*" built; with a non-warping, lifetime frame of finest hardwoods; with the patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction in place of common webbing. You know, too, that the most deeply hidden detail has been as conscientiously built as the parts you see. The Kroehler label guarantees these things, as thousands of people know. Look for it under the cushion.

Take advantage of this revolutionary development perfected in the great Kroehler factories. See these new and amazing Kroehler Super-Values at your nearest Kroehler dealer's store. He has many other models in each group; many beautiful fabrics, too, in popular colors and patterns, from which you may choose.

If you do not recall a nearby dealer who features Kroehler Living Room Furniture, *write us.* We will send you his name and address and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler," in colors, without delay.

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich, silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75. $230

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KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

You'd Never believe it *Whole Wheat*

So Alluring and Marvelous a Dish as this!

Yet **All the elements of Whole Wheat..** ***just as Nature grew it,*** **are included, this new way**

WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
WITH ALL THE BRAN

Whole Wheat with the Gaiety of a French Confection!
Whole Wheat that Children *Adore and Eat* Every Day!

15¢ Package *Free* for Coupon Below

WHOLE wheat that crinkles and crunkles. *Whole wheat, now in an alluring form!* Whole wheat that tastes like whole wheat has never tasted before!

Please accept a full-size 15c package free to try. Note coupon at right.

Find out how the leading experts of the world in wheat products—the millers of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour, the leading wheat flour of the world—have magically transformed whole wheat from merely a "necessary" food, to a food that's delightful and marvelous and tempting . . . the crisp whole wheat flakes called Wheaties.

They've taken *nothing* out. The bran is there, the minerals are there, the carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, all the elements that form the world-admitted *Staff of Life.*

Try These Wheat Products Made by the Millers of Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour

They've expertly made carefully selected sun-ripened whole wheat into a gloriously enticing dish . . . flaked it and crisped it till it's light as a snowflake, as gay as a French confection . . . a dish children will eat 365 days a year!

Accept Full-Size Package Free To Try

To get full-size 15c package free, simply present coupon at right to your grocer.

You get a whole week's supply of the best and most costly grain food in the world. For wheat, as you know, is the most costly grain. Doctors recognize wheat as the most valued grain in the human diet.

Clip the coupon now before you forget it. Present it at your grocer's today.

"W-H-E-A-T-I-E-S" — Wheaties is the name. Try them—when you serve them, you serve WHOLE WHEAT in a new and appetizing form instead of an ordinary cereal.

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of
GENERAL MILLS, INC.,
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Full Size Package *Free..* Use Coupon

LISTEN IN
Gold Medal Fast Freight
Every Wednesday Night at 8 P. M. Eastern Standard, 7 P.M. Central Standard, 10 P. M. Mountain, and 9 P. M. Pacific Time, The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet—Coast-to-Coast over the Columbia System.

Good for 15c Package FREE

Simply sign this coupon and present to any grocer

He will give you a full-size package of Wheaties FREE. (If grocer can't supply you, send signed coupon direct to Gold Medal Products Co., Minneapolis, Minn., giving grocer's name.)

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Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Girl With a Voice

(*Continued from page 55*)

shrieking or shouting, because long ago I learned to speak with clarity and distinctness. I never have to raise my voice in order to be heard. The singer preparing for opera must study four languages—Italian, French, German, and English; her work will be easier if, as a child, she is never allowed to form slovenly and unbeautiful habits of speech.

She will profit by just as good a general education as she can obtain; by the study of literature, history, mathematics, all the subjects which enrich the mind and sharpen the cutting edge of intelligence. I have to admit that there are singers who know so little that contact with them is painful to a cultivated person; but I believe that intelligence is a vital part of the equipment of the really distinguished artist.

It is true that a charming childish voice may not develop into an organ worth future training, but an educational prelude such as described has this advantage: nothing is wasted, even if followed by no appearance on the operatic or concert stage. Acquaintance with good music, knowledge of how to play it, deportment, diction, a cultivated intelligence—all enrich the life of a child, girl, woman, as well as of a prima donna!

At seventeen the girl is ready for intensive vocal study. But how shall she know whether she has a voice worth training, and how shall she know to whom to go to train it?

These are without doubt the two most critical questions confronting the ambitious young singer and her parents. On the right answer depends her career—perhaps her life's happiness. At this stage, with all the earnestness and conviction in my power, I urge the utmost caution.

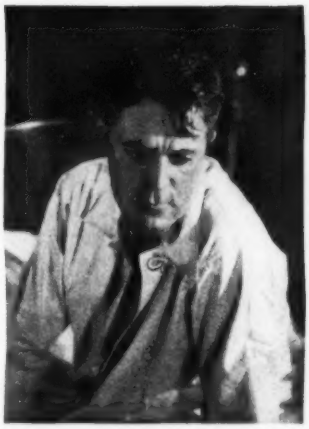
Study In Your Own Country

It is not necessary for any American girl to go abroad to study singing. Why should she? In this country she can obtain just as good training as anywhere in the world. Years ago, she could not; such teachers as Marchesi, with whom I studied in Paris, were not to be found outside Europe. But to-day we have the best of teaching in America, and nowhere else can the student hear so much good music.

New York is the world's musical capital. Why? It is very simple. The greatest amount of money is there, and artists inevitably gravitate toward the spot where their rewards are richest. Think what musical treasure is poured out before the girl studying in New York—not only grand opera, but marvellous orchestral programs, with a conductor as unapproachable as Toscanini; not only great singers, but the piano playing of Paderewski and of Hoffmann, the violin playing of Mischa Elman and of Jascha Heifetz. In Chicago, too, she hears these great soloists, besides superb operatic and orchestral music.

Furthermore, the idea that, in order to make a success in her own country, an American girl must return to it with not only European training but a European début behind her, is pure nonsense. Why in the world should any girl pay from $1000 to $2000 for a début in some little Italian town, where she may sing only two nights? Of what possible help can such a début be to her in obtaining American engagements? None whatsoever. Did Rosa Ponselle have a European début before she enraptured her American audiences? No. Did Marion Talley? Again, no. There are plenty of individuals and organizations eager to give a hearing to young, American-trained, American singers—if they can sing!

So much to the musical credit of America. What is not creditable is that, along with the good teaching, goes an appalling amount of bad. There is no subject on which I myself feel more strongly, because I have seen so many lovely, charming voices ruined by the ignorant teacher. I have known of so many cases in which the last dollar of pitiful savings was extorted by the dishonest teacher of a student with a voice not worth training.



Don't choose between coffee and sleep... *choose both!*

WHEN the after-dinner coffee is served, do you have to steel yourself against its tempting fragrance and satisfying flavor? Do you have to remind yourself sternly that the price of yielding to temptation is a sleepless night?

If so—then rejoice! For now you can have coffee from which has been removed the one ingredient that ever stole your sleep—caffein. That coffee is Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. You can drink Sanka Coffee—at midnight, if you wish—and sleep the sleep of the just!

And such delicious coffee!

You'll like Sanka Coffee because it won't keep you awake. And you'll like it still more because it is so downright delicious. It is all coffee—nothing but coffee. A blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees, Sanka Coffee has all of coffee's old-time flavor and aroma. It gives that same immediate sense of satisfaction you've enjoyed from other coffees, for that comes, not from caffein, but from the warmth and flavor of the drink itself. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Satisfaction guaranteed!

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee—always fresh, ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today!

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST! *The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!* © 1930, S. C. Corp.

SANKA* COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

In using advertisements see page 6

These "Kitchen Antiques" like Kerosene Lamps

—are SO out-of-date in the MODERN *home...*

In too many homes that are otherwise modern ... more than a thousand meals a year are still prepared with kitchen utensils as antiquated as the old-fashioned kerosene lamp.

KitchenAid banishes these "antiques" forever. It prepares food *electrically*... and prepares it much better, quicker, and far more economically.

KitchenAid substitutes tireless electrical energy for hand work in *all* the major operations of food preparation ... it mixes, beats, grinds, chops, stirs, slices, strains, freezes, mashes, extracts, whips, creams, sieves ... does *everything* that, by hand, takes more time and toil than washing, ironing, and cleaning combined.

Kitchen-Aid results are uniform ... old recipes always turn out the same ... new recipes are always a success. Its *three speeds* duplicate *exactly*, with greater speed and efficiency, the hand motions of "whipping", "stirring", and "folding-in". And there are fewer utensils to wash.

KitchenAid is reasonably priced ... and the nominal payments upon which it may be purchased will be found small wages indeed for such an efficient servant.

Won't you sign and mail the coupon for complete descriptive matter about KitchenAid? It will be sent entirely without obligation, of course.

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.
216 Olive Street Troy, Ohio
Subsidiary of The Hobart Mfg. Co., Mfrs. of mixers, peelers, slicers, mills and choppers for kitchens and stores.
Sales agencies in principal cities — consult telephone directory. Distributing agencies: 173 King Street East, Toronto, Canada; 38 Charterhouse Street, London, E. C. 1, England.

More Than A "Mixer", A Complete Food Preparer, KitchenAid—

Beats eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles etc.
Whips cream (little or much)
Mixes dough for bread, rolls, biscuits, pies and pastries
Strains fruits for butters, jellies, sauces
Sieves vegetables for soups and purees; pumpkin, etc.
Slices potatoes (thick or thin) vegetables, firm fruits
Chops meats (cooked or raw) nuts, raisins, figs
Freezes ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties
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Shreds and Grates vegetables, cheese, cocoanut, chocolate, etc.
Extracts juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit
Makes mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)
Chips Ice
Shreds Cabbage
Mashes Potatoes
Creams Butter
All these things—and many more

KitchenAid
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co., 216 Olive St., Troy, Ohio
Please send your pamphlet "Extra Help in the Kitchen" to:

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ (137)

The Girl With a Voice

Perhaps it is only because we are the largest country in the Western hemisphere, but I am inclined to believe that there are more charlatans teaching music in the United States than in any other land.

Why do we permit it? A doctor must have a license to practice. Yet, though no organ in the human body is more delicate, more easily deranged, than the vocal organ, any man or woman who wishes to hang out a shingle or put an advertisement in the paper is allowed to be a vocal teacher. If we license our doctors, the least we can do is to insist that singing teachers also shall be licensed.

When you send a child to a teacher, you expect, do you not, that the child is to be shown how to do something? If he is to learn the violin, you expect that he will be shown how to place the instrument under his chin, how to hold his bow, how to use it to draw notes from the strings. If he is to study the piano, you assume that he will be taught fingering, pedaling, note-reading. Then why are you not justified in thinking that a singing teacher should show his students, first of all, *how to sing?* But that is the very thing which so many of these charlatan teachers never teach!

The first important lesson is how to breathe. Yet the charlatan knows nothing of breath control. A girl came to me not long ago and asked me to hear her voice. I told her that it was very nice, but knotted, tight. A little while afterward she called me on the telephone and said that she had repeated my criticism to her teacher and that the teacher was helping her to remedy the fault.

"Is that so?" I asked. "What is he doing?"

"He has told me," the poor child repeated innocently, "that I must keep my diaphragm loose, just let it wobble around, and then my voice will no longer be tight."

"That," I answered bluntly, "is the most idiotic idea I have ever heard of in my life."

For, as any one who knows anything at all about singing realizes, the diaphragm must be kept as tight as a drum to produce, as a drum produces, volume of sound. The tight, knotted condition which I had criticized in my little friend had to do with the way in which her voice came out of her throat; no one but the most ignorant of teachers would have so twisted my comment as to justify that cardinal sin against good singing, a loose, relaxed diaphragm.

Another teacher once asked me to be present at a lesson he was giving. The girl was trying to take a high note and failed. His studio was on the top floor of the building, and the window was pushed half-way down. He pointed through it to a skyscraper tower and said to the girl,

"When you take that note, I want you to put it right there!"

I arose and left the studio. He came after me, expostulating.

I said, "I am not going to argue with you, but I can not remain a witness to such cheap, sensational, meaningless teaching!"

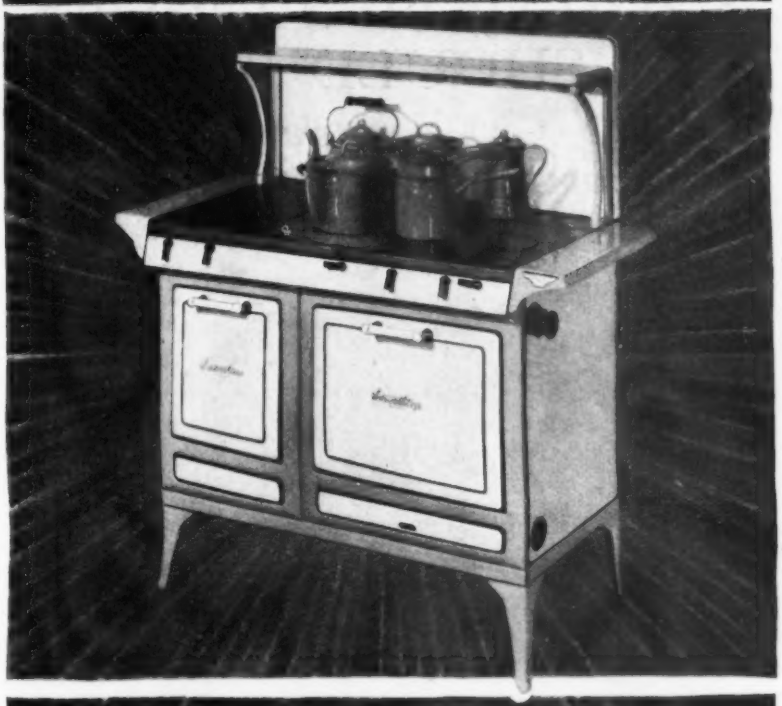
Begin with the Lighter Rôles

A criminal error frequently made by the charlatan—criminal because it destroys the singer's voice years before vocal powers should be diminished—is to give the young student too many and too difficult rôles to practice. She is put at work studying such operas as "Butterfly" and "Tosca" long before her voice is ready for them. That is why so many promising young singers end their careers almost before they are begun: the immature voice has been overworked in heavy rôles and is worn out, just as a youthful athlete may be exhausted and permanently weakened when he is set to equal the record of the seasoned veteran.

The waste of such premature forcing of the young girl's voice! The really great singers always have had a long singing life. Calvé was over here a year and a half ago—an old woman, but singing marvellously. I heard Melba sing *Mimi* in "La Bohême" when she must have

Cook in a

cool kitchen this summer



...with Smoothtop's *insulated* oven

Now you can do your summer roasting, baking, oven canning...in a kitchen as cool as outdoors. Smoothtop's insulated oven will prepare a whole summer-time meal...and will so perfectly keep its heat within itself that you can touch its outer wall while meat roasts in the oven.

Think what this marvelous new Smoothtop gas range with its new insulated oven will mean to you this summer. Cold cuts, vegetable salads, jellied soups, preserves...all those cool delicacies which the family loves for summer-time meals ...these all have to be *cooked first!* This means heat somewhere in your kitchen. So cook them all in Smoothtop's insulated oven! The heat stays where it belongs, in the oven...and out of the kitchen.

This summer-time oven cooking with Smoothtop's insulated oven is all accomplished easily because of Smoothtop's oven heat regulator and complete cooking chart. The chart shows the exact time and heat for everything. Just close the oven door, set the dial, and open the door again when the time is up!

Added to this wonderful insulated oven are the exclusive advantages of Smoothtop's spacious, flat, enclosed top with its four heat zones...*speed spots, busy-boiling, simmering* and *warming zones.* This method of top cooking, exclusive to Smoothtop, captures every elusive food flavor, sends meals to the table right on time, piping hot, juicy and flavor-filled...with carefree ease that you never imagined possible!

Smoothtop

GAS RANGE

CAPTURES THE FLAVOR...FREES THE COOK

Send for the Smoothtop Book. With pages beautifully illustrated in color, it suggests improved kitchens, and explains how the new Smoothtop gas range "captures the flavor ... frees the cook." It tells how Smoothtop uses any kind of gas. Sent FREE on request. Just mail us this coupon or send a post card.

Standard Gas Equipment Corporation,
18 East 41st Street, New York City

Please send me, free, the Smoothtop Book.

Name.....

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G-H-4

STANDARD GAS EQUIPMENT CORPORATION...18 East 41st Street, New York City

Makers of ... SMOOTHTOP ... ORIOLE ... ACORN ... VULCAN ... The standard domestic and heavy duty gas ranges ... wherever gas is used

In using advertisements see page 6

Child Specialists say:

CHILDREN'S SHOES SHOULD BE

- *flexible*
- *arch-supporting*
- *air-admitting*
- *shock-absorbing*
- *light-in-weight*
- *roomy*

"CHILDREN'S foot troubles are mostly *shoe* troubles," says a prominent child specialist. "They need *flexible* shoes that allow plastic young muscles free normal movement."

Hood Canvas Shoes are specially constructed to meet the needs of growing feet. Their *flexible* canvas uppers allow *natural* foot freedom. They also let in enough fresh air to prevent the excessive perspiration often caused by playing in stiff, non-porous shoes. Moreover, Hood shoes have an extra-tough protective sole. And a narrow shank gives firm support to the arch.

All the freedom and none of the disadvantages of the old-fashioned sneaker.

There's a light, free-footed, trim and good-looking Hood shoe for every boy and girl from kindergarten to college age!

***An exclusive Hood feature**—is the Hygeen Insole. This special insole does not absorb perspiration and minimizes the opportunity for unpleasant odor.*

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Watertown, Massachusetts

Look for the Hood Arrow
HOOD

Send for the Hood booklet on the care of your children's feet. Written by a well-known orthopedic surgeon.

Let Them Have More Fun in Hoods

HOOD MAKES CANVAS SHOES · RUBBER FOOTWEAR · TIRES
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS · RUBBER FLOOR TILING

The Girl With a Voice

been fifty-eight, perhaps sixty, but her singing was divine! Think of Schumann-Heink as she sings to-day—a grandmother!

I myself, at forty-five, am singing as well as I ever sang in my life. Why should I not? At that age the properly trained artist should be at the height of her powers. When I began, I was kept at such operas as "Rigoletto" and "Faust"; moreover, I learned one rôle thoroughly before I was allowed to go on to another. Too many teachers, in their ambition to prepare their pupils for a large number of rôles, ignore that thoroughness of preparation which is the basis of all great art. Fifty-two times I sang the rôle of *Manon*, before I was allowed to sing anything else. Eighty-four times I sang *Marguerite*.

Besides being ignorant and in too much of a hurry, many singing teachers are dishonest. They will take any would-be pupil's money, no matter how painfully it has been acquired or how hopeless the pupil's voice.

It is not always easy for a teacher to be sincere and frank with ambitious girls and their devoted parents. They do not thank you for the truth, as I have found out when I have consented to hear a young singer. (I should like to take this opportunity of saying that, if I granted all such requests, or even answered all the letters which pour in on me from young persons who want to sing, I should have time for nothing else. No singer, busy with her own career, can take pupils. I never teach.) But the conscientious teacher, confronted with a voice which he knows will never repay long and expensive training, is candid, however his candor may be received. He knows that he "must be cruel, only to be kind."

Good Teachers Are Not Cheap

How can parents, who are not themselves musically educated, make sure that their daughter's singing teacher knows his business? The wisest course is to follow the advice of the best trained musician of their acquaintance. We who are creative artists in the public eye can not, with the best will in the world, counsel all the ambitious beginners who appeal to us even while we know nothing about them and their circumstances. I can only repeat that teaching of the finest is obtainable in New York, and, doubtless, in other large American cities—although I am not familiar with conditions outside the city in which I have sung for twenty-one years.

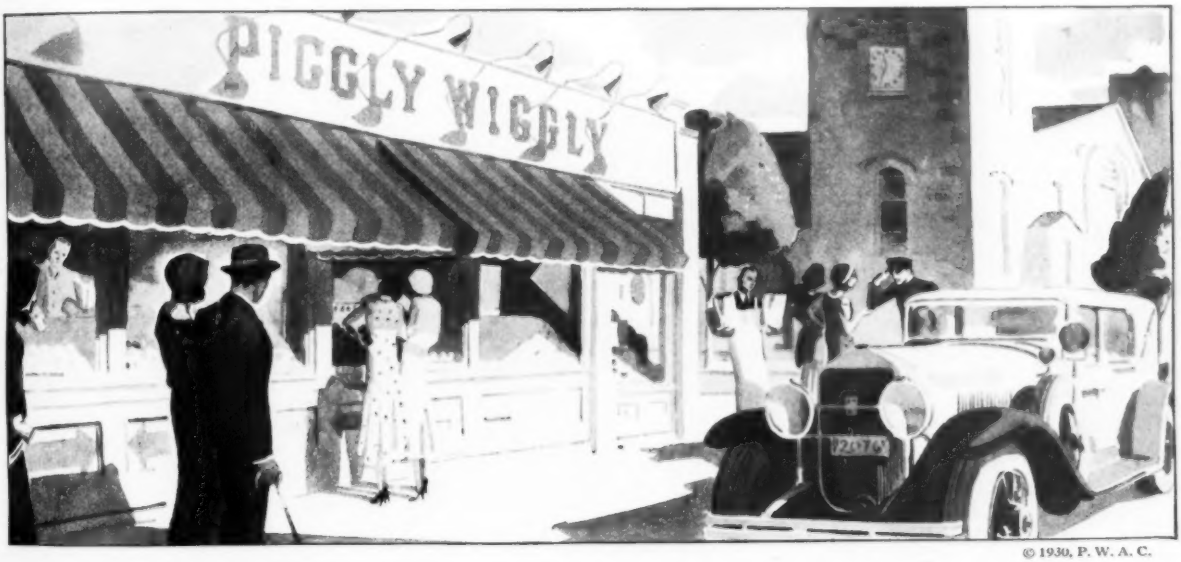
There ought to be more conservatories in which young singers could be sure of finding instruction of the highest quality. It can not be cheap—that is another point for the student and her family to bear in mind. Why expect to hire a good vocal teacher at $5 a half-hour? Thirty dollars for the half-hour lesson is not too much, if a teacher—as he should—pours out for the pupil everything in himself, the quintessence of a lifetime devoted to a great art and to imparting its secrets to others.

Besides tuition fees, not only for voice, but for the study of diction in four languages, there are the other necessary expenses. To study well, a girl must be well-fed. She must live in well-lighted, well-located, pleasant rooms. She must hear the best music, and, as I have pointed out, there is so much of it for her to hear in New York. The girl who is making a serious study of singing needs, in that city, at least $3000 a year, and unless she is exceptionally intelligent, she needs at least three years for her training.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the strict régime which the young singer must follow, the care she must devote to her health, the sacrifices she must make for her art. Let me reassure the girls! A singer may live the normal life of any other woman. I myself have always lived simply and naturally, taking a cold bath every morning and eating what I want, within reason. I take sensible exercise; even when I am in town I put on thick stockings, low-heeled shoes, and go out every morning for a walk.

Providence reveres the Past—

but prefers the modern . . *in marketing!*



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HERE men and women live in the green shuttered houses their families lived in before them. Study in the belfry-crowned hall where fiery Rochambeau planned Revolutionary victories. Look out over a blue bay from which their grandfathers' ships went 'round the world . . .

The past—with its Yankee traditions of dignity, simplicity, thrift—is important in Providence.

But the present, when it fits in with these traditions, is doubly so. Witness the welcome given simple, dignified, thrifty Piggly Wiggly . . by smart Providence matrons!

Watch their motor cars turn off Blackstone Boulevard . . . come from Washington Park . . . to crowd the curbs before Piggly Wiggly stores.

All over the city, Providence's leading women are turning to Piggly Wiggly. Adopting this modern, thrifty mode of marketing, where they can choose for themselves.

Women of the social world were the first to launch the Piggly Wiggly fashion of shopping.

Now clever women everywhere instinctively seek out Piggly Wiggly. Where they can be sure of quality foods at low prices. Enjoy the freedom of choosing for themselves.

Over 2,500,000 women shop at Piggly Wiggly daily. Delighted with Piggly Wiggly's wide aisles, well arranged shelves. The opportunity to compare prices on the big swinging tags—to save money.

The same Piggly Wiggly features found in over 1000 cities and towns.

EVERY week, over 42,000 persons pass the friendly turnstiles of Rhode Island's 25 Piggly Wiggly stores. This year their investments in fine Piggly Wiggly foods tripled last year's—running close to $2,000,000. In 1000 other cities, careful shoppers market at 3200 Piggly Wiggly stores daily!

PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

Unusual opportunity to own and operate a profitable local business with the merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been established. Open only to men who control sufficient capital to finance a number of stores. Address Franchise Department, Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In using advertisements see page 6

Dinner's Ready!

Baked in Pyrex Ovenware, it can be served at once without changing dishes . . . or kept hot and savory if your guests are late . . .

UM-M, how good it looks . . . evenly baked in Pyrex ware and put right on the table without disturbing its form or losing any of its hot deliciousness by shifting to another dish!

You can do so many things with Pyrex dishes that are not possible with old-fashioned kitchen ware . . .

Bake whole dinners in the oven at one time . . . Make entirely new kinds of meat, fowl and egg dishes . . . Cook vegetables and fruits with less water . . . Bake foods more perfectly—because Pyrex ware absorbs the oven heat and then gives it out evenly to the food within.

Keep dinner waiting, if your guests are late, and still have it hot, juicy and savory . . . Save appearance, flavor, extra dishwashing and time, by serving in Pyrex dishes; the food looks attractive and will keep hot for the second serving . . . And put left-over food away in the refrigerator in the same Pyrex dish. For this beautiful ovenware withstands ice-box chill as well as oven heat!

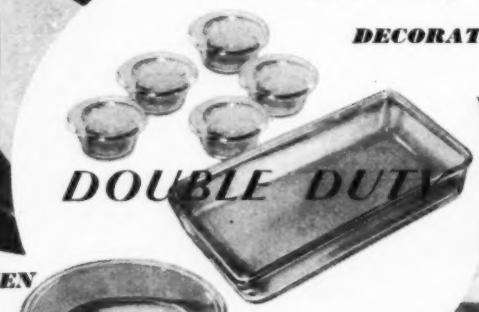
So attractive it makes the perfect gift

Pyrex oven glassware is the answer to that old problem—"What is a useful gift that looks pretty?" It is so pleasant in design, texture and luster . . . so easy to keep shining clean . . . contributes so much to baking and serving success.

Give Pyrex Ovenware to the June bride. You will be proud to see your Pyrex ware displayed among her wedding gifts. Give Pyrex dishes for birthday, shower, and house-warming gifts.

★ Pyrex Ovenware is on sale in houseware or china sections of all better department stores and hardware stores.

DECORATIVE IN THE DINING ROOM



DOUBLE DUTY

EFFICIENT IN THE KITCHEN

Engraved Pyrex Ware

Pyrex dishes, beautifully engraved, make attractive gifts. Prices somewhat higher to cover cost of engraving.

A Novel Shower!

Give the bride-to-be a Pyrex Ovenware shower. Individual pieces are priced from 10¢ to $2.50 and may be selected from a variety of useful shapes and sizes.

For the Bride:

Give her this ten-piece set of Pyrex ware. Enough to equip her kitchen for all ordinary baking—only $5.15! Or select the Pyrex dishes you yourself find most useful.

Free! Send today for new Menu Booklet containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time . . . Address: Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-72, Corning, N. Y.

NAME
(Please print name)

ADDRESS

Prices slightly higher in West and Canada.
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Girl With a Voice

Naturally a singer can not lead a dissipated life, but I do not consider it dissipation for a student to dance and to amuse herself in the fashion customary for persons of her age. When I was younger, I used to sing at the Metropolitan night after night, change my dress, and dance until five or six o'clock in the morning. It never hurt me, for I made up my sleep, and now, at forty-five, I am in radiant health.

Perhaps a word of caution should be said, to the girl who would be a great singer, about yielding to the dieting craze. For her it is even more of a mistake than for other women. In the first place, she needs plenty of good food to maintain her health and energy. In the second place, if a woman sings she must possess sufficient lung expansion and physical vitality. Show me a thin, narrow, starved singer, and I will show you one who can not sing.

Not, let me emphasize once more, that the voice is everything. If a girl wishes to sing in opera her appearance must be attractive, though not necessarily beautiful. She must have the grace that comes from a knowledge of deportment, she must know the languages, she must have acting ability, magnetism, the gift of pleasing an audience, intelligence.

Suppose her to possess these qualities, plus the beautiful voice and at least three years' training at the hands of a great teacher, what is her chance of being heard? It is, I can assure her, excellent. To obtain an audition at the Metropolitan, for example, is the simplest thing in the world, although there is a general idea that some mysterious influence is necessary.

The fact is that no manipulation or persuasion by any one is required; a simple letter from the ambitious candidate to the director commands a hearing. Did not Marion Talley come to the Metropolitan an unknown girl from the Middle West? Yet she made an instantaneous impression; many thought that we had found a second Nordica.

Coloratura, Lyric, Dramatic

Of the young singers I have heard in recent years, Marion Talley showed the greatest promise. I am sure that there are other beautiful voices in America, voices that might be great, but they are too often the victims of our national policy of hustle and rush. An artist can not be hurried. She needs thorough training; she needs experience and time in order to mature. The artist whose talent is forced lasts only a little longer than flowers forced artificially into bloom. The gifted young singer, for example, is not infrequently given heavy dramatic rôles. That is a great mistake. At first, she should sing nothing but coloratura. Later, let her sing lyric soprano. Finally, if she is equal to it—many singers never reach this point—let her choose the great dramatic soprano rôles, but they should come last of all. A young girl ought not to undertake them, and while she must work hard, she must not allow her voice to be overstrained. No one should be asked to sing *Butterfly* one night and *Carmen* two nights later. Nor should the young singer, anxious to excel in opera, wear out her voice in concerts.

To tell the truth, the concert field is unpromising at this time, not only for younger but for older singers. Opera, for those fitted to sing it, offers a better opportunity. In this country, besides the Metropolitan, there is the Chicago Opera Company, and there are several smaller companies. In addition, many European operatic directors are eager to obtain really good young singers from the United States. Every city in Italy has its opera house, the center of its social and artistic life.

That is a condition of affairs which I not only wish but hope to see duplicated in the United States. Such communities as Pittsburgh, Boston, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles should each have an opera house and a full operatic season, thus giving opportunity to more of our native singers and raising the general standard of musical taste and enjoyment. The difficulty has been that many everyday Americans

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but- Even more delightful are her charming impromptu gatherings. She has a positive genius for entertaining . . . expressed in an unerring appreciation of the little niceties.
White Rock makes its welcome appearance not only at her formal luncheon and dinner parties, but also on the more intimate occasions when friends drop in to pay a casual call.
To keep an ample supply of White Rock on hand, have your grocer supply you with the twelve-bottle carton.
Have you tried White Rock Ginger Ale? Its delicious flavor and lasting sparkle will delight you. It is the only ginger ale made with White Rock Water—that makes it different!
White Rock
The leading mineral water
WATER

In using advertisements see page 6

EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER

Give the Bride Many Happy Breakfasts

The Edicraft is the happy breakfast-maker for everybody. It speeds the toast and spares the tempers. It browns two slices of bread on both sides at once . . . giving you toast that's hot clear through and thirsty to drink up butter.

It's as modern as marriage is ancient. Its lines are smart and its operation simplicity itself. Load it . . . close it . . . set the timer to name your toast-tint . . . forget it. The Edicraft opens automatically when toast is done . . . and keeps toast warm till you're ready to eat it. Truly a toaster that will delight the bride of a day or a decade. Good stores near you sell it. Of course, it's thoroughly dependable because it was created and is made by

Thomas A. Edison, Inc.
ORANGE, N. J.

The Girl With a Voice

cherish the idea that grand opera is "highbrow," something which they will not like or understand.

I believe that radio will change this point of view—in truth, is already changing it. During the past winter I have sung the leading soprano rôles in six Puccini operas broadcast in full, and after each performance I have received thousands of letters testifying in the most moving fashion to the intense enjoyment of men and women who had never before listened to grand opera. If they can enjoy it simply as music, without the illusions of beautiful scenery and acting, how much more would they enjoy the operas properly produced in their local opera house! Radio, through the tremendous audience which it reaches, can do so much to educate the national musical taste.

Meanwhile the radio field offers interesting possibilities to young and unknown singers who do not find a place in some opera company, and who are not content with teaching—though teaching is an honorable and useful career in itself for the singer who has been well taught, and who, by passing on what she has learned, can save others from the charlatans. The radio may have struck the death-blow to the concert; I myself do not see why people want to dress up and go out on a cold winter evening to sit on a hard chair in a concert hall, when they can turn on the radio at home and hear singing just as good. Yet if the radio has closed the concert hall to the young singer, the broadcasting studio has been opened. And the microphone is a boon to the singer whose voice and art are admirable, but whom the rigorous demands of opera exclude for some defect in appearance or personality.

A True Woman's Life

The operatic stage will yet remain the heart's desire of nine out of ten young singers. Each one who achieves it will be confronted by two problems which every woman artist has faced—these two:

Should she marry?

Should she have children?

Certainly she should marry, not only for her own happiness, but for the sake of her art. As I have said, the singer's life should be as nearly as possible the life of the normal woman, and what is more normal than to love and to seek in marriage the happiness of love fulfilled?

There is no reason why marriage should be more difficult for the singer than for any one else—if I may except such an unusual marriage as my own. I certainly do not advise a singer to marry the director of her opera company! I was warned against doing so, and it seems to me that it can never work out successfully, although Gatti-Casazza and I remained married for eighteen years and are still the best of friends. But as long as I was his wife, I never sang at the Metropolitan without some one's whispering,

"It's because she's Gatti's wife that she's given that rôle!"

Only after I had obtained my divorce, and still continued to sing, were some people willing to admit that I had a voice, after all!

If the young singer marries any one except her director, she stands at least as good a chance of happiness as the woman in any other walk of life, and she will sing all the better. A woman's voice, however beautiful, has a sexless quality, until she has undergone the profound experiences of love and marriage. How can she hope to portray the greatest operatic rôles unless she has known something of the emotions which she must sing and act?

And why should not the singer and the wife become the mother? A singer, let me say again, should lead a normal life, and what is a more normal part of a young wife's life than a baby? Will having the baby endanger her voice? Not a bit of it. Look at Louise Homer, with her six children. Look at wonderful Schumann-Heink, with her half-dozen—singing gloriously, even as a grandmother. For some reason, contraltos seem to run to larger families

CAKE ... *doesn't have to be home-made to be good,* Mrs. Hale finds

Overheard gossip has its helpful side. Sometimes it opens our eyes to better ways of doing things.

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

ALL the children at the school party had been served and Mrs. Hale sought a place among the other mothers to eat her own ice cream and cake. Suddenly she heard a voice nearby mention her name.

"Mary Hale thinks nothing but home-made cake will do for her kiddies. But I don't think hers is really as light and tender as this Hostess Lemon Loaf. And they cost only twenty cents each!

"Honestly, I won't waste time baking cake any more. There are so many kinds of Hostess Cake and they all taste like home-made. *Better* than most people can make."

When you can buy cake as delicious as Hostess Cake at so little cost, why waste your time baking?

This Hostess Lemon Loaf, for instance—it's actually made with finer ingredients than the average housewife has on hand. Specially milled and blended flour. Carefully inspected eggs. Aren't those just the things you'd use for your nicest cake—if you could always get them?

We make a delicate egg sponge cake flavored with the fresh-pressed juice of real lemons. On top a smooth icing of soft lemon butter cream. It's delicious! And remember—the freshness is guaranteed. If you ever buy a Hostess Cake that isn't perfectly fresh, take it back to your grocer and he will cheerfully refund your money.

And let me send you a copy of my booklet, "Fifty Quick Desserts." Use the coupon below.

HOSTESS LEMON LOAF

20¢ *in most cities*

AT YOUR GROCER'S

YO-HO! YO-HO! Tune in on the Happy Wonder Bakers at their *new hour*, every Tuesday evening, over WEAF and the N. B. C. coast-to-coast network.

★ *Hostess Cake*

BAKED BY THE BAKERS OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS © 1930, C. B. Co.

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co. G17
285 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts."

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New Paneltint sheets - by UTICA

- *the smartest of gifts*

Paneltint!—Newest and smartest of famous Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases . . . packed in sets in a handsome boudoir box that is first a pleasure to *see* and then a delight to *use*, as a treasure box for gloves, hosiery, handkerchiefs, jewelry, etc.

What, indeed, could make a more appropriate or acceptable gift for the June bride!

Paneltints have lovely pastel panels *woven* into the hems and along the *sides* of the sheets. One must *see* a bed made up with them to realize just how *good-looking* they really are.

Send the coupon for samples of Paneltint in 7 pastel shades, and an interesting booklet on correct bed-making.

If your merchant hasn't Paneltint (they're so new), write us and we shall gladly arrange to supply you.

QUALITY that only the YEARS can reveal

The quality of Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases—white or tinted—cannot be fully appreciated when the sheets are new. Only the years will reveal it. But the Utica Label *guarantees* it. It means *extra years* of wear—full-bodied, comforting softness and smoothness to the end—and *real* economy. It is to your advantage to insist upon *Utica* Sheets and Cases, and to buy them long enough—108″ length is best.

MOHAWK BRAND—similar in quality to Utica, but lighter in weight, therefore lower in price.

UTICA PERCALE—luxurious sheets indeed! So exceptionally fine, soft, and smooth. The feel of silk and the strength of linen!

UTICA STEAM & MOHAWK VALLEY COTTON MILLS
Utica, New York

UTICA
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Utica Steam & Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills, Columbia St., Utica, N.Y.

☐ *Kindly send samples of Paneltint Fabric.*

☐ *Kindly send copy of booklet "Restful Sleep."*

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The Girl With a Voice

than sopranos, but even sopranos often have at least one child. Why not?

If I had a daughter with the voice of a singer, there is no career I should rather see her choose, remembering all the discomforts and dangers to which she might be subjected, yet beyond everything else I should value for my daughter the successful singer's glorious compensations: the money—let us be honest about that—and the gracious life which money can make possible; the fine friendships and associations; above all, the tremendous, un-self-conscious effort to put everything you have into every performance you give—and the thrill that comes when you hear the verdict and know that you have succeeded!

We Want Daddies

(*Continued from page 51*)

but I don't see how he could leave him on the Fourth of July!"

He had all the "treats" he could manage, all the little flags he could wave, all the "safe" fireworks he could handle; but no great big wonderful daddy to help put matches to his fuses and send rockets into the air, as daddies were doing for other little boys in the neighborhood. Something was lacking in his glorious Fourth that took all the glory out. On this, the greatest day in all the world to a little American boy, his whole instinctive little being cried out for a daddy . . .

And then there was my friend Milly, one of those successful bachelor women who, about a decade ago, attempted to assuage the craving for something of their very own to love by adopting a baby. It seemed the natural solution of a single woman's domestic problem. Milly could afford it, and there was the baby needing a home. All she had to do, as she said, was to install a competent nurse to give the child the proper physical care; she would do all the loving . . .

Jubilantly, as the time went on, Milly testified to the success of the venture. "Adopt a baby," she would say blithely to every dissatisfied single woman she met . . .

But that was early, when the child, all dimples and cooings, knew only this "mother" who bent lovingly above him in his crib at the close of her busy day, finding in him heartsease, and recreation, and material for dreams for the future. Then he began to grow up—there came school days, playmates, visits in other homes. Gradually his little life grew overcast, till at last, one evening, in the holy confidence hour, he put his tender young lips to her ear with the breathless suggestion,

"Let's get us a daddy!"

Steadily of late years we have been placing more and more reliance—in handling children—on organization, legislation, and equipment; and less and less on the development of the finer fundamental human instincts. We have provided them with schools and playgrounds and mechanical playthings; we have corrected their teeth, and removed their tonsils, and straightened their eyes, and fed them on vitamins, and put iodine into their drinking water; but with all this scientific mass care the children are not becoming the perfect mortals of our dreams, so now at last we are establishing behavioristic clinics, and collecting statistics and making surveys to find out why they are as they are and what to do about it; while up out of all this programmed, mechanistic life shadowy little arms reach out, and we hear the cry of the children,

"We want daddies!"

And it's not merely a daddy as a source of supply that the child craves; not merely a daddy in a down-town office who works like a beaver, and pays the bills, and sends his family into the country for the summer—generous, kindly, the most self-effacing daddy on earth; but a daddy who is an *accompaniment* to his child's life; who manages, somehow, to live his life with him, take him places, have hours

A word of warning to brides and sweet girl graduates

THE slim loveliness that is yours today should be guarded against a lot of enemies that will try to rob you of your youth in the months and years to come—the strain of business and professional life or the cares of maternity.

Give some thought to keeping your figure erect, slim, pliant. Follow the examples of countless thousands of other women and have the Spencer Corsetiere come to your home periodically to give you expert advice on the care of your figure.

This advice will be entirely free. If you wish to do so, you may have a Spencer foundation designed to meet your specific needs after an analytic study has been made of your figure lines by the Spencer designers. If there is any inequality in the figure that needs correction the garment will be designed to give you the ideal lines for your figure. A Spencer costs no more than an ordinary garment.

Call the Spencer Corsetiere

Look in the telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere". If you do not find a corsetiere living near you, send us the coupon below.

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WRITE TO ANNE SPENCER TODAY

Anne Spencer will give you personal advice free upon any problem you may have about the control or correction of your figure.

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Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

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Do you want to make money?

Let us tell you how to build a prosperous business in your community. You will receive all necessary training. Check square on the right. . . . . ☐

WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

In using advertisements see page 6

THE MAGIC MEANS TO LOVELY CLOTHES

This book and a ...SINGER ELECTRIC

No wonder you want more dresses this season than ever before. The new fashions are so lovely, the new fabrics and colors so tempting...And now you *can* make them yourself —with all the style and smartness of the original design. For this book, "How to Make Dresses," which you may obtain *free* from any Singer Shop or representative, tells you step-by-step just how to select becoming designs, fabrics and colors, then how to cut out your dress, fit it, seam it and finish it, even to the pressing. Every detail of importance in the new silhouette is made simple for you—sleeves, necklines, waistlines, skirt finishes... With this book and a modern Singer Electric you can successfully make a spring and summer wardrobe of lovely clothes. For this book will show you what to do and the Singer Electric will stitch the seams and do every bit of finishing swiftly, quietly, and with magic ease...Why not get a modern Singer now, enjoy its use in making your clothes this season, and let it pay for itself out of the savings? ...Any Singer Shop or Representative will give you, free, a copy of "How to Make Dresses," and will send a modern Singer Electric to your home to try on the Self Demonstration Plan. Look in your telephone directory for the nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

SINGER*
ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES

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We Want Daddies

of real companionship at home and jolly little holidayings abroad . . .

The plan of life has been changing too rapidly, perhaps, for our complete adjustment. In sweeping out rubbish of the past, we have perhaps swept out much that is fundamental to life's balanced development. Once a little boy on a farm followed about at his daddy's heels as he plowed and planted; to-day elaborate farm machinery does the work, and there is no place for the little boy. Once the town child followed his daddy about on Saturdays and evenings, as he mowed his lawn, or played at carpentering, or looked after his horse or his dogs; but to-day daddy hurries off to the golf links for his exercise, and the child finds other amusement. Once the family had their three meals together, but now daddy generally breakfasts alone and lunches at the club or a restaurant; so that the opportunity for table intimacy is reduced fully two-thirds. Once, for the evenings, there was a family reading table, and sometimes checkers and dominoes; but to-day daddy's off at his club, or attending a committee meeting or conference of some kind to improve the condition of his nation, or state, or city, or his neighbors; or maybe he is improving his form or his technique or his mind. The frivolous find frivolity, and the serious-minded, extension courses, until there is no time for the deeper joys of leisured family companionship.

Wise widows—and foster-mothers—and even mothers with children whose fathers are too busy for them—recognizing this lack in their children's lives, are deliberately providing a father-substitute. For that is a convenient quality in children—they will accept a substitute. My friend Milly put her little boy in the care of a carefully selected tutor. The young man was working his way through college, and as he had a real gift for handling children, as so many young men have, he enjoyed this job far better than that of selling books along the highways and byways. All the long summer the little boy had man-association in outdoor life and nature studies. Other mothers joined Milly in the venture, so she did not have to carry the expense alone.

Rapidly the child changed from a nervous, fretful, peevish youngster into a well-poised one. Even his language began to grow up, and he demanded more masculine clothes. There were other signs and symbols of increasing masculinity hard for a mother to bear, no doubt, but perfectly normal in a little manchild. The plan worked so well that she did not again hear a demand for a "daddy" . . .

Irritability in a child doesn't necessarily mean that he is irritable *with* his mother or that he fails in love for her. It is more apt to mean that his own personal life is lopsided, that he is not developing evenly. Straighten him up like some fallen vine, hold him straight with some good vigorous man-staking, and pretty soon, barring accidents, he is shooting on up self-reliantly into manhood.

The Boy Scouts Are Invaluable

Many mothers find the Boy Scouts and their leaders a special godsend to their un-fathered boys. A widow whose twin boys go every summer to a farm where a father-hearted farmer plays daddy to them, lets them help him about all sorts of farm tasks, work with him at whatever he is doing, tells me that her boys are ecstatically happy there and never want any other kind of vacation. He treats them just as he would his own boys and gets as much pleasure out of their being there as they do.

Notice how any little boy, lacking a companionable daddy, will trot about at some other man's heels in perfect contentment: perhaps it's the gardener, perhaps it's an elderly neighbor who has time for homely duties—and little boys. The child will pull at the weeds, load wood on his little wagon, crawl beneath its bed and play at repairing it, hammer away at nails, making things. He's imitative, and easily inspired by example. And how absorbed

IN HIS college course in Pharmacy, the Druggist studies Materia Medica, Toxicology, Posology, Pharmaceutical Arithmetic, Organic and Inorganic Chemistry, and many other things.

Then he starts out, a full-fledged R. Ph. And the very first morning he picks up the jingling telephone behind the prescription counter and hears Mrs. Housewife saying: "Oh, Mr. Druggist! . . . what takes out ink?"

Being a full-fledged R. Ph., he *knows*. And having learned a lot about human nature as well as pharmacy, he is *glad* to tell Mrs. Housewife what takes out ink — or paint, or iodine, or almost any other spillable thing that you can name. . . .

In every community the Druggist plays a dual part — that of trained and expert professional man; that of ready friend and counselor to all who come. Serving cheerfully, early and late, week days, Sundays, and holidays. . . .

His standards of quality are just as high as his standards of service, as you can judge for yourself when you see on his shelves the products of Bauer & Black, an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of surgical dressings.

In Bauer & Black bandages, gauze, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton, and many other things in which quality and dependability are of paramount importance, the Druggist keeps ready for your instant of need the very best materials that his trained judgment can provide.

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent

BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

BAUER & BLACK Blue-jay Corn Plasters. For over thirty years the standard corn remover

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

BAUER & BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

★

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In using advertisements see page 6

Use EXPELLO and protect your treasures from moth attack

MAYBE there's a family of moth larvæ hatching out in your winter woolens at this very moment. Some busy moth worms may be enjoying themselves by eating your winter furs right now! But no moth can ever eat a hole in the treasures of those fortunate women who have protected them with EXPELLO!

EXPELLO is a remarkable new moth exterminator. It is a heavier-than-air vapor in crystal form. It does more than keep stray moths *out*, it kills every little potential moth that has managed to worm its way *in*.

A can of EXPELLO hung in your closet will keep your winter things moth-secure for the entire summer. The vapor permeates every nook and cranny, searching out and killing the moth larvæ that wax fat on your clothes.

EXPELLO has been thoroughly tested in the laboratory and in the home. It has passed every examination. It can never stain and never hurt human, animal, fur or fabric, but is sure death to moth worms. It also keeps your clothing sweet and fresh. The odor disappears immediately when garments are exposed to the air.

EXPELLO CLOSET CAN No. 1. $1. *Hang can high in closet.*

A closet can of EXPELLO costs $1. It also comes packed in handy snow-white gauze bags for chests, trunks, etc., at $1 a can. Fully guaranteed. If your dealer does not have EXPELLO we will supply you. Please use the coupon. THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire.

For sale at leading drug and department stores

Expello
KILLS MOTH WORMS

THE EXPELLO CORPORATION, DEPT. A-2, DOVER, N. H.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $___(Cash___Money Order___Check___) for which please send me the following EXPELLO: ___Cans No. 1, $1 size (for Closets). ___Cans No. 2, $1 size (Handy Bags). ___Cans No. 3, 50c size (Handy Bags).

My name is_____ Street or R. F. D._____

City or Town_____ State_____

My dealer's name is_____ His address is_____

We Want Daddies

he is! He's got a man's job, and he's full of it! How confident he is! How proud! How this man-intimacy feeds his little life with the very sense of activity and constructiveness which will some day lead him into channels of right industry! A child instinctively leans to a man, especially a boy child. See how a baby will put out his arms to a man, going to him from his own mother. He loves his mother with all his little heart, cuddling to her for affection and soothing, but something in him pulls pridefully toward his father; and if his father is not available, then toward some other man symbolizing a father. He feels in the man the root of his being; he turns to his own.

There are today highly expensive schools in the most rugged wilds of Western America—where the sole advantage provided the children is this old-fashioned sort of companionate fathering in the midst of a natural, simple, every-day plan of life. It might be called a slice of early pioneering revived to make men of boys. The boy is put into overalls and high boots and a wide hat, is given a horse and taught to ride and to care for his own mount. The boys adore it! They never want to leave, not even for vacations. And yet all that they are provided, aside from their regular schoolroom work, is the simple pleasures, simple duties, out-of-door sports, and good fathering. Miles from any town, their life centers in the natural, every-day activities and contacts. And always there is that older man as a friendly guide into the mysteries of unfolding life. They are never alone, mentally and spiritually. Someone is with them, close.

The many boys from our "good" homes who turn out badly—how could this turning out get under way if the father lived intimately with his son? How could fathers so often be shocked at revelations by outsiders, if they were companionable with their sons while they were growing up? "I never knew!"—"I never dreamed"—how often do such phrases turn the revealing light on young lawlessness!

"Sentence me," said a father in court at his son's trial for one of the hideous crimes of today. "I have been so busy all his life making money, that I did not know what he was about. I alone am to blame—sentence me."

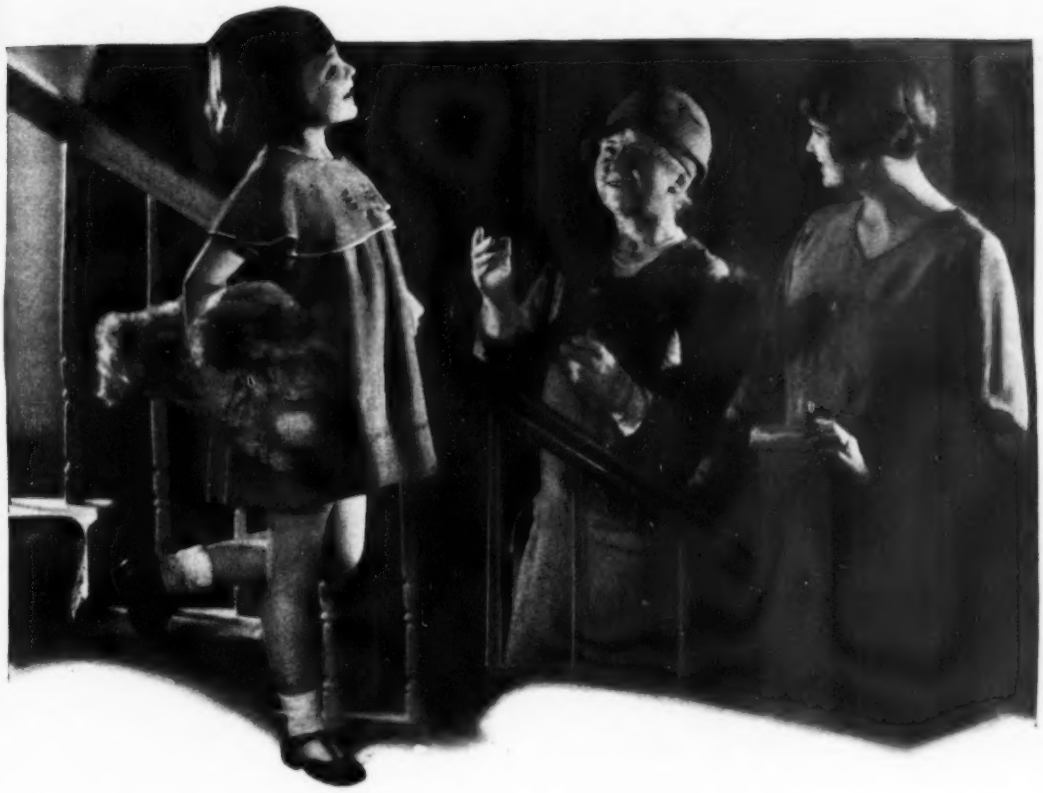
A Boy Needs His Father

The most impressive thing to me in all Italy—that land of devoted mothers—was the number of fathers I saw taking their little children out for a walk or a ride into the country. Such fine-appearing men, apparently of the highest station, who had time to chum along with a little child on an afternoon's holiday. We saw them everywhere, these charmingly attentive fathers; *enjoying* their children; the children *enjoying* their fathers. There was something so truly of the highest culture about it—in that clear recognition, on the man's part, of the sacredness of the tie. I wonder—do American fathers always realize that this is the most nearly unbreakable tie possible to mortals? That it is the only tie where normally jealousy can have no place, where success can add no strength, where failure can make no wreckage? A tie that, in its finest flowering, has a price—the price of early and continued communion? A tie that must begin to form at the child's birth and continue through his growing years? Does he realize that it is a thing of growth as much as the child is a thing of growth? That unless this tie is forged of work and play together, of many little experiences in common, the father's life may in the end be blessed with only the dry husks of his fatherhood—its worry and responsibility?

I wonder—do American fathers sufficiently think of these things?

Out of the mouths of babes . . .

Yes, the little boys are right: the fathers must come into the picture. We cannot do without them any more than we can do without mothers . . . The daddies must come back; they must take their own.



"This can't be little Edna . . .

she's grown so big and strong!"

SPARKLING eyes—sturdy legs—bubbling over with health and happiness! What a change from the delicate child of two months before!

"What a shock it was," writes her mother, "to learn that my daughter was undernourished! Of course, I knew she was a little too thin, but we certainly fed her well—so I assumed she would develop in time.

"I was advised to give her Cocomalt—and what a change it made! Edna began looking better right away. In just a few weeks she has improved tremendously and is building up stronger every day."

What child experts say

Many people think that "undernourished" means "underfed." Nothing could be further from the truth.

A child may be stuffed with food every day—and still be undernourished, if this food is not properly digested or if certain vital elements, such as Vitamin D, are lacking.

What Vitamin D does

Cocomalt is much more than a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink—for it contains the precious Vitamin D, the same potent body-building element produced by summer sunshine. It helps ward off rickets and fosters the growth of strong bones and sturdy bodies in a truly surprising way.

Equally important, Cocomalt contains vital elements, such as malt enzymes, which digest other foods—and is so rich in food value that it will add 70% more nourishment to a glass of milk!

Think what that means! Each glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to nearly *two* glasses of plain milk. And youngsters—even those who detest milk—drink Cocomalt eagerly. They love its rich, creamy smoothness!

Free trial—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Packed in three sizes; ½lb., 30c.—1 lb., 50c.—and the economical 5 lb. family size. Mail coupon today for a generous trial tin, *free*. See for yourself how delightful Cocomalt is.

★ **Cocomalt**

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

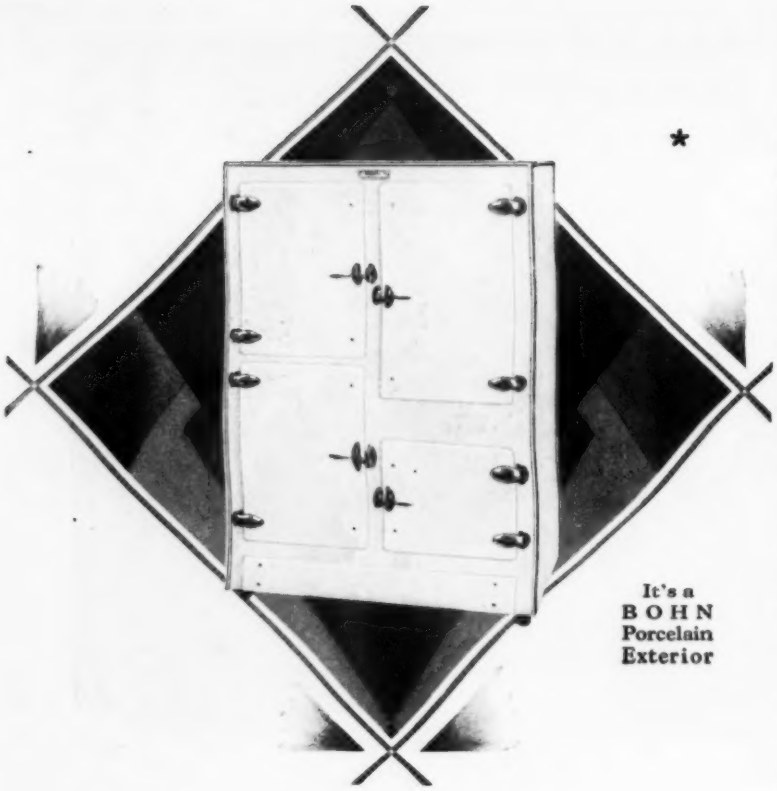
R. B. DAVIS COMPANY, Dept. 36, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me, free, a trial can of Cocomalt.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

In using advertisements see page 6



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IT took thousands of hours of consideration and experiment to achieve the unrivaled sweetness which greets the eye today when one opens the doors of a BOHN pure white porcelain-lined refrigerator. And what refreshes the mind reacts pleasantly on the appetite.

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BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

If You Find It Hard to Read

(*Continued from page 50*)

Now for my reaction. I found, to my surprise, that in spite of my difficulty in keeping at it I could not forget it. As I went about my tasks I found that those thoughts which had so interrupted the reading were shot through by thoughts about these crusaders, their courage, their spirit, their acts. I felt myself carried out of my present surroundings and related somehow to the universal, the timeless. I myself was less important, what had happened to me was less tragic, as I realized the immensity of the stage upon which humanity has played, the capacities of men for sacrifice and action.

It was not the story of the Crusades that had done this, dramatic and stirring as it is. It was, I discovered, that this book is a great epic of faith. Harold Lamb has caught the spirit of the Crusades and transfers to his readers a realization of what that spirit was. He makes them understand that what led these men to victory was their faith; that by it their human wills had been made superhuman, and that the thing that had let loose the power of faith was their belief—in other words, their religion. Here, one feels, is something not dreamed of in our modern philosophy, a message, indeed, for us skeptical moderns. And no less a message for me in my effort at adjustment. How richly had I been rewarded for my persistence!

"The Crusades" and "Saladin"

With the crusaders still in mind, it was natural that I should wish to read a book about their opponents, the Mohammedans. What were they doing while the crusaders were so impelled by their faith to conquer them? Did they not have a faith of their own? And here at hand was Charles J. Rosebault's "Saladin, Prince of Chivalry" (McBride, $3.50), which held the answer to my questions. It is true that it is not an account of the opponents to those first crusaders. It deals with the Mohammedans who later won back Jerusalem from the Latins, ending with the Third Crusade in which Richard the Lion-Hearted is the romantic hero of the Christians. But it tells the same story of the power of faith. For out of Egypt came this man, a Kurd of Damascus, Sultan Saladin, stirred by as fanatical a faith in his Moslem Allah as ever Christian saint in his Christ. The Holy Land was sacred to him. He believed himself called of God to win it back for the faithful. And by the power of his faith he did so. Welding together the rival cities and bickering tribes of his empire, he imbued them with the same spirit of self-sacrifice and courage that animated the first crusaders. By the same incredible acts of bravery, against the same kind of odds, he, too, won to victory. But what had happened, one may ask, to the Christians and their faith? If we may believe the record, it had waned. The Christian princes by this time were thinking of their own personal power and gain. They were eaten up by jealousies, weakened by ambition. And yet, queerly enough, the end was something of a stalemate. There was a treaty. If Richard did not defeat Saladin, he surely checked him. Saladin did not sweep every infidel Christian from the land of Allah as he wished.

These two books overlap in part. A few chapters in each deal with the same events. But always from the viewpoint of opposite camps so that the reader does not feel he is repeating. And for the most part they present different events, "The Crusades" dealing with the first Crusade, "Saladin" with the third, so that both are necessary for a complete understanding.

They are different in treatment. "The Crusades," deals with a movement in which many men of many sorts played their individual parts in a whole. "Saladin" is the story of one man, a great man, a just man, a generous man,

Can so small a thing as an Imaginary Line explain *this difference* in baking?

"We Remember Your Delicious Shortcake from Year to Year", Say Metropolitan Opera Stars in Atlanta

Even the prima donnas forget their diets and enjoy the Southern cakes and biscuits served at luncheons, barbecues, and dinners that are inspired by the Metropolitan Opera Company's yearly visit to Atlanta. Ballard flours are used in more homes in Atlanta than any other brand of flour.

GENERATION after generation, visitors to the South have gone away singing the praise of Southern biscuits, cakes and pastry. As a result, a sort of legend has grown up, a feeling that Southern cooks are endowed with a special gift for baking. But Southern cooks tell you their methods are no different from those used by good cooks everywhere. They use the same kind of sugar and shortening, the same liquid and eggs. *The flour alone is different.* It is so soft and white and fine it gives to *all* bakings the high degree of lightness and tenderness you have been accustomed to expect only in the finest cakes.

This flour comes from a special type of wheat that ripens in June. In this wheat, which the experts of Ballard & Ballard Company have learned through long experience to recognize and choose, great delicacy is combined with high nutritive value.

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It means that now you can make just such feather-light breads and cakes and pastry as are made by famous Southern cooks. The richness of the wheat that makes this flour will impart a wonderfully appetizing, satisfying flavor to your baking. This flour is so light and expands so rapidly you can use less shortening, less baking powder, fewer egg whites, and *still* make cakes and pastry that melt in your mouth.

Made In Five Forms

Soon this flour in its five adaptations, will be on your dealer's shelves . . . *Ballard's Obelisk* which for fifty years has been the outstanding all-purpose flour of the South . . . *Ballard Cake Flour,* so finely milled and sifted that it insures, even for the inexperienced, cakes of the highest degree of lightness and tenderness . . . *Ballard's New South Flour,* a worthy companion to *Obelisk,* though somewhat lower in price . . . *Ballard Biscuit Flour* and *Ballard Pancake Flour* with which fluffy hot biscuits, pancakes and waffles are most easily made.

We will send you generous packages of Ballard flours, together with Ballard's new book of tested recipes. These flours and these recipes, have made expert cooks of women with skill no greater than your own. Fill in and mail the coupon today.

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If You Find It Hard to Read

a protector of women and children, indeed a very prince of chivalry. One may accuse the author, I think, of hero-worship. One feels the method of the salesman too frequently in his presentation of facts. There is overmuch eulogy. It has not the distinction of style that marks Harold Lamb's book, nor does it reveal the scholarship that lies like a strong foundation under every word of "The Crusades." Yet it is a book well worth reading. And the two undoubtedly go together if one is to understand both sides of the Crusades and gain, in addition, a realization that faith is not dependent upon what one believes, but upon the intensity with which one believes it.

It was rather queer that the next book I picked up should be "The World Below" by S. Fowler Wright (Longmans, Green, $2.00). After "Deluge" and "The Island of Captain Sparrow" we expect from Mr. Wright a weird story depicting the reactions of man in fantastic surroundings. Perhaps that was why I chose it, thinking that the very strangeness of his conceptions would hold me to his words. But I was not prepared to be switched from the Crusades to a time a million years hence. Yet nothing could have been better for me. For although Mr. Wright's conception of what the world might be at that far reach of time is purely imaginary, it served to convey to me again the sense of the unimportance of the immediate and the transitoriness of pain. Then, too, the effort required to reproduce in my mind the queer, strange creatures he described forced wandering attention.

From the moment I went with the adventurer through the circular room into the world of the future I could not think about myself. That I could refrain from doing it I take to be a tribute to the author's imaginative powers. Surely there can be no greater test of them than to depict a world different in every way—in topography, in vegetation, in every form of animal life from that with which we are familiar, and of beings sexless, non-human, whose every idea of life and death, of social relationships, of values, is different from any that has ever obtained on this earth to date. When an author can do this and make his creation have reality for his readers, living in their imaginations as well as his own, we must grant that he has passed his test and deserves our reverent admiration.

A Book of Africa

Feeling that I could read short stories, perhaps, with less effort than a long story, I next selected "The Fools' Parade" by John W. Vandercook (Harpers, $2.50). When I met this adventurer into African jungles, I had been surprised to find him a pale-faced, slight young man with the dreamy eyes of the poet and the high forehead of the scholar. But when I read these tales laden with the mysticism of the dark races who embody in folklore and superstition a knowledge of the phenomena of nature and life not yet explained by science, and saw how they had caught and reproduced so perfectly the mood of that mysterious and seductive continent, I understood what had lured him there. For this is the book of a poet, of a man who feels life instead of acting in it, with an eye and a heart sensitive to all that plays upon it, with a deep understanding of the eternal realities of faith, courage, loyalty and tolerance. And what he sees and feels and understands he reveals to us by means of these stories of the five convicts who escape barefoot through the impenetrable forest from the worst prison in the world; of the love story of two men and a woman, and a great river in Africa; of the negro king lost between two worlds; of a ship's mutiny that turns into a song; and of the Sacred Crocodile and the obstinate Englishman.

Either one likes stories of Africa or one does not. For myself, I can only record that it satisfied my present need, carrying me out of myself by completely detaching my mind from the immediate and present and dropping me into a mood where I felt aware of the unity and depth of life.

The label on "None So Pretty" by Margaret Irwin (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) next attracted me, proclaiming it the prize historical novel chosen by E. M. Forster, author of "A Passage to India," Professor George Gordon of Oxford, and R. H. Mottram, author of "The Spanish Farm Trilogy." I seemed to find help in escape from the present. The reputations and works of these judges promised that their choice would have quality. The reign of Charles the Second seemed fairly far away from the Fort Pierce, Florida, of to-day, where I then was. And I had liked Miss Irwin's "Fire Down Below" for its poetic quality. Nor was I disappointed in this story of lovely Nan, daughter of an aristocratic, impecunious family which had sacrificed all for the King's cause. Married to the boorish squire who drank himself nightly under the table, she lived in her day-dreams and died because of the loveliest one of all.

It is not a tale of the pageantry of court. The intrigues of politics play no part in it. Yet the background of the story is so perfectly limned that I realized the texture and the pattern of the Restoration Period as I never had before. Its likeness to our own is almost disconcerting—with its cynicism, its intellectuality, its loose morals. Its difference from ours, too, with its squalor and its dirt, its ignorance and its cruelty, was laid before me with equal clearness. But the real interest centers in Nan, a winsome, appealing nymph, and her two loves, the one too early and the other too late. Immoral as she is, according to our standards, a victim of the social code of her day, neither chaste nor wise, nor virtuous nor fair, as her satiric lover proclaimed her to be on her epitaph, we can not but be touched by her early death.

In some hands this story might seem sordid, even base. But so delicately does this author disclose it that I can not think it will offend the fastidious. And so impersonal is she in manner and method, so light is her touch, that it affected me as a soothing draught.

A Novel of To-day

I could not limit myself, I realized, to books that took me far away, either historically, or geographically, or racially. I must, no matter how hard it was, read something that dealt with to-day and here. And so I came to "Huntsman in the Sky" by Granville Toogood (Brewer and Warren, $2.50), a first novel by a young advertising man—and an unusually good one, at that. Like many another first novel of a young man, it concerns itself with the story of a young man trying to find his place in life. Bartram is returning from his stay in Paris, where he had gone to study music, to the old Philadelphia home of his grandfather, a gentleman of the old school living at Villa Nova just beyond Rosemont. He has failed somehow, just failed, of winning the Prix de Rome, and is disheartened. But he falls into the old secure, dignified life in the old Victorian house dominated by the standards of his grandfather. He meets his old friends, among them Anne who has always loved him and whom some day he is supposed to marry. He makes new ones, among them Elaine, one of the new rich, with whom he falls madly and unrequitedly in love. He joins his old companions in mad and senseless follies. His mother dies. He goes to Florida. His grandfather loses his money. The old house is sold. And through all these experiences the young soul seeks a way to realize itself, to respond to beauty, to express that response. And at last comes to the realization that his is the soul of the artist, condemned to the loneliness that calling entails, yet ever supported and upheld by its desire to create, that "huntsman in the sky," Orion, calling him ever to reach perfection.

But it is not a psychological study. It is that newer thing, and herein lies its significance, a

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June 1930 Good Housekeeping

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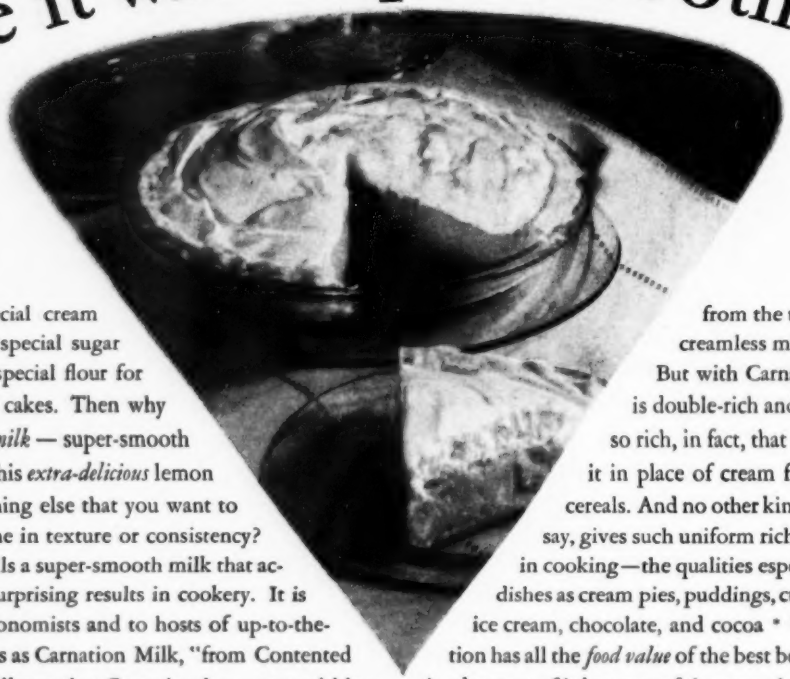

YOU order special cream for whipping, special sugar for making candy, special flour for baking your nicest cakes. Then why not order special *milk* — super-smooth milk — and make this *extra-delicious* lemon cream pie, or anything else that you want to have particularly fine in texture or consistency? • • Every grocer sells a super-smooth milk that accomplishes really surprising results in cookery. It is known to home economists and to hosts of up-to-the-moment housewives as Carnation Milk, "from Contented Cows." *They* will tell you that Carnation has an astonishing way of adding *cream-smoothness* and *butter-richness* to foods — just as if you had used quantities of rich cream or golden butter • • Here is the scientific explanation: Carnation is pure whole milk evaporated to double richness. So it contains a heaping double helping of butter-fat: and that butter-fat is *ground up* by a process called "homogenization" until the original coarse fat globules are one thousand times as tiny and so thoroughly mixed in with the milk that the cream never rises to the top • • When you cook with ordinary milk, you get creamy milk from the top of the bottle and creamless milk from the bottom. But with Carnation every last drop is double-rich and super-smooth. It is so rich, in fact, that countless homes use it in place of cream for coffee, fruits, and cereals. And no other kind of milk, the experts say, gives such uniform richness and smoothness in cooking—the qualities especially desired in such dishes as cream pies, puddings, custards, sauces, soups, ice cream, chocolate, and cocoa • • Remember, Carnation has all the *food value* of the best bottled milk. Nothing is taken out of it but part of the natural water, and nothing is added. It is so perfect from *every* nutritional standpoint, that the greatest authorities on infant-feeding recommend it as an ideal milk for babies • • Think of the convenience of being able to keep such fine milk right on the pantry shelf, safely sealed in its modern package! You can *always* have an abundant supply of milk on hand when you use Carnation • • Please write for the Carnation Cook Book and Baby Book. Address Carnation Company, 626 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.: or 726 Stuart Bldg., Seattle: or Aylmer, Ontario.

"from Contented Cows"

Carnation Cream Pies

LEMON CREAM PIE 1½ cups sugar, 4½ tbsp. flour, few grains of salt, ¾ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ¾ cup water, 2 egg yolks, 1 tbsp. butter, 5 tbsps. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated rind. MERINGUE—2 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. baking powder, 2 egg whites.	Mix sugar, flour and salt. Scald diluted Carnation and stir into dry mixture until well blended. Cook 25 minutes in double boiler, stirring occasionally. Add to well beaten yolks; continue cooking 2 minutes; add butter, lemon juice and rind. Pour into baked pastry shell. Cover with meringue made by folding sugar and baking powder into stiffly beaten egg whites. Brown in slow (300°F.) oven. Makes 1 large pie.
BUTTERSCOTCH PIE 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup flour, ½ tsp. salt, 1¾ cups Carnation Milk diluted with ¾ cup water, 3 tbsp. butter, 3 egg yolks. MERINGUE—4 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. baking powder, 3 egg whites.	Follow method given above, omitting lemon juice and rind.

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Many of the greatest authorities on infant feeding rank unsweetened evaporated milks such as Carnation as the best of all milks for babies. Carnation Milk is fully equal to the best bottled milk in nutritional value. It contains *all the vitamins* that any milk is depended on to supply, needing only the usual supplements, such as orange juice and cod liver oil. And it is *easier to digest* than any other form of cow's milk.

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If You Find It Hard to Read

novel in which the inner life of a man, his experiences and his environment, are all so knit together that we have before us again what the good Victorians called "a slice of life," but a slice which has added to it another dimension which they did not know. But gone are the odors of the laboratory, the flash of the clinical knives, the analyses and explanations that filled the books of the twenties, and made them charts or studies or textbooks instead of creative works. Evidently the new generation will work into its books its knowledge of psychology, but just as the older ones did physiology and biology, as the material with which it created, not as the theme or purpose of its works. And somehow this touch with the future, this promise of what was to come, swept me again out of myself, and put me again into the current of life.

It was great good luck that led me next to "Windfall's Eve" by E. V. Lucas (Lippincott, $2.50). For I was in a mood at last for pure entertainment. And Mr. Lucas is good at that. His amused tolerance plays over a number of characters, each with an unmistakable flavor of his or her own: among them Posy Crystal, a music-hall favorite who has fallen in love with the young song-writer Vivian Blake; his staid and conventional parents; Alban Hulse, a bedridden man who amuses himself by making wills to annoy his legatees; William Henry Spofford, an American who discovers Henry Swete, the intimate of Washington, and wants to buy his birthplace at Hilary Green as a shrine for tourist Americans; Sir Percy who collects first folios and paintings and never has waited dinner for a belated guest, letting him begin his meal with the course on the table when he arrives; Jenny, to whom the world is a comedy which she selfishly watches from the best seat, wittily talking through the piece; and Richard himself, the narrator, who asks only to be allowed to stay near Jenny.

Having won the Calcutta Sweep, this erstwhile British museum official finds himself suddenly a man of wealth and, moving himself near Jenny, proceeds to take his leisurely way through all the affairs of those who seek his help, retailing his experiences for our diversion. Mr. Lucas, fortunately for us, is fanciful. He has a number of ideas about a number of things. He knows the world from America to the South of France and all the way between. No wonder I was diverted, and closed the quiet, restful book, soothed as by an anodyne.

And then I turned again to a story of youth, Theodora Benson's "Anita Agrees" (Harpers, $2.50), a charming and delightful love story. Anita is the kind of girl we all know, well-bred, pretty, well-meaning, who without intending it gets herself and others in all kinds of trouble but finds her fate in the end. It is an old-fashioned tale told in the gay and mocking modern manner. And the mixture has an indefinable appeal in which beauty and truth mingle. Miss Benson deserves popularity and will, I think, soon find it.

Analysis of Character

No greater contrast to this book could be found than the one I opened next, "The Kramer Girls" by Ruth Suckow (Knopf, $2.50) which ran as a serial in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. From a London and English-country-house setting I was swept out to a small Middle Western town. From characters who were rich and privileged, full of humor and bubbling with vitality, I was carried to meet three sisters who found life grim and strenuous, who had to sacrifice and struggle. Yet the underlying story was much the same. These girls, so different in character, so far apart in training and prospects, wanted the same things and went through the same inner experiences in their efforts to find them. Different, too, the method of their authors. Of the two Ruth Suckow is far and away the more profound writer; Theodora Benson the more entertaining. And the profundity wins. For in the end the reader knows that Miss Suckow has bitten deeper into life. This seems to me her best book. It is simpler in construction, more direct than any of her others, yet its characters are handled with more detachment, and thus what they reveal seems to me, at least, to have greater authenticity. I put it down with a sense of my own insight deepened and my sense of values clarified. To be able to write of everyday people so that what we learn enriches our appreciation and understanding of life is, perhaps, the greatest gift an author can have. And Ruth Suckow does just that.

A Philosophic Novel

Only one more book was I able to read this month, so slowly could I assimilate the written word. I chose "The Woman of Andros" by Thornton Wilder (Boni, $2.50) for three reasons. I thought a philosophic novel might have some message for my present questionings. I knew any book by this author would soon be a best-seller. And it was short. Needless to say, I found its prose beautiful, its pattern definite, its story compact. But what of this story? Taking his theme from an old classical comedy by Terence, "Andria," Mr. Wilder sets us down in the island of Brynos in the last century before the year of Our Lord's coming. The woman of Andros is Chrysis, one of the *heterae*, who gathers the young men of the island at her feasts, reads them some classical work, and occasionally invites one of them to stay the night with her. Among them is Pamphilus, the son of Simo. She finds herself loving him. But he, unknown to her, has fallen in love with her little sister, Glycerium, who has escaped her espionage and wandered on the hillsides. Pamphilus is supposed to marry, sooner or later, his neighbor's daughter, Philumena. When Chrysis dies, Pamphilus must decide whether he will flout his parents' wishes and bring Glycerium into his mother's house to bear his child as his wife, or abandon her and marry the girl of his parents' choice. Here we have before us the Grecian attitude toward marriage, toward women, toward parenthood. The decision is left to Pamphilus, and in his effort to decide the matter rightly he revives an old Grecian religious practice of abstaining from speech and food from one sunrise to the next and arriving at the temple enclosure before the dawn. What the result would have been we are not told, for before he returns from the temple Glycerium has been taken by her sister's debtors to be sold as a slave. And Simo, the father of Pamphilus, who has wandered in the garden all the night cogitating over his duty and the right, buys her freedom and takes her home. There two days later Glycerium and her child die. And Pamphilus has for courage, hope, and consolation only this bit of philosophy handed to him by Chrysis on her deathbed,

"I praise all living, the bright and the dark."

Where was the philosophy I sought? It is contained in a phrase that appears once at the beginning and again at the end of the book, "the land that was soon to be called Holy and that even then was preparing its precious burden." For what Mr. Wilder has essayed to do is to contrast the hopelessness and the despair of the old Grecian pagan philosophy with the promise of the new Christian faith. The two have been contrasted again and again in literature. More than once the pagan has been presented as superior. It is so presented to-day by a score of writers. And this, perhaps, is why Mr. Wilder, a Christian himself, has thought it worth while to present it again with the balance in favor of the Christian. Never has it been more artfully done. He has merely depicted what the pagan did not give, leaving it to us to discover for ourselves what the Christ has to offer. And after all, when we face the fact of death, we must discover it for ourselves if it is to answer our needs. And this, it seems to me, is a great message for those who hope to find in reading a solace for their pain.

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Garden Pests

(*Continued from page 58*)

sprays and for dusting. In either case they kill the pest by poisoning it. The arsenate of lead is not quite so rapid as the Paris green, but it adheres to the foliage better and results in no burning. An ounce of arsenate of lead to a little more than a gallon of water is about the right amount. As a dust it is mixed one part to ten of hydrated lime. As you can never tell when the chewing insects may decide to make a meal off your plants, it is wise to be on the lookout for them all the time. As you wander around your garden, always be on watch for damage they may have done, and spray promptly. The objection to arsenate of lead, that it spoils the looks of the foliage, has resulted in the introduction of several proprietary remedies which do not have this defect.

Poison the Cutworms

Cutworms are a perennial pest in many gardens, and the usual method is to poison them. Wheat bran and molasses made into a thick mash, to which is added some lead arsenate, is usually efficient when scattered around the garden and covered with boards to keep the birds and other creatures from eating it. One gardener says he catches his cutworms on the wing by nightly placing a pail of kerosene and water with a light over it in his garden. Hundreds of insects and moths are attracted and killed each night in this way, thus ridding the garden of them before they do much harm.

Root lice have proved troublesome in some gardens and may easily be eliminated by spreading tobacco stems or tobacco dust over the soil around the infested plant. Another method calls for a liberal application of Scotch soot, enough to make the surface of the soil black. Still another method is to make small holes around the plant—holes the size of a lead pencil will do—pouring a little carbon bisulphide into them, and sealing with soil. Carbon bisulphide may also be used to kill moles and such things by pouring it in their runs where it will volatilize and the gases traveling down the runs will reach the pest and kill it. Calcium cyanide preparations are also effective used this way. Another remedy for moles is to place castor beans in their runs. They are fond of the beans, though they are poisonous to them.

Red spider, really a tiny mite, proves a pest in hot, dry weather and is especially troublesome upon evergreens, dahlias, heliotrope, roses, violets, verbenas, and other things. It is noticeable in that the foliage becomes covered with a whitish or gray-green, web-like covering. Many confuse this with mildew, a fungus disease that spreads in wet weather. Thorough spraying with water, wetting the under sides of the leaves, oil sprays, or dusting with sulphur is advised. Some of the commercial preparations are also highly recommended.

Blight and rust upon delphinium, phlox, and hollyhocks, mildew and black spot on roses, San Jose scale upon lilacs, and the damping-off of seedlings and cuttings are all fungus diseases. Most of them can be controlled or prevented, but as for eliminating them entirely, that is almost unknown. If you relax in your attention and conditions are right, they will promptly reappear. The control of practically all fungus diseases is by spraying or dusting. Copper and sulphur are the two commonest elements used for this purpose, and they are combined with other things to make their application practical. The well-known Bordeaux mixture is still one of the most effective fungicides. It is efficient for the control and prevention of rust upon hollyhocks, black spot and rust on delphinium, phlox blight and mildew, peony bud rot, and many other rusts and blights. It should, however, be applied in the beginning or even before the disease really gets started. If you wait till the plants become practically denuded of foliage, all the spraying you can do will not bring them back. It is recommended that the spraying of delphinium, phlox, hollyhocks, and such things shall be begun even before growth starts in

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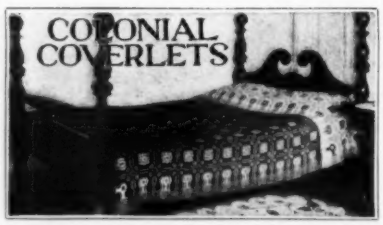

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the spring, soaking the dormant crown and the soil around it.

It has been discovered that much of the so-called "blight" among delphinium, resulting in deformed, knotted, and club-shaped masses rather than healthy spikes, is due to a mite commonly known as the "cyclamen mite." Fungicides are useless in this case, but nicotine and soap will prove effective. Spraying and mulching with tobacco stems has brought the infested plants back to a healthy condition. Delphinium leaf spot may be prevented by sprinkling the ground around the plants early in the spring with some mercuric preparation. These are also useful to treat the soil of seed beds for the prevention of the dreaded "damping-off," which takes so many seedlings. It is a fungus disease found in most soils.

Mildew is the bane of existence in many gardens, especially in wet weather and when the humidity is high. Doubtless you are all familiar with it, a white fuzzy growth upon the leaves and stems of your plants. Roses have always been a prey to this, though to-day gardeners are developing some mildew-resistant varieties. Mildew can be controlled, and it can be promptly checked by a thorough spraying with Bordeaux or a dusting with sulphur. This dusting sulphur is a very fine powder, not the ordinary "flowers" of sulphur. Another dust much recommended for mildew and black spot on roses, is nine parts dusting sulphur and one part arsenate of lead.

With all the spraying and dusting for fungus control the element of timeliness is important. The spores spread most during wet weather, so preventive spraying should be done before rain storms rather than after. Your spray is really a protective application to prevent the fungus spores from attacking the plant tissues.

Rose Enemies

Black spot of roses is one of the ailments that should be prevented, because once the foliage is infected, it can not be cured. The infection is within the tissues, and no treatment can reach them. Black spot can be prevented by regular spraying or dusting, but it must be attended to regularly. One of the best remedies, not only for all the fungus diseases but for chewing and sucking insects as well, is a weekly dusting with a mixture which contains nicotine, arsenate of lead, and sulphur, and combines in one application the remedy for many ailments.

The elm leaf beetle has proved a serious pest in many sections and, like all chewing insects, may be controlled by a spray of lead arsenate. The bag worm, gypsy moth, Tussock moth, brown tail moth, canker worm, measuring worm, cherry slug, leaf roller, currant worm, and many others come under this heading. To be effective, the spray must be applied when the larva are gorging themselves upon the foliage, and several applications may have to be made to get successive hordes of the pests as they hatch out.

Stalk borers which attack such heavy-stemmed plants as dahlia, lily, hollyhock, peony, phlox, delphinium, zinnia, and others are not the easiest pests to eliminate. Their presence will be first noticed by the stalk beginning to wilt. Careful examination will disclose a tiny hole through which the borer entered. Sometimes with a very sharp, thin-bladed knife it is possible to split the stem and kill the worm. Or a few drops of carbon bisulphide may be injected into the small hole where the borer entered, using a medicine dropper, and sealing it up with wax or soap, so that the gas from it will soon end the borer. If the stalk has not been damaged too much, it may outgrow the effect of the damage. The iris borer is a closely related pest. The best method of control is to burn over the iris clumps very early in the spring before growth starts. This will destroy the egg masses upon the old foliage and will not injure the plants.

If you want a list of sprays and dusts which will keep your garden healthy and free from blights and pests, send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Garden Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

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Stretch—and Stretch Again

(*Continued from page 39*)

figure? No, for such activity is not the kind that keeps us young.

Here is a daily half-dozen, which, if faithfully and diligently practiced, will give you the two things so dear to middle age, a straight spine and firm muscles.

Have no fear that these exercises will do you any harm. They can't do you anything but good unless you have some organic trouble, in which case you should never do any exercise, except under the direction of a physician qualified to prescribe for you.

You may find them a great strain on your will power. It takes character to move muscles long inactive from disuse. But once you wake them into activity, it is amazing how persistently they demand the stretching. Give them a chance, and they'll get the habit, and you can give your over-taxed will power a rest.

A word of warning. Don't go at these exercises like a house afire. Don't do them so strenuously at first that you will wear yourself all out. It is infinitely better to work up to them gradually.

And while you are doing them, have a good time. Exercise is of little benefit unless done in the spirit of play. It is better by far to get the whole family down on the living-room floor, laughing and giggling and stretching, than for you to do them behind locked doors with jaws set and eyes determined. And notice, by the way, how easily the children do them, with the natural suppleness which adults must work so hard to recapture.

If you're one of the lazy ones, you can and undoubtedly will do these exercises on the bed. But if you really want a youthful figure and a phantom form, get down on the floor. Firm surfaces beget firm muscles; feathers, flabby ones. No pillow under your head. No tight clothing. No hurry and no strain. And keep your sense of humor. Laugh at yourself and with yourself and then laugh some more. Nothing is so relaxing as laughter.

Stretch I

Lie flat on your back and give yourself the luxury of a good animal-like stretch. Stretch up and down, back and forth, inside and outside, exactly as a baby does. Rub your shoulder blades and every part of your back against the hard surface on which you lie, just as a dog rubs himself against the leg of a chair. Such vigorous friction moves lazy muscles and sends the blood tingling through them. Most of us go through the day scarcely moving a muscle. It takes nothing less than a World War to get us stirred up.

Stretch your arms far out to the sides so that you can feel the pull in your very finger-tips. Give a mighty yawn—not a polite one, but a good, wide, rude one. Oh, the bliss of a large, healthy yawn! Too bad society suppresses such luxurious gasps.

Now give your legs a good stretch. Wiggle and stretch your toes as you used to in your babyhood. It's rather surprising how much motion there is left in them and how much they enjoy being separated one from the other. There's life in the old toes yet!

Massage your face with the soft-cushioned palms of your hands. Rub all care and expression away. Run your fingers through your hair. Loosen up your scalp, especially the hair line around your face. Yawn and groan and grunt as a healthy dog should. Then, to make the relaxation complete, take a long deep breath. Feel the expansion across the small of the back. Most of us never fill this part of our anatomy with air, but we should. Let the air out with a great, relaxing sigh. Take several of these deep breaths, but remember to breathe fresh air, not stale, so up with your windows! Continue this squirming, wiggling, yawning, sighing, until you have actually let go. Then lie there perfectly still and rest like the relaxed animal nature intended you to be.

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(Advertisement) (*See page 245*)

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While this first stretch is just an informal preamble to your daily half-dozen, it is vastly important, because it puts you in a receptive mood both physically and mentally.

Stretch II

Still lying on your back. Stretch your right leg out straight on the floor and your right arm up back of your head just as far as you can possibly get them. Put your left hand on your right side and feel the stretched muscles along the side of your torso. Give another mighty stretch so you can feel the pull from tip to toe. Now relax completely and do the same thing on the other side, only do it better. Repeat several times first on the right, then on the left, relaxing in between.

Now to wiggle yourself out of your hips. Take hold of them with both hands, and wiggle and twist and pull the upper part of your torso until you feel a sense of space through the region of your waist.

Now notice your protruding abdomen. Lo and behold it has disappeared! Your ultimate goal is to keep it in this invisible state when you are upon your feet. Of course you can't at first, but cheer up, you will in time.

Stretch III

Now let's give the upper part of your spine a good stretch. You who have a bump on the back of your neck better take this exercise seriously, because any one who has a too prominent vertebra invariably has a double chin. Clasp your hands behind your head, bringing your elbows as close together as possible. Let the weight of your head fall back on your hands. Hold your chin well in. With your hands pull your head upward and forward just as far as you can. If you are pulling with your hands as you should, you will feel the stretch all the way along the back of your neck. Let your head slowly back to the floor, relax a minute, and then try again. After a while you may be able to raise yourself to a sitting position. But go at it slowly, because it is a strenuous exercise if you are doing it correctly.

Stretch IV

You are still on your back. Now let's stretch the lower part of your spine. Bend both knees and bring them up toward your chin as far as you can. Fold your hands across your knees and hug them gently to your body. Feel the small of your back against the floor. To you of the sway back it is a novel sensation. It's probably the first time in years that the lower part of your spine and a flat surface have come in contact with each other. Lie there a few minutes. You are being very good to your back. Although you may think this a ridiculous position, it is the most restful one a human can assume. Even a dog instinctively knows its value. Now and then he will roll over on his spine with all fours extended in mid-air, and there he'll lie, blissfully resting, as indifferent to the spectacle he makes of himself as we should be.

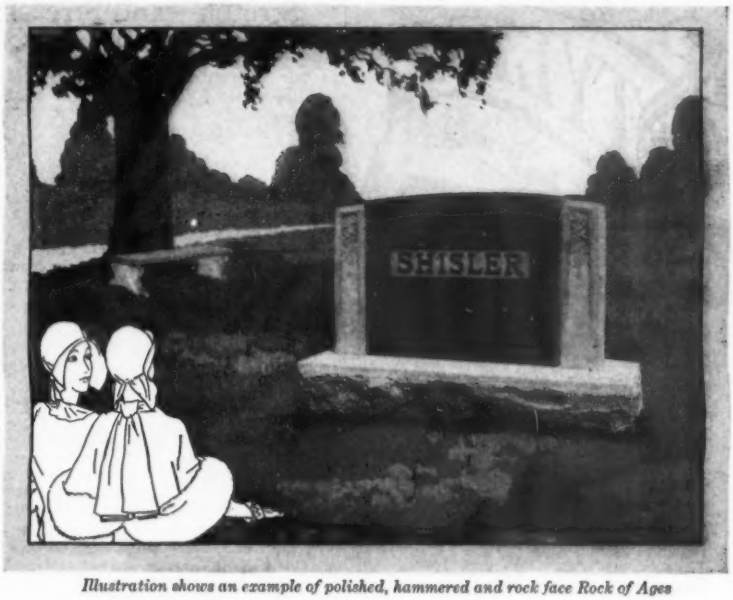
Stretch V

Now to stretch your spine from end to end so that every last vertebra is released from its cramped position.

The ultimate aim of this exercise is to throw your feet over your head so that your toes touch on the floor behind your head. Now don't let that scare you. Any child can do it easily. As soon as you have regained your natural flexibility, you can, too.

Go at it slowly at first. Have some one take hold of your feet and guide and help you over. It may give you courage and keep you from losing your balance. You can help yourself by putting your hands at the middle of your back and lifting your torso.

When you have got the kinks out of your spine and the knots out of your muscles, over your head your feet will go in perfect form. Behold the acrobat! That should be a big moment in your middle age. It means you have actually recaptured some of your youthful suppleness. It's too bad we can't have this



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Stretch—and Stretch Again

as our favorite parlor trick, because it is conclusive proof that there's life in the old boy yet.

Stretch VI

And now there's the rub. It's comparatively easy to stretch our spine in the reclining position, but it's quite another thing to keep it stretched in the upright one.

Get slowly to your feet, standing on your tiptoes, pulling your arms well over your head and stretching from tip to toe. Walk around the room in that position. Then go and stand before a long mirror. Now let your arms, shoulders, and heels down to their natural position, still keeping that stretch along your spine. Notice how tall and slender you look. Your body is probably better poised than it has been in years.

If you could only keep this tall, stretched posture. But alas! your muscles are undoubtedly too flabby and weak from long inactivity. In a moment they let you down into your old slumped position, and you are middle-aged once more. But never mind. Take heart. You can't keep that uprightness the first time, nor the fifth, but maybe you can by the fiftieth. What you must do is to build up the tone of your muscles so they will have the stamina to hold your spine in the correct standing position, without any conscious effort on your part. Spinal extension is not enough. We must have muscle tone to complete the picture.

And by "muscle tone" we mean that state of mild contraction which keeps a muscle alert and ready to act at the will of the individual. This perhaps can be made clearer if you imagine a rubber band held between the fingers in a slightly stretched condition. The rubber band can now be said to have tone. All muscles possess this property of tone to a certain degree, but well-trained ones have it highly developed. If the rubber band had no stretch at all, we might liken it to a flabby muscle which has no tone.

Let's Consider Feet

Now let's consider your posture from the ground up.

Feet are the foundation of good or bad posture. A famous Broadway producer says: "When I'm picking a girl for my chorus, I look first at her feet. Not her face nor her legs, but her feet. If she knows how to handle them, the chances are she can handle herself."

Give your feet a little attention. You may not be planning to dance for a living, but most of us have to walk for one. The good old stretch again is what they crave. Try picking up marbles with your toes. Notice how easily children can do this, while you may have to practice a little. This is excellent for arches as well as toes.

How do you walk? The child and the Indian illustrate the natural way of walking. Their footprints follow along one after the other, so that the line which you might draw between their heel marks is a straight one.

Fifty percent of the population walk with a slight zigzag. They toe out, plant their feet down much as a duck does, and the result is not a walk but a waddle. They'd stop it mighty quickly if they could get one good look at themselves from the rear.

Walking an imaginary tight rope is a game which, figuratively at least, keeps your feet on the straight and narrow.

If your feet are on a straight line, you don't have to worry about your knees. As you walk along they'll pass each other correctly. They won't knock, nor will they separate too widely, but just barely touch in passing, as well-behaved knees should.

Hips—how they do thrust themselves out into the limelight! You can reduce them by straightening out your spine. Stretch your sway back into a straight back, and your hips

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will disappear. Not that you've actually got rid of them, but you've thrown them in and forward and out of the way. It's the prominent stuck-out-in-back hip that gives the ugly line.

A good exercise to get your hips in line is to stand with your back against the wall, feet braced out in front. Make sure that every part of your back, hips and head included, is touching the flat surface. Then keeping that straightness of line swing forward to an erect position. Now you should be hipless and happy.

If you are sufficiently encouraged to stand the strain, take a look at your torso. Has it sculpture-like firmness, or is it soft with flabby muscles? Shame on you, lazy one! Stretch and tone them up.

Let's hope we have all outgrown the Mid-Victorian idea of the protruding chest. Although we were all brought up on the command, "Stick out your chest," we've learned better now. It's only the dowager who reigns with breastbone high. Forget about it. Straighten your back and you can laugh off your chest.

Shoulders, too, should be forgotten when once you get them in the proper position. Don't thrust them back; that will only thrust your chest forward. Don't let them droop; that makes you hollow-chested. Don't raise them; that makes you short-necked. Shoulders should be held neither out nor in, up nor down. They should be relaxed, with your arms falling naturally to the side.

A good way to get them relaxed is to throw your arm out and rotate it in as large a circle as you can. Feel the motion and circulation that you get in your shoulder region. This is an excellent loosening up exercise for the person who won't let go of his shoulders.

How Old Is Your Neck?

Now neck! Chin! Oh, horrors, we are as old or as young as our necks! We worry about them, but we don't do anything for them, when a little stretch and a little muscle tone would make all the difference between a youthful neck and a squatty one. Try to consider your neck dispassionately. Is it too short; have you a bump in the back; is it too fat; has it ugly wrinkles; how many double chins?

If you have any of these disfiguring faults, it's all because you've let your head settle down into your shoulders. Get it out from its embedded position by giving it a good pull. Let the pull come entirely up the back of the neck, keeping your chin well in. Don't be afraid to exert force. Your head won't come off. It's attached. Crane your neck; arch it like a horse; curve it like a swan. It's the long, arched neck that raises the commonplace duck to the aristocratic swan. It's the stretch that will eliminate all your ugly duckling qualities. Let your swan song be stretch.

And now the double chin, that bane of him or her who would look young. Don't blame your poor old chin. Look to your spine, for there's where the fault lies. If you have a sway back, you have a protruding abdomen; likewise if you have a bump in the back of your neck, you have multiple chins. Exactly the same medicine cures a slumped neck that cures a slumped torso — the stretch plus firm muscles.

So you of the double chin stretch your head high and train the muscles of your neck to carry it so. Don't thrust your chin out and up. That's just what we want to avoid. We want to stretch that line at the back of the neck. One way to do it is to get the feeling that your spine extends right up through the crown of your head. That sense of extension, of stretching up, gives us that well-poised, well-set-up look.

The stretch not only gives us back our youth and slenderness, but it also does something infinitely more important. It stretches our minds. We see the world from a higher plane. It raises our spirits, too. Newer, broader horizons open up before us. Better enlist in the army of stretchers and see the world from a new point of view.

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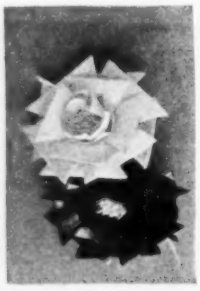

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Charming semi-made dress is this one, left, of printed voile, all difficult sewing finished; a surplice coat-dress fastened at the hip with five pearl buttons; wrap-over skirt, plaits in front finished; navy, green, black, or lavender on white; with detachable white organdy vest; sizes, 14 to 44; only $4.45

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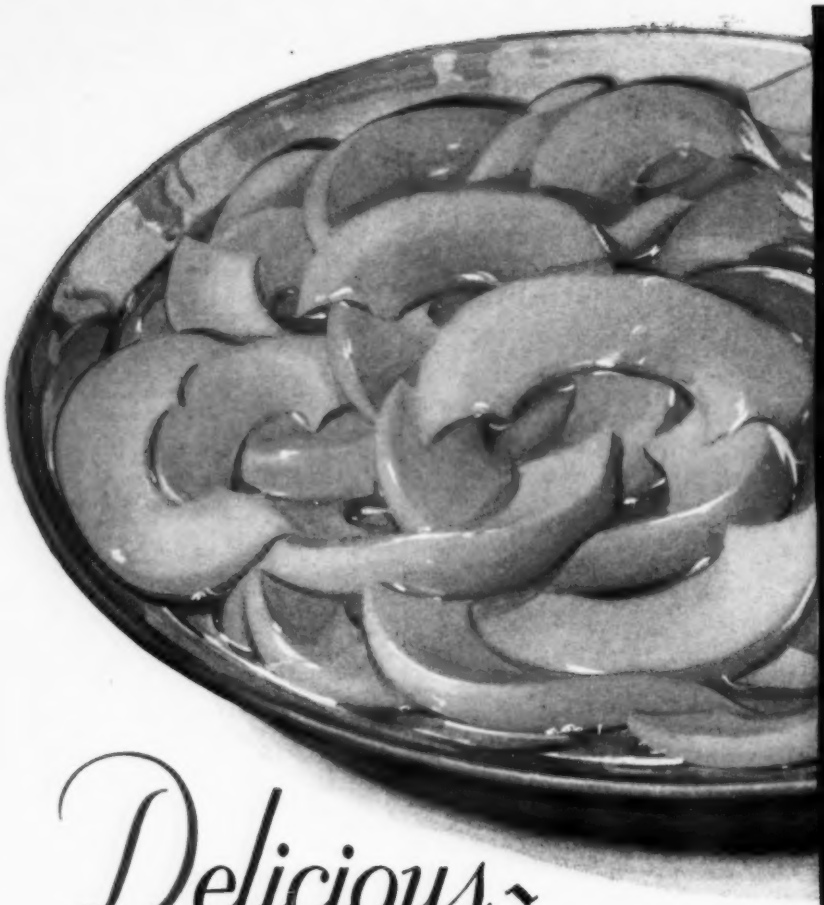

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DEL MONTE *Sliced* PEACHES

The Heart of the Quetzal

(*Continued from page 42*)

brilliance of its plumed tail fell about the shoulders of the maiden, Mali. And thus she stood for a moment, swathed in the emerald glory of the land's sacred emblem.

Tecúm Umán felt his heart stop, then leap forward. Such an omen, sent by the gods, was not to be denied—nor did his heart wish to deny it.

The quetzal spread its wings and flew. Up, up, higher than the lofty pines, into the clear mountain sky, as if it would launch into the very heart of the heaven. Then it was lost to sight.

Tecúm Umán looked down into the maiden's rapt, uplifted gaze.

"Mali," he said slowly, "the quetzal is my *nagual*, for it was the first living creature that my eyes beheld on waking from my vision. But thou, too, art my *nagual*. For thou wert companion and savior to the sacred bird of our people. Thy fate is bound up with mine. It has been so written by the gods. Wilt thou return to Utatlan, there to await what may befall, confident in my promise that thy father shall not force thee into marriage against thy will?"

Her cheeks grew warm with color, but her dark eyes held steadily to his. "Thou art my lord, and the lord of my land. I will obey thee gladly. My life is thine, to do with as thou wilt."

He made no move to touch her, but his young, haggard face brightened a little.

"Then come. I return now to the city, to make known my vision and my *nagual*. Portentous events are in the shadows of the future, and no man can say what shall come to pass. It may be that happiness lies there for us both. If not—then death with honor for me, who am a warrior—"

The maiden seemed to grow in stature. Her head lifted regally. "And for me," she finished simply, "who am a warrior's daughter."

IT WAS considered an omen of mighty import that the prince Tecúm Umán should have received the quetzal to be his *nagual*, or guardian spirit. Its heritage of freedom was deemed a fortunate prophecy for the kingdom of the Maya-Quichés.

And yet the shadows were gathering thickly in the north and to the east. Reports came daily of the marching menace of strange white warriors who appeared as gods, clad in silver, and mounted upon magic beasts. Tecúm Umán was quick to seize upon the rumors of approaching danger to try to gather together the one-time unity of the Mayan Empire. He sent messengers of peace to the Cakichel kingdom; to the Zuthuils in the south, to the Cocomés farther to the east. But always the *caciques* sent back evasive answers. It was clear that they feared the power of the young warrior-prince. They feared his power, and the prestige of his descent from Balam Quitzé, and the ancient hero-god of the Mayas, Cucumatz. They feared his plans for the re-establishment of the Empire as a scheme to aggrandize himself. That seemed to their minds the only imminent danger. The other possessed the vague unreality of a dream.

And so Tecúm Umán alone prepared to combat the invasion of his land. At his command the Quiché warriors were groomed for battle, and the Quiché cities were walled for defence. As yet the menace was but a shadow. No man knew for a certainty what manner of man had conquered the Aztec nation.

The revelation came in terror and in tragedy. The *caciques* of the Cakichel people went out to meet the white gods in peace and friendship. They returned to their cities with shorn plumes and bleeding ears. They bowed their heads in the dust, as they told a terrible tale of a white warrior whose hair was the color of tarnished gold, but whose eyes were hard and cruel as the eyes of a hungry panther. He, whom his own warriors called Alvarado, and whom the Aztecs had named "Child of the Sun," had demanded gold of them; and when in surprise they attempted to tell him that the land of the Cakichel people had little of the precious metal, he had torn the ornaments out of their ears and sent them back with the message that if gold were not instantly forthcoming, the inhabitants of their land should be slain without mercy.

Now indeed the wretched Cakichel leaders knew with what manner of creatures they had to deal. Not gods, but rapacious men whose lust was for gold; who employed torture and terror and degradation to satisfy their fierce craving for the riches of the Mayan people. And when at last in desperation the Cakichel nation rose against the white invaders, they were beaten in one decisive battle. Their *caciques* were slain, their women given to the Spanish soldiers, their warriors reduced to the status of slaves. The surviving leaders offered then a craven bargain; to become the allies of the white men and aid in overcoming the kingdom of Quiché. If that fell, there would be no more resistance in the land. For the mountainous stronghold was a bulwark, flinging its staunch shelter before the softer luxuriance of the golden country to the south.

So the infamous pact was concluded. The Cakichel nation breathed more easily, falsely believing itself to be an honored ally of the invincible army that had conquered it. And Don Pedro de Alvarado, whom the Indios called "Child of the Sun," laughed as he sat in his tent and watched the defeated *caciques* strutting about in their refurbished dignity.

"By the Cross," he sneered to Don Garcilasso, his favorite captain, "these heathen have no more minds than animals! They aid us in conquering their own kind and then think to share in the spoils. Does the lion share his venison with the jackals who have helped bring down the game?"

Don Garcilasso laughed. "Not the lion of Castille or Aragon! But, Señor, we may find that our opponent of the mountains is more like the panther than the deer. From all I can hear of this Tecúm Umán, he is a warrior of some mettle and is prepared for resistance."

Don Pedro de Alvarado shrugged his mail-clad shoulders. "So much more glory for the King and Cross," he replied. "Bah! I am sickened by these sniveling pagans who yearn to betray their own people! The Aztecs were better foemen, worthier of death by Christian swords. These Mayas are slaves and women. Their blood is water, and their bones are milk. See if I prophesy not truly—this bold Quiché princeling will put his forehead in the dust like the others, when he but sees the glint of our spears and hears the roar of our guns!"

IN UTATLAN, capital of Quiché, Tecúm Umán had come into his inheritance of kingship. The priests and *caciques* would have had him take to wife a princess of one of the other Mayan kingdoms, according to the traditions of the land. But he denied them with a quiet dignity that could not be pierced with arguments.

"I will have none but Mali, daughter of Coh, warrior of the Tigre rank. Let not the puny wisdom of man put itself between me and what the gods have ordained. Her fate is bound up with mine. We go hand in hand toward the destiny designed for us."

His word was law. His command was a silencing power. For there had come into his eyes something that was not in the eyes of other men. He seemed to walk apart, to commune with unseen forces. Once in the kingly chamber of state, he had lifted his head and stared at something no one else could see. A trembling silence fell on the assemblage of warriors and priests and nobles. His gaze fell wonderingly on the awe-struck faces beneath.

"Seest thou not the quetzal?" he questioned.

And they answered with trembling voices, "Lord of the kingdom, we see nothing but the moving plumes of thine headdress."

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The CHORE GIRL

The Heart of the Quetzal

"Nevertheless it is here," he made reply. "That sacred bird that is my *nagual* is fluttering above my head."

They fell on their faces and dared not look up until he bade them. It was from that moment that fear went out of the hearts of the warriors of Quiché. For if the guardian spirit of Tecúm Umán was the sacred bird of freedom, who, then, could enslave them—who could conquer the land that was guarded by the quetzal?

And so there was joyousness and feasting throughout all the land on the day appointed for the bridal of Tecúm Umán and Mali—she who was only the daughter of a warrior, but whom the gods had chosen to be the wife of a king. In the capital, Utatlan, the altars of the temples were piled high with flowers, and fruits, and golden platters of venison. Copal incense spread a wavering haze across the faces of stone gods. The streets were choked lanes of carnival. Color flashed from the waving headdresses of warriors, glinted from the newly embroidered *huipiles* of maidens. In sumptuous array came messengers from the far-away country of the Peten-Itzás, bearing feather cloaks, and golden bells, and collars of turquoise and emeralds as gifts for Tecúm Umán and his bride.

IN ALL the land there was none so beautiful as Mali that fair day. The vestal maidens of the temples arrayed her in garments of softest cotton, dazzlingly embroidered with the sacred symbols of earth and sky, and sun and moon. Her long, black hair was hung with flowers, and with tufted feathers of the macaw. A collar of jewels came down to her breast; her arms were banded with pearls, and emeralds, and carnelian. Jade plaques were in her ears; a towering crown of beaten gold and crimson feathers was upon her head. Golden sandals were upon her feet; white deer-skin thongs laced her slender ankles, and little golden bells tinkled when she moved.

And thus, walking under a canopy of scarlet and purple feathers, to the sound of the vestal maiden's chanting, to the blaring of conch shells, the shrill bridal melody of clay flutes and sweet-voiced copper bells, came Mali up the steps of the sun god's temple, to become the bride of a king.

Tecúm Umán awaited her there. Taller than any of the warriors or priests behind him, the kingliness of his stature was enhanced by the splendor of his royal casque, and the trailing beauty of the woven feather cloak that hung from his bronzed shoulders. Of quetzal plumage was his headdress, falling in shimmering iridescence to his feet. And when he took the three ceremonial steps forward to meet his bride, her eyes, at first downcast, lifted and gazed wide-stretched at something amazing.

"What dost thou see?" he whispered, so that none but she should hear.

"My lord," her voice caught in her throat, "I see a quetzal fluttering in the air above thy head."

He smiled and took her hand. "Then thou, too, dost see the *nagual* that is my companion, invisible to others. Once more the gods give proof that thou and I have been set upon the same pathway of destiny."

Now the cadences of the bells died down. Now the chanting changed to a great crescendo of solemn prayer. For the high priest was offering up the heart of a deer, asking of the sun god a propitious omen for the union of the young king and his bride.

Then suddenly the priest slipped in the blood of the slain animal. The heart went rolling out of his hands—spattering the feet of the bridegroom with ominous, ruddy drops!

A terrible silence fell. The chanting died away as if blighted by lightning. For a long moment no one moved. It was as if the flickering finger of a malignant god had turned them all to images of stone; as if, through eternity, they must remain so, staring with horrified eyes at the awful omen of destruction.

Then Tecúm Umán spoke. His voice was

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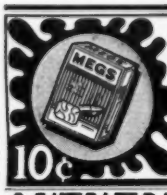

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steady, soft, yet strangely loud in that unnatural stillness of terror. "Take up the offering and lay it upon the altar. Are we then to be cravens because the gods have not promised complete happiness?"

The priest reached out with trembling hands to obey him. But even as he did so, the sentinel drums from the outlying temples began to boom. The snake-skin drums that were the tocsins of alarm, the running footsteps of warning, telling of fast-approaching danger.

Their deep-throated voices were like rolling thunder, echoing from temple to temple, from mountain to mountain peak. And the vast assemblage heard. Their eyes, glazed with fear, like the eyes of trapped animals, turned toward the listening king. He seemed in that moment to stand alone outside a closed citadel of fear. No, not alone. For Mali stood with him. Her hand was upon his; her head, with its regal tower of plumes and gems, was lifted dauntlessly to that sound of menace and unknown danger.

A messenger, panting and sweat-covered, came staggering up the temple steps. He flung himself at the feet of Tecúm Umán.

"My lord," he gasped out, "the white warriors come! And with them come our ancient enemies, the Cakicheles! From the high peaks we have seen them! The white men are clad in silver! Their army is like the winding of a mighty serpent coming to destroy our land!"

A groan went up, an hysterical discord of terror. But Tecúm Umán flung his hands high above his head. His eyes blazed like kindled fires. The plumes that swept about his uplifted face were like vibrant, living things.

"Sound the drums!" he cried out in a mighty voice. "Sound the drums that call the warriors! Now shall the lion of Quiché go forth to crush the silver serpent!"

With his own hands he caught up the fallen heart of the deer. With his own hands he thrust it deep into the altar fire. Then, with arms spread wide, he cried out to the gods, the ancient war chant of his people. The chant that rolled in ever-increasing waves, caught up by the voices of warriors, echoed by the priests, spreading out of the temple, into the streets, from mountain to mountain across the land of Quiché—the battle cry of defiance, and bravery, and god-like power . . .

"I am the lightning and the fire!
I am the torrent of the mountains!
I am the obsidian knife that plunges
Into the heart of the foe!
Come, ye warriors of Quiché!
Come, ye priests, ye women, ye maidens!
The gods of our land march in thunder before us!
The sky is ablaze with the flame of their faces!"

Now there was no fear, no hesitation, no uncertainty. The streets were filled with warriors; the air was rent with shouts and commands, and the fierce battle cries of the assembling ranks.

It was Mali who took the tufted lance and put it into the hands of Tecúm Umán. She who unfastened the glimmering feather cape from around his bronze-smooth shoulders.

For a moment only he covered her hands with his. Her dark eyes lifted fearlessly.

"My heart goes with thee, my lord, even as thy *nagual*, the sacred quetzal. Thou art indeed the lightning and the fire! Go, my lord, and bring back victory!"

DON PEDRO DE ALVARADO had thought to conquer the Quiché nation with the same ease that he had vanquished the kingdom of Cakichel. He had thought that his march upon the capital, Utatlan, would be unopposed; that the reputed magic of his horses, and the mysterious thunder of his firearms, would strike terror into the hearts of the Indios. He thought to see the people fleeing before his coming.

But he reckoned not with Tecúm Umán. Instead of flight, he encountered savage, relentless opposition. The mountains were the

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In using advertisements see page 6

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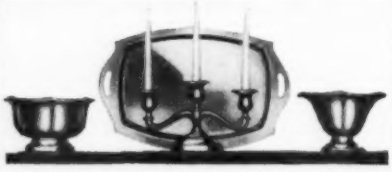

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The Heart of the Quetzal

bulwarks of the Quiché kingdom, and through them Don Pedro de Alvarado must make his way if he were to conquer the land of the Guatemala and the proud defiance of the Maya-Quiché king.

But the mountain passes were almost impregnable. From terrific heights the Quiché warriors hurled stones and lances and fagots of burning wood smeared with pitch. Twenty men rightly placed could keep an army at bay. And despite all the Spaniard's brilliant strategy and knowledge of warfare, he found in Tecúm Umán an opponent who blocked his every effort: whose mind leaped with lightning clarity, whose force and vigor were tireless; and before whose growing prestige the Cakichel allies were beginning to quail in superstitious terror.

Day after day the army of armored Spaniards hurled themselves upon the natural ramparts, sometimes to fall back beaten, sometimes to gain a barren victory. Don Pedro de Alvarado could not turn back to Mexico defeated. He must go forward, for the King and the Cross. And go forward he did, though each footstep was marked by blood and death.

The Cakichel warriors began to murmur among themselves: "Tecúm Umán can not be conquered. His *nagual* is stronger than the *nagual* of the Cross that the Child of the Sun carries upon his heart. We have done ill to ally ourselves with these strangers against those who are of our own race. It were better to make peace with Tecúm Umán and aid him in driving these invaders from our land."

Don Pedro de Alvarado heard the murmuring, and his blue eyes blazed with wrath. Some of the warriors he hanged. Some of the *caciques* he burned. And after the terrible vengeance there was no more talk of desertion. They hated him and feared him, but they followed him, fighting grimly beside the men who were now their masters, struggling onward across the steep mountains towards the stronghold of the Quichés.

VICTORY went with Tecúm Umán. More than ever he seemed to his adoring people like a god; he seemed not to eat or sleep, or to know fatigue. He was here, there, everywhere. Planning the campaign of defense, devising new weapons of attack, more audacious ways of harassing the invaders. Wherever were seen the glinting quetzal plumes of his headdress, there a mighty shout went up; and warriors, haggard with weariness and unceasing vigil, found their hearts burning strong within them once more. They were hard pressed, a single tribe fighting against an army that outnumbered them by twenty times. But their confidence never wavered. While Tecúm Umán lived they could not know defeat. And such was their faith in his *nagual* that it became a visible, tangible thing.

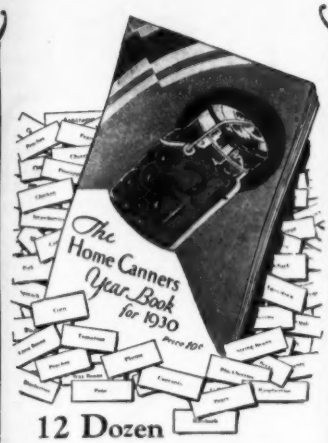
"Hast thou seen the sacred quetzal fluttering above the head of our lord?" they would ask each other.

"Truly; it is always there, just a little above his brow. Its plumage mingles with the sweeping feathers of his casque. Have no fear; the white warriors possess only one *nagual*, a cross of wood. It has no power against the sacred presence of Tecúm Umán's *nagual*."

Their belief was a shield against which the attacks of the invaders fell away like blunted darts.

And so, through the long weeks that followed, the attack and defense continued; yet it seemed that the opposing forces stood still. For the Spaniards were very little nearer their goal, and the Quichés held their kingdom inviolate at the cost of steadily decreasing strength.

Neither Tecúm Umán nor Don Pedro de Alvarado knew for a certainty the full extent of the other's weakness. They were like giants, one pressing against a closed door, the other bending his weight to keep it barred and shut. Neither would yield; neither could make headway. Thus it was that the fair-haired Conquistador, striding up and down his tent,



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resolved on a final and spectacular manner of attaining victory.

"This heathen king balks me at every step," he ground out to Don Garcilasso, who sprawled near by, nursing a half-healed lance wound. "*Sangre de Dios*, he is worse than a pestilent flea. Never can I come to grips with him. Had I the insolent pagan here before me, I would break him with my two hands!"

Don Garcilasso shrugged. He was weary of the fruitless campaign. He longed with all his heart for the fleshpots of the conquered land of Mexico. "Challenge him to meet thee, then, in single combat. Like as not the heathen is as tired of playing the flea as we are of having him always jump from under our thumbs."

Don Pedro de Alvarado stopped short in his nervous pacing. His blue eyes narrowed and gleamed. "Would he, thinkest thou?"

"I think it likely. He seemeth as certain of his strength as thou of thine. Challenge him to single combat with swords, with the solemn agreement that to the victor belongs the land and armament of the defeated foe."

The tarnished-haired warrior whom the Indios called "Child of the Sun" bent his brows grimly together. "I could slay him," he said slowly, "unless it were that some mischance weakened my arm or made my foot slip. But supposing such mischance occurred—"

Don Garcilasso laughed ironically. "Never fear, Señor, we caballeros of Spain are not apt to keep faith with heathen dogs and yield to them our swords and guns from bended knees!"

Don Pedro de Alvarado straightened. There was a kind of terrible beauty in his finely-chiseled face. "I will send him the challenge! If there be blood in his veins, he will meet me as I demand! If there be blood in his veins, I will drain it with my sword, and baptize this heathen land in its flow, for the greater glory of the Cross and our sovereign lord of Spain!"

THERE was truce in the mountain kingdom of Maya-Quiché. The word had gone forth to the farthest boundaries of the realm that upon the first day of the new moon, Tecúm Umán would meet the lord of the white warriors in single combat to the death. Solemnly, with sacred oaths sealing the compact of defeat and victory, the young king of the Quichés and Don Pedro de Alvarado had bound themselves and their people to abide by the result of the encounter. And all through the land a fever of excitement burned like a flame; spreading through the ranks of the Christian army and into the cowering breasts of the Cakichel allies. It was to be more, much more, than the life of one of two brave men. The fate of a nation, the freedom or enslavement of a people, lay in the keenness of the long, sharp, hungry blades.

The valley through which flowed the river Samalá was the place chosen for the combat. It was ringed around by tall mountains, pine-shouldered, fir-clad. The gentle green of fertile fields was to make a carpet for the bare feet of watching women, the sandaled feet of Quiché warriors, and the leather-shod feet of Spain.

Now at sunset Tecúm Umán stood upon a lofty eminence that overlooked the valley, and the blue, winding thread that was the river Samalá. His gaze was dark and troubled, as he saw the moving masses of color beneath him—the people of his nation gathering for the stirring events of the morrow; the people whom he was to deliver finally from the threat of invasion and slavery, or else—he turned away from the sudden stab of the alternative. And came face to face—with Mali.

She stood there silent, with eyes that were apprehensive of the welcome that awaited her, yet with that fearlessness in them that Tecúm Umán so loved to see.

"Thou!" He caught her hands and drew her to him. "I thought thee far away, in Utatlan!"

Her dark eyes lifted to his, rebuked him.

"Have I deserved such a thought, my lord? If there is danger for thee, should I be far away, in safety?"

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The Heart of the Quetzal

"Nay, I shall be the stronger for thy presence. Only it is my will that thou shouldst not be too near. I must not think of thee as being in peril if I—should not be the victor. Stay thou here, where thou canst watch me from this lofty height. Thou wilt be to me another *nagual*. When I lift my eyes I will see the flashing color of thy *huipil*, and my heart will gain new courage and strength."

She drew in her breath sharply, as if his words had hurt her. "*If* thou shouldst not be the victor? How could that be, my lord? Thy *nagual*, the sacred quetzal, will not allow thee to be slain!"

For a moment he did not answer her. He stood silent, still holding her hands against his heart. His gaze went again to the valley below, so warmly, peacefully flooded with the deepening rose of the setting sun.

"My *nagual* is strong, but sometimes I wonder if fate be not stronger. I have kept these white strangers at bay, dear love. They could not pass me, for all the magic of their thunder-wands and the unknown animals that obey their voices. And now—I have opened the gateway into our land. They come in peace to the valley of Samalá—to which they could not penetrate before. It is I who have allowed them to come thus nearer to the capital of our land—"

"The better to slay them!" Her voice rang out fiercely. "Here within our own boundaries within sight of our gods who shall the better watch thy triumph and make stronger thine arm!"

Tecúm Umán flung back his shoulders. The quetzal plumes on his headdress fluttered like spreading wings. His voice was tender. "Thou art the sunrise and the renewed life of spring. Thou hast dispersed the shadow that was in my soul. I have doubted without reason. While my *nagual* lives—and thou—there can be no defeat, no disaster! I shall slay the Child of the Sun to-morrow and bring thee his broken sword!"

BLACK night, white dawn, and the great drums booming from distant temples. The ever-increasing throng, and color, and clamor of shouts and voices. At high noon a strained, trembling silence. For the white warriors were coming. Led in peace through the mountain passes by the messengers of Tecúm Umán. Their coming was like the undulating winding of a silver serpent. Their glinting armor clanged along the silent wind-swept gorges. Sparks of fire struck from under the hoofs of their magical, unknown steeds. Chanting, brown-clad monks lifted high the symbols of the white man's God. Behind them came in sumptuous array the warriors of Cakichel. And the Quiché warriors snarled like wolves and leaned forward a little, their dark hands clenched upon their long, feathered lances.

One one side of the river Samalá, the forces of the invading armies. On the other nearest the capital of Utatlan, the assembled nation of Maya-Quiché. And between them, in a little meadow, the two great chieftains met each other. For the first and last time they came face to face; each measured the other's strength and courage, and each knew the other's spirit for what it was. In another age, under other circumstances, they might have been friends fighting a common foe. But now it was steel against steel, evenly matched, fairly pitted There would be no mercy, no surrender. They would fight until one of them was slain.

Don Pedro de Alvarado was tall above the average. Yet Tecúm Umán matched his stature, shoulder to shoulder, eye to eye. There in the first reddening rays of the afternoon sun they faced each other. The Child of the Sun was clad in silver armor, helmeted and visored, with flashing shield. The tall young king of the Quiché nation was like a stature of polished bronze. He was girdled with a fringed fold of embroidered cloth; turquoise and jade were about his throat. His shield was of painted wood tufted with scarlet

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feathers. And his head was crowned with the cascading brilliance of the sacred quetzal plumage. In the hand of each was a long, shining blade, a gleaming ray of magic that was to change life into death. And so they stood for a moment, challenging each other, while around them the silence became an overwhelming, intolerable thing.

It was Don Pedro de Alvarado who spoke first, his words repeated by an interpreter who stood behind him.

"Unhappy prince, thou art to pay dearly for defying the power of the Cross and his Majesty the King! If thou hast wisdom, call upon it now. Yield thyself and thy people so that our mercy may extend itself to thee."

Tecúm Umán listened with kindling eyes. His lips twisted in derision; his nostrils distended like those of a stag at bay. "Child of the Sun," he cried in a clear, stately voice, "*thou* art the one to need wisdom before it is too late. Know that even now, my *nagual*, the sacred quetzal of our land, hovers in the air above me. Thou hast no guardian spirit of such power, O ruthless invader! While the quetzal lives, I live! Thus the gods have spoken, and naught can change the truth of their pronouncement!"

A MURMUR, like the sighing of the wind, came from the assembled throng of people. An old woman cried out suddenly:

"I see it! I see the sacred quetzal! It is there indeed, spreading its outstretched wings above the brow of our king!"

A tingling tremor passed through the body of Tecúm Umán. It was as if the redness of the setting sun were bathing him in strength more than human. He lifted his eyes to a jutting pinnacle of stone, where, against the dark greenery of the pines, a slender figure stood, sheathed in all the colors of the sunset.

"Guard thyself, heathen!" cried Alvarado's harsh voice.

"And thou thyself!" was Tecúm Umán's answering battle cry.

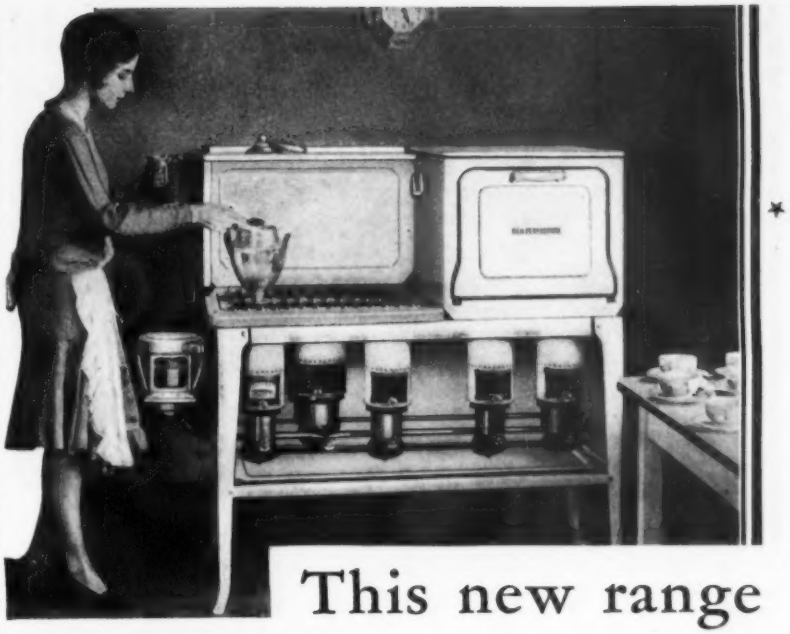
The long swords lifted high, came crashing down. Blade met blade, struck vicious sparks, leaped away again. Redder grew the sunset, redder the light that flooded the clustering mountains and the encircled valley. Its crimson luster sank deep into Alvarado's glinting armor; it swathed Tecúm Umán's bronze body and played in iridescent waves over the fluttering quetzal plumes of his headdress.

Now it was leap and thrust, circle and close in, strike and guard. Silver and bronze body in a clanging, leaping, ever-moving dance of death.

Don Pedro de Alvarado had thought to slay the pagan prince within the space of moments. But the moments passed, and he could not touch Tecúm Umán. Always the warrior king's painted shield came up to meet the downward crashing stroke of Alvarado's mighty sword. And the Spaniard in his heavy armor was hard pressed to turn aside the lightning lunges of Tecúm Umán's flashing blade. He began to breathe heavily. The slanting rays of the sinking sun flecked cruelly into his face. He was aware of the triumphant clamor of the watching Quiché people; he knew, without daring to turn his eyes aside, that the soldiers of Spain were grim and tense with anxiety, and that the treacherous Cakichel allies were stirring restlessly—a vengeful tide of humanity that would sweep with irresistible force upon the Christians if only once his arm should falter.

His eyes began to play strange tricks. A superstitious dread began to rise up in his heart. For it seemed to him that the quetzal plumes of his opponent's headdress were alive. That above Tecúm Umán's brow there fluttered a living bird that came lunging at his bared face below the visor of his helmet. He thrust, almost wildly. Tecúm Umán leaped aside, and Don Pedro de Alvarado heard the sibilant hiss of the blade as it sheared barely past his own head.

A terrible, blood-lusting shout rose up. The soldiers of Spain stirred uneasily, their



This new range is kind to busy mothers

BEFORE your mirror warns you of that tired, worn-out look, why not get rid of the old stove that makes so much work? You can save time and energy every day by using a new Perfection oil range.

This beautiful new range is finished in shining white porcelain with dove-gray cooking top. The oven has a smooth porcelain lining and an accurate heat indicator. Five Giant Superfex burners, one a Big Giant, furnish clean, swift heat. You can have the same range with Giant Puritan short-drum burners.

Beautiful Ranges, $55 to $140 * New models include beautiful ranges in great variety, from $55 to $140. Perfection's handsome new stoves for separate ovens, at $7.00 to $83, complete the choice of sizes and styles.

$15 Down These ranges may be bought on the new Perfection Purchase Plan, with a small down payment. For instance, the white range shown, priced at $140, will be placed in your kitchen for $15 down . . . with payment of the balance divided over thirteen months.

Look for the new Perfection Dealer Sign offering free trial, easy terms, and trade-in allowance on your old stove.

PERFECTION STOVE CO., *Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto

** Prices slightly higher in the South, the West and in Canada. Small financing charge on deferred payments.*

PERFECTION *Oil Burning Ranges*

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

In one hand, a Good Housekeeping Ring—any ordinary ring in the other. Close your hands; crumple the rubber. *Feel* the strength and pliability, assuring perfectly preserved fruits and vegetables. Thick, limber rubber prevents "spurts." Hot or cold pack. Won't harden, crack or curl.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING FRUIT JAR RINGS

At all good grocery and hardware stores

HAMILTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Trenton, N. J.

COLOR ice cubes, frostings, etc.

HOW clever and how simple to do with this compact Hostess Box of 4 assorted Colortabs—red, orange, yellow, green—Flavors to match—raspberry, orange, lemon, almond—complete with recipes. $1 (West of the Mississippi, $1.25)

Address GH6
427 D Street
Boston,
Massachusetts

by the makers of your old favorite

BURNETT'S VANILLA

In using advertisements see page 6

She Earned $187 *in* One Month!

Mrs. J. M. George, one of our representatives in Kansas, recently earned $187.00 in one month selling subscriptions to Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, and Harper's Bazaar! Increase your own income—right in your own community. It's just a matter of knowing how.

We show you how. Your part of the business is to drop in on your friends and neighbors for a pleasant chat. Or you can call them on the 'phone—which is just as easy! Not such a bad way to earn extra money, is it?

MRS. J. M. GEORGE

In a recent letter Mrs. George writes: "My work has not only enabled me to support myself—it has resulted, too, in many warm and enduring friendships. . . . I am enthusiastic about the work."

Can You Use More Money?

Thousands of men and women of all ages are making money this way in their spare time. You need no experience . . . no training. We show you how to begin earning at once! Drop the coupon in the mail—right now!

SEND FOR FULL DETAILS TODAY

Good Housekeeping, Dept. 630-A
57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once, without obligation, details of your spare-time, money-making plan.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

PUT THIS GREAT
TOOTH FOOD
IN THEIR DAILY DIET

NOW you can effectively safeguard your own teeth and those of your children. The major tooth-forming factor has been discovered! It is Vitamin C—the anti-scorbutic vitamin.

A diet rich in Vitamin C produces solid gum tissue—and dentists are finding that, taken with proper prophylaxis, it helps correct pyorrhea. Kemp's SUN-RAYED Pure uncooked Tomato Juice is exceptionally rich in Vitamin C, due to patented process, which also retains flavor and color of FRESH vine-ripened tomatoes. Also has Vitamins A and B, and activating mineral salts. Children love it. If not at your grocer's yet, use order blank.

Write for free booklet, "Nature's Greatest Health Drink."

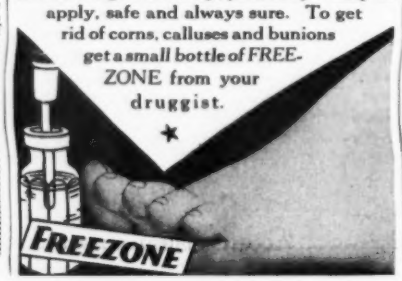
The Sun-Rayed Co.,
Frankfort, Indiana.
Send Sun-Rayed Sampler Package, containing six 4-oz. bottles, prepaid, price $1.00, which I enclose.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*Grocer's Name*_____

GH-60

2 year old CORN lifts off with fingers

Off came corn that had ached for years! FREEZONE is the friend of foot comfort. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN—INSTANTLY. Soon corn lifts right off easily, painlessly. Easy to apply, safe and always sure. To get rid of corns, calluses and bunions get a small bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist.



The Heart of the Quetzal

hands clutching their guns, their eyes hard and gleaming; they knew that their chief was giving ground—that they would soon be fighting for their lives against an overwhelming horde of savages. . . .

Don Pedro de Alvarado tried to pray. The sweat was pouring down into his eyes from under his close-fitting metal casque, half blinding him. His teeth clenched; his breath was coming in sobbing gasps.

The Quiché people were chanting, a wild, triumphant chant, such as heathen gods love to hear. . . .

"The quetzal! The sacred quetzal! It guards the life of our kings!"

A stunning blow from Tecúm Umán's weapon fell slanting upon his metal helmet, and he reeled with the impact. A lesser man would have fallen. A groan went up from the panting soldiers of Spain. The monks began to chant, lifting high their wooden crucifixes.

"Ave Maria, guard him! Ave Maria, save the champion of our holy fight!"

IT SEEMED to Alvarado that Tecúm Umán had become gigantic. That his bronzed body filled the world. That the shaking of the iridescent plumes was like the storm-swept falling of a cataract. And the bird—the cursed bird—kept lunging at his eyes; its cruel beak was one with the flashing of the swords. The monks' voices seemed to be retreating into the far distance. The chanting roar of the Quichés was an ever nearing avalanche of sound, presaging annihilation. . . .

And then he heard Don Garcillasso's voice cry out behind him. A bellowing, insistent cry, compelling his attention—

"Señor! Strike at the quetzal bird the heathen think is in the air above him! *Slay the quetzal, Señor!"*

Think it was in the air above him? Alvarado's lips drew back in a terrible, gasping grin. He *knew* it was there! He could see it! The bird—the cursed bird—its beak was like a silver blade—it was seeking to pierce his eyes—

Then suddenly he flung the shield away from him. He leaped away. Both hands closed around the handle of his heavy sword. He lifted it high; and with an ear-splitting cry sprang forward, his eyes blazing, fixed upon something just above the warrior king's head. For one second, taken by surprise at the discarded shield, Tecúm Umán stood with head unguarded. And in that space of a breath—came *the terrible blow!* A cleaving horror of hissing steel, and scattering feathers, and swiftly spurting blood.

"There! Thou infidel! Thy evil guardian is dead!" . . .

A deep, awful silence fell. A silence like the doom of the world; a horror so tremendous that the human mind could not grasp it.

Tecúm Umán stood swaying. Forward—back—like a pendulum—a king, repulsing death—he tried vainly to lift his arm. Then the shining blade slid slowly out of his hand. His knees bent under him. And falteringly, as if in reluctant obeisance to the cruel empery of fate, he crashed forward, face down, at the victorious feet of the Child of the Sun.

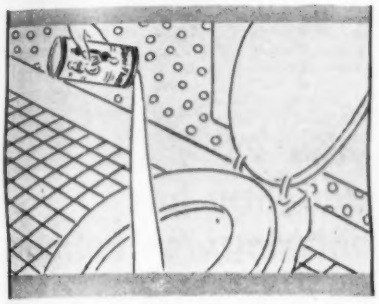
In the terrified silence there came a far, wailing cry like the death-call of a disembodied spirit. The stunned eyes of a multitude were lifted; even the eyes of Spain's army, that could not as yet comprehend their salvation. . . .

High upon the rocky eminence they saw the figure of a maiden standing with arms upraised, with clenched fists beating against the stony breast of a treacherous fate. Her voice came wild and eerie—the voice of doom itself. . . .

"Tecúm Umán has fallen! The sacred quetzal bird is dead! The *nagual* of the king is no more! Perish, thou people of Quiché! The gods have deserted thee! The gods of our land have been vanquished!"

They saw her sway, even as Tecúm Umán had swayed. They saw the falling arc of her body like the multicolored flashing of a rainbow

Bathroom drudgery is now OLD-FASHIONED



THE MOST disagreeable of all household tasks—scrubbing an unclean toilet bowl—is out of date and unnecessary now. Much better results can be obtained without unpleasantness.

Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and instantly the bowl will be snow-white. Odors will disappear, germs will be killed, and perfect sanitation will take the place of dangerous impurity.

Spare yourself needless hard work. Sani-Flush is sold by all grocery, drug and hardware stores in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO *—a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Kills Fleas
....*Instead of stupefying them*

PULVEX ALONE contains the one ingredient which U. S. Bulletin No. 897 declares is the only powder substance that actually kills fleas. When used, Pulvex kills the fleas; they never revive and reinfest the dog or cat.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS to everything except fleas, lice, ticks, mites. Non-irritating to the skin. Odorless. Pleasant to use. A dusting keeps fleas off the dog for 14 days. Any wonder that leading dog breeders use Pulvex exclusively and highly recommend it?

Give your children's dog a flea-free summer with Pulvex. At all druggists and pet shops, 50c; or direct from William Cooper & Nephews, Dept. A-212, 1909 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PULVEX

Sold On Money-Back Guarantee

AGENTS

The Carter Window Washer cleans, dries and polishes. It has been approved by The Good Housekeeping Institute. 10 sales daily net you $420 monthly. Write today for particulars.

Carter Prodcrts Corp., 891 Front St., Cleveland, Ohio.

as it plunged from the cliff. Down—down—and then stillness. A shuddering sigh went up. A sigh that swelled and shook, that grew into a wailing and sobbing. The Quiché nation was upon its knees. There came, too, the solemn, triumphant chanting of the monks, and the unleashed, vindictive howl of the Spanish soldiery. They surged forward, swords in hand, to strip the blood-draggled plumage from the fallen monarch's head.

But Don Pedro de Alvarado was before them, striding the silent, valiant body. His blood-stained sword was lifted.

"Back!" he roared at them. "Pillage where ye will, but not here! This is the body of a king! And by the Cross, though he was a pagan, he was a man! The soldier of Spain who touches him shall die by mine own hand!"

They stopped, balked and staring. Never before had their leader spoken thus of any infidel prince—nay, not of Montezuma himself!

THE sunset colors had deepened into the mauve and azure heraldry of the night when the Indio ceased speaking. The first stars bloomed like crystal flowers from the translucence of the sky above us. The river Samalá alone seemed to hold fast the waning colors of the day—a winding thread of silver, tinged with crimson, ruffled with mauve and purple—

"My people say that when Tecúm Umán fell, the quetzal bird fell with him, staining its breast with his life blood. Certainly it is true, Señorita, that the bird still carries upon its breast three feathers of deepest crimson; it is true, too, that it cries out when it dies—cries out with the voice of a woman—with the voice of Malí, the maiden who was the beloved of Tecúm Umán.

"There was no fighting thereafter—the spirit of the Maya-Quiché nation was broken. The Conquistador reduced the people to slavery and set up a capital of which he was the governor. Yes, that was the end, Señorita, it was the death-cry of a great nation. The day of our glory will never come back. And yet something survives, here in the *montaña*. An ancient spirit lives, like the memory of Tecúm Umán; our last and greatest warrior king. The quetzal bird still keeps its passion for freedom, for liberty. It flies alone—it flies high. And in captivity—it dies. The stain of crimson upon its breast is called '*El sangre del corazon Maya*'—'The blood of the heart of Maya!' It will always be so, Señorita—"

Looking Into Your Refrigerator

(*Continued from page 95*)

by the dealers handling the different units in your locality. For if servicing is needed at any time, a quick and satisfactory response to your call is important.

We are often asked what it costs to operate an automatic refrigerator. An exact figure can not be given, for the cost will vary with the local rate for electricity or gas, the size of the refrigerator, the amount of food stored, the number of ice cubes used and desserts frozen, the number of times the door is opened each day, the temperature the control has been set to maintain, and the temperature of the kitchen.

Some refrigerating units are now equipped with a control that may be easily adjusted to give a lower temperature in the ice trays if desired. This means that ice cubes and desserts may be frozen more quickly. Only certain types of desserts can be successfully frozen, those into which whipped cream has been folded, or which contain stiffly-beaten egg white or a little dissolved gelatine. Manufacturers of refrigerating units have worked out recipes for these desserts, which they have published in booklets for distribution among users of their units.

Some manufacturers are now making available special compartments in or very close to

Never let a cat scratch you without applying Unguentine *at once*

FOR Unguentine not only relieves the pain quickly, but also guards against the dangerous infection that lurks so often in a cat's claws. Keep Unguentine on hand always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every burn, cut or bruise for months to come. For sunburn too. (*See page 230*)

(Advertisement)

To Folks Who Take Laxatives

★

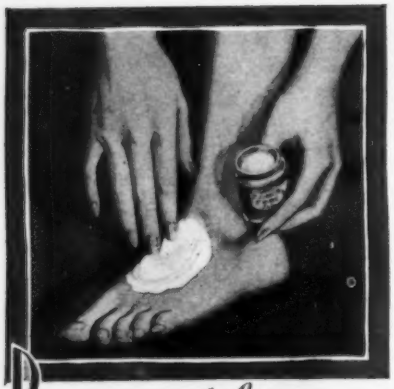
Ask Your Doctor About Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

When you haven't had a good movement in several days and you feel dull and sluggish, or you want to break up a cold or attack of grippe, the thing to take, as your doctor will often agree, is Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Physicians recommend castor oil as the standard laxative and Kellogg's is castor oil with the objectionable features eliminated. It's simply pure, fresh castor oil, full strength, with the old castor oil taste and odor removed by superrefining. It moves the bowels gently, but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives and without upsetting the stomach or causing after-nausea. It also exercises a healing effect upon the mucous membrane of the bowel, which is always desirable after a good purging and which does not follow the action of the ordinary laxative. Physicians recommend Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Children take it willingly. At all good druggists.

Kellogg's is never sold in bulk, but always in the original *refinery-sealed* bottle which always comes in a carton. Both bottle and carton bear the full Kellogg label. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Walter Janvier, Inc., 121 Varick St., New York City. (Advertisement)

In using advertisements see page 6



Puts new life into your Feet!

Foot aches, pains, burning or smarting arising from ill-fitting shoes, chafing or tender feet, are quickly dispelled by Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. Feet are quickly soothed, cooled, rested and refreshed, enabling you to be on them hours longer with perfect comfort.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm penetrates deeply, relieving the congestion, healing the inflammation and soothing the irritated nerves. Reduces swelling in feet and ankles, quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions, removes foot odors. At all drug, shoe and department stores—35c and 75c jars.

For Free Sample, write— *The Scholl Mfg. Co. Chicago*

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm ★

Try this colorless deodorant. You'll like it.

Heck is so sparkling pure, you can apply it at any time—

Here is the way to protect your charm, your daintiness, and your clothing from perspiration, its odors and stains. Use this colorless, odorless, non-irritating deodorant—Heck. Apply it at any time of day or night. It gives instant, lasting protection. Made of the purest ingredients, according to Dr. Heck's formula.

Get a 50c or $1 bottle at any drug or dept. store.

Denk-Conard Co., Kansas City, Mo.

★ HECK DEODORANT

Instantly checks perspiration

Send 10c for trial bottle and charming silhouette (3½ x 4½ in.) for your room.

SEND FOR MY BOOK

MATERNITY FROCKS

Especially designed and adapted to conceal the figure. Dainty summer frocks only $7.50. Special corsette $5.

MISS CREED, 234 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Looking Into Your Refrigerator

the chilling unit, in which freezing temperatures are maintained. One useful service offered by these compartments is the storing of a reserve supply of ice cubes.

Another convenience recently made available in using the ice trays is a flexible rubber tray which may be set inside the ice tray for freezing cubes. Individual cubes may easily be removed from these rubber trays without first loosening them with hot water.

We are often asked if foods should be covered in the refrigerator. We have found it best to cover practically all foods. There are now available refrigerator dishes in a variety of sizes, large and small. The larger sizes are useful for storing salad greens and fresh fruits and vegetables which take up considerable space, and which may be kept in a much fresher condition if held in a covered dish. Of course, all hot foods should be allowed to cool before putting them into the refrigerator.

Every summer the Institute has many inquiries as to sweating on the outside of refrigerators. This is a condition which must be expected even with a well-made refrigerator on hot, humid days when the air is heavily laden with moisture. With low temperatures inside the refrigerator, the front frame is cooler than the air in the room. When the moist, warm air of the room comes into contact with this surface, it gives up some moisture, and sweating results. It is not possible to insulate the front frame or the edges of the doors as well as the other walls, so sweating may readily occur at these places. Keep the doors tightly shut to prevent leakage of cold air and consequent increase in sweating around the door, and keep any moisture wiped off as it forms.

The care of the refrigerator is simple. Defrost the cooling unit when it becomes heavily coated with frost. Remove the ice trays when starting to defrost, and always empty the drip pan or the inside drain pan after defrosting. Keep the drain pipe of an iced refrigerator clean with the special brush for the purpose, and keep the trap clean by removing it and washing it well. Wash off the walls and shelves of either type of refrigerator when necessary, using luke-warm water and a little soda or borax. Wipe up at once anything spilled in the refrigerator.

Getting Cut of Hot Water

(*Continued from page 96*)

hot water for three or four shower baths per day. Another family makes demands upon the hot water supply by doing all the laundering at home. The demand varies with every household. In order, then, to arrive at a cost figure with any degree of accuracy, it would be necessary to know not only the cost of the fuel used but also the number of gallons of hot water used per day.

The thermostatically controlled water heater usually supplies hot water at temperatures ranging between 140° to 160° F. Of course, the heater can be adjusted to supply water either below or above this temperature. For ordinary household purposes, however, these temperatures are sufficiently high.

It is important to remember that with the non-automatic type of heater, it would be desirable to install some safety device. This may be a relief valve or a device which will automatically shut off the flame at the end of a fixed period.

If you spend your summers where gas is not available, you must consider some other fuel to give your family the luxury of hot water, for sports and summer activities make heavy demands upon the shower bath and the laundry. The Institute has tested kerosene and coal hot water heaters which will give you plenty of hot water even though the use of the heater necessitates some extra care.

Is your daughter just entering womanhood

IS she entering a realm where a mother's advice is more necessary than ever before? If so, she is soon to meet new standards of hygiene and of daintiness.

In this matter of feminine hygiene, make sure that she selects a proper antiseptic—one that is safe to use *regularly*. If she chooses Zonite, you may rest assured, for Zonite combines safety with effectiveness—real, surgical cleanliness.

Zonite is non-poisonous and non-caustic. It cannot harm or poison even if swallowed accidentally. Yet it is actually *far more powerful* in its effect on bacteria even than carbolic acid itself in any dilution that can be allowed on the body!

Get Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada; in bottles, 30c, 60c, and $1.00. Also send coupon below for small-sized booklet full of feminine hygiene information. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION GH-06
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

( ) The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(*Please print name*)
Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Good Housekeeping, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1930. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared D. L. Hedges, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Good Housekeeping and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, Inc., 959 8th Ave., New York City; Editor, W. F. Bigelow, 959 8th Ave., New York City; Managing Editor, W. F. Bigelow, 959 8th Ave., New York City; Business Manager, D. L. Hedges, 959 8th Ave., New York City. 2. That the owner is International Magazine Co., Inc., 959 8th Ave. Sole Stockholder, Hearst Magazines, Inc., 959 8th Ave., Sole Stockholder, Star Holding Corporation, care of Corporation Trust Co. of America, Wilmington, Delaware, Sole Stockholder, W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. D. L. Hedges, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1930. William J. Sperl, Notary Public, Queens County No. 1749, Reg. No. 6896. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 979, Reg. No. 18682. (My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

Sheepskin Blues

(*Continued from page 33*)

mind became rested and confident. He moved ahead in the ranks of the company and is now its president.

Let me add briefly two other stories:

The head of one of the largest banks in the world drifted through college without any definite purpose. His father was well-to-do, and the boy had proceeded on the pleasant assumption that something soft, with a liberal allowance, would be found for him to tide him over the early years. But his father married a second wife who disapproved of the boy. To his amazement, on Commencement Day, he received a curt note, enclosing a check for $100, and informing him that this was all he could ever expect.

He, too, told me his story one day in a magazine interview. Shocked, bewildered, with no knowledge of the world and no real training, he took a full third of his hundred dollars and bought a ticket to Chicago, where he had heard that a certain company was hiring young college men at $10 a week. His first night in the strange city was spent in a disreputable hotel because it happened to be across the street from the depot. For months he lived in a third-rate boarding house, and walked two miles each noon for lunch in order to save the few cents that he would otherwise have had to pay at the company lunch room.

Every time he opened his trunk for a clean pair of socks and saw his previous "sheepskin," he hated his father for having allowed him to waste four years in college when he might have been learning an honest trade. As a carpenter or brick-layer he could have amounted to something, unencumbered by the expensive tastes which college contributed. But as a clerk with a diploma he could see nothing ahead but blackness.

A MAN who is now editor of a great daily newspaper told me that his first efforts at securing employment were so discouraging that he was driven back, beaten, to his father's farm. For months he stayed there, humiliated by the realization that the sacrifice of his parents had been in vain. To their eternal credit he recalls that they never lost faith. After a time he felt brave enough to set out again, and while the best he could get was an office boy's job in a publishing house, it started him on his career.

These are extreme cases, and I have cited them deliberately for that reason. They are a striking contrast to the popular notion that the new college graduate is a cocky individual with a diploma twirling from one finger and his feet on the top of the world. It is true that some young men and women do graduate with an exalted notion of their own abilities. I have met this sort; every business man has. But to a much larger number, the weeks that follow graduation are a decidedly unhappy period. Whatever brashness the graduates may exhibit is a protective covering to hide the doubt and uneasiness underneath.

This was true in my day, and I have recently checked it with a number of more recent college graduates. Said one of them:

"To about a quarter of the men and women in my class the exit from college came in the nature of a release. They had obtained the serious things they went for, and the parting was a happy step forward. They were the sober-minded folks who disappeared promptly into relatively obscure jobs of teaching, research, small-town business and professional work. Many of them will never be heard of again, though a few are likely to bob up in twenty-five years as the best of us all. They went to college for a definite purpose, in which very little sentiment was included. They took small part in undergraduate activities and will never be leaders in alumni affairs.

"Another quarter of the class were people who had prepared themselves for the break by some real thinking. They knew precisely what they wanted to do and, while there was a

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge says:

(IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.)

". . . But I could sew, and I have always taken great delight in all forms of this domestic art, preferring that pastime to playing bridge; and when my friends had card parties, they invited me to come and bring my sewing. Every girl should be taught to sew, not merely for the sake of making something, but as an accomplishment which may prove a stabilizer in time of perplexity or distress. Many a time, when I have needed to hold myself firmly, I have taken up my needle; it might be a sewing needle, knitting needles, or a crochet hook—whatever its form or purpose, it often proved to be as the needle of the compass, keeping me to the course. I look for a revival of the homey household arts. Such a revival may not bring about the peace of nations, but I firmly believe it will aid in bringing peace within our homes, and this will be more far-reaching than we realize."

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

(Advertisement)

SLIP-IN
GARMENT BAGS
Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Keep out ALL moths, dust, moisture and vermin. Hold 10 garments. Tar or Cedar odor. Heavy, white-lined duplex paper, reinforced. Won't sag or break down. Last for years. Side-opening—easy to open and close. At drug or dept. stores.

Ask for "SLIP-IN" *Bags by Name*

SIZES AND PRICES
24x6x50 ... $1.25 24x6x60 ... $1.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, write Dept. G.,
The White Tar Company of N. J., Inc.
Belleville Turnpike Kearny, N. J.

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YOUR scalp is pleading for help when it itches, when dandruff falls from it, and when your comb reveals too much hair between its teeth. Unless you can spare your hair don't spare

GLOVER'S *Mange Medicine*
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made especially to blend with Glover's Mange Medicine acts as an 30c
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At Drug and Department Stores
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In using advertisements see page 6

DECORATING?

The Studio will help you

In addition to its articles in every issue of Good Housekeeping, Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations publishes especially prepared folios on interior decorating which deal with many important phases of style and treatment. The ideas and methods these folios present are very practicable, having been developed in actual practice in the rooms the Studio itself builds and furnishes. They offer expert guidance at little cost. Each folio is illustrated with photographs and all directions are clearly given. If you are planning to decorate, check carefully the titles below.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Bed Spreads

Write for free illustrated booklet

Send 25c for Doll's Bed Spread

GEORGE ROYLE & CO., Mfrs., Philadelphia

Sheepskin Blues

little wrench at leaving the familiar scenes, it was softened by the anticipation of new activities.

"This leaves fifty percent of the class who will have vivid memories of 'sheepskin blues.' Generally speaking, I think the most popular members of the class are likely to suffer most. They have been big people in their little world, and have pushed back the inevitable period of decision. They find themselves blue because they have to leave, bluer because they do not know what they want to do, and bluest when they discover that their unpreparedness is a handicap in the location of a job."

Whether this group of discouraged young folks is larger or smaller than my friend estimates, there is no doubt that it does exist. The editor has suggested that I address myself to it. Without any false optimism, without any of the glittering generalities which are characteristic of baccalaureate sermons, what can be honestly said?

First of all, the world of business is much more friendly than it looks to the youngster who gazes up at it from outside. There are some employers who regard every applicant as a nuisance and every addition to the payroll as only one more deduction from the net profits; but they are a minority, and they never become the leaders. The intelligent business man recognizes that the continuance of his operations is absolutely dependent upon his ability to persuade young people to lend him their youth and ideas.

ONE of my first employers was a man whose business was growing rapidly at the time and has since assumed a leading place in its field. I was hired as a sort of general assistant, and he gave me *carte blanche* to relieve him of as many of the smaller duties as I could handle. He made only one reservation.

"It has been my rule to see every applicant for a position," he said, "and I want to continue to do so. Don't think you are doing me a favor by keeping out of my office any young man or woman who wants a job. This is a business of ideas, and we never can tell when some kid will pop in here with an idea that can be turned into a lot of money."

Whenever a boy or girl could show him something good that had been published in a college paper, it counted in the applicant's favor.

"In order to write clearly a man or woman must first of all think clearly," he said.

The young person who sent us an intelligent letter of application was almost certain to be given an interview.

I recall one applicant who came at a time when there simply wasn't a single job in the place and, though the boss had a friendly talk with him, no hope was held out. To my surprise the young fellow turned up in the office at nine o'clock the following morning.

"We told you yesterday that we didn't have a job for you," I said. "Didn't you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understood all right," he answered, "but I have made up my mind that I am going to work for your boss. He is the best man in New York to give me the training that I want. One of these bright mornings he is going to need another employee, and I shall be right here in the reception room where he will see me first."

Day after day he came back, sat in a chair in the outer office, and waited. One morning the boss found himself saddled with an annoying little charity job. In an unguarded moment he had told a committee of prominent society women that he would take care of the program for their annual horse show. It meant soliciting advertisements from Fifth Avenue shops, preparing the copy, and seeing the program through the printers. The boss was fussing about it when I went into his office, and deploring the weakness in his character which had allowed him to say yes.

"I have the solution," I told him. "We'll

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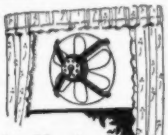
The FAN BEAUTIFUL

Fresh, cool breezes without dangerous Drafts

THIS attractive ornamental fan brings both beauty and comfort. Its soft lights and graceful design add to the charm of any interior setting. The fan with its six new airplane type blades and the patented Victor BREEZESPREADER sends cool air in all directions. No radio interference. Ideal for homes, hotels, clubs, exclusive shops and showrooms. Write today for name of nearest dealer.

Cooking Odors Banished



No home need be filled with disagreeable kitchen odors. This Victor Clean-Air Ventilator will quickly take them out. It can be installed in ordinary window in a few minutes and connects to any convenient electric outlet. Moves 900 cu. ft. of air a minute—motor does not interfere with radio reception. Exceptionally low priced—send for illustrated literature today.

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(Patent Applied For)

★A simple, useful, unique article that enables fastening your food grinder, ricer, fruit juice extractor, or similar metal clamp device to enameled table, (or other table), easily, quickly, and firmly, avoiding mars, cracks, slipping and sliding, and other annoyances. Now makes using your food chopper a pleasure.

At your dealer, or upon receipt of 50c. Protexit will be sent postpaid from the manufacturer.

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ADDRESS STICKERS
Send $1.00 for 1000 of these attractive stickers with your name and address neatly printed; gummed and trimmed to size of sample.
The Wm. F. Jones Printing Co.
113 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.

hire our friend who is sitting outside, and turn the whole thing over to him."

In a few minutes I had arranged it with our permanent applicant. He started off to meet the committee of ladies, who were among the richest and most famous in town.

On Saturday, when I handed him an envelope which contained $20, he laughed.

"I want to show you something," he said.

Turning his back to me, he lifted his coat, which fortunately was cut long according to the style of that time. I gasped. The seat of his trousers was worn through, and the tail of his shirt was plainly visible.

"The fact is that I haven't been eating very regularly these last few weeks," he explained. "I'm behind with my room rent, and naturally there wasn't any money for a new wardrobe. But I confess I've had a great kick out of my work with these millionairesses. They probably think I am very polite, because when our meeting is over I always back away from their presence. I wonder what they'd say if they knew the seat of my breeches is gone."

We just *had* to find a permanent place for him. We were sure that any man who would call on Mrs. Vanderbilt with his shirt tail hanging out would never let himself be daunted by any sort of business situation. Our judgment proved sound. He made rapid progress, and when he finally left it was to establish a successful business of his own.

His experience illustrates the second thing that I believe can be truthfully said: namely, that while the business world is, on the whole, friendly toward young people, it is also engrossed in its own affairs and has little time for those who are hazy about where they want to go. This young man had made up his mind that he would work for us and nowhere else, and ultimately opposition faded out before the strength of his determination.

So many boys and girls knock on the door, and say, "I want a job." So few have done enough thinking in advance so that they can say:

"I know that I can make money for this company. I have taken time to study something about your business. I know definitely the job I want, and I can tell you exactly why it would be to your advantage to have me in it."

That sort of conversation, backed up by facts, is usually enough to be pretty sure to get itself heard.

THE third thing worth remembering is that the years go fast, and no one can afford to make more than two or three major mistakes. If you spend a year in a business and discover that you do not like it, that is unimportant. If you spend three years in three different businesses before you discover just what you want to do most, that also may prove, in the long run, to be a good investment. But if you drift along until you are thirty or thirty-five without having secured a firm foothold, business men begin to be doubtful about you. Thousands of younger men and women have graduated from college since your day; they have more youth to give and are willing to give it cheaper.

It may sound contradictory, but I believe there is more danger in taking too good a job at first than there is in taking too bad a one. Or, to put it another way, those who start in farthest down have the best probability of climbing highest up. There are plenty of so-called "white-collar jobs" in the world, which pay fairly good salaries at the beginning. The man who takes one of these may go back to his first reunion to find that he is making more money than anybody else in the class. His initial success may give him a sense of false security. He may not realize that the job which he has mastered so quickly can, in turn, be mastered just as quickly by somebody else. Such jobs are always at the mercy of any younger college graduate who comes off the campus knowing how to wear his clothes well and meet people pleasantly.

Henry Ford told me once that when his associates were helping him to build the first

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USE B/C Linoleum Lacquer on new linoleums and it will keep them ever new; on used linoleums, it will restore their lustre. B/C Linoleum Lacquer keeps dirt and stains on top, so all that is needed to clean the linoleum is a swish of a damp mop—*scrubbing is absolutely eliminated.* B/C Linoleum Lacquer, applied twice a year, effectively preserves the beauty of linoleums. Your dealer has it. Or use the "try-it-yourself" coupon below for a special trial can.

Swish—and it's clean!

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Enclosed is 25c to cover mailing costs on a half-pint can of B-C Linoleum Lacquer, the retail price of which is 60c.
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Why Take the Chance?

A LEADING accident insurance company finds this: *Slippery bathtubs* injure almost twice as many Americans as Firearms do!

For your children (and grown-ups, too) SAFE-BATH MAT provides sure footing—a positive protection against falls. Simply place it in the tub—the rubber suction cups do the rest.

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SAFE BATH MAT
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

$1.50

If not obtainable at your dealer's, order direct, enclosing $1.50.

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MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 11 Upper 38 at Fifth Ave. New York

In using advertisements see page 6

Sure Death to ANT COLONIES

(See Coupon Below)

THE Antrol System kills whole ant colonies because it does the work **right in the nest . . . at the source!**

It consists of small glass containers set around your house or garden, according to simple directions. The containers are filled with special Antrol Syrup which the worker ants carry to the nest for food. The whole colony is killed . . . quickly . . . surely . . . permanently. Antrol is safe to use around children or pets.

Get Antrol from your seed, hardware, or drug dealer today. If he does not have it, mail coupon below giving his name. We will send you free instructive booklet on pest control . . . also refer you to nearest Antrol dealer.

KILL GARDEN PESTS such as cutworms, snails, slugs, earwigs, etc., by simply sprinkling **Snarol,** the ready prepared meal, on the ground under plants and shrubs. Safe . . . sure . . . economical. Ask your dealer about **Snarol.**

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Please send me without cost or obligation instructive booklet on pest control.

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Here's the proved all-purpose sprinkler for home owners. Keeps lawns, flowers, gardens and shrubs fresh and beautiful regardless of dry weather. Sprinkles in a circle or on a straight line. Covers circular area up to 80 feet or down to 15 feet in diameter according to pressure. Adjustable nozzle —rain-like drops or mist-like spray!

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100% Effective

Roses, and other flowers, can not thrive when infested with Aphis or Plant Lice. Keep them flourishing and healthy by spraying with

ROSE NICOTINE
—TRADE MARK—

Get a bottle of "Rose Nicotine" from the nearest drug store. It has been the standard flower spray for a quarter of a century. Vitrol sprays will NOT kill Rose Aphis—you MUST use Nicotine.

Three Sizes
40 Cents
75 Cents
2 Dollars

C. E. JAMIESON & CO.
Mfg. Chemists Detroit, Michigan

Sheepskin Blues

Model T, they were so hard up and overworked that on a certain night they were all on the verge of a nervous break-down. He called them together, and said:

"We have one consolation. Nobody will ever be able to take this business away from us unless he is willing to work harder than we have worked."

The jobs in which a big investment of study and work must be made are the safe ones, for no one can take them away unless he makes an equivalent investment.

I talked one day with the president of the largest business of its kind in the world. His son had graduated the previous June from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"He's in the foundry of the X Manufacturing Company."

"The president of the X Company is your friend," I said. "Does he know that your boy is there?"

"No, he doesn't know, but the foreman knows. The boy writes me that the foreman has complimented him already and remarked that he does more work than anybody else in the gang."

A year later I asked, "Where is the boy at this time?" and was told that he was out on the road for the company in northern Wisconsin.

"It's been forty below zero in his territory this winter," the father added.

Barring death or serious accident, nothing can keep that boy from becoming an officer of the company. When he is brought into the home office, as he will be ultimately, he will have so much more knowledge, so much more confidence, than the boys who have held the white-collar jobs, that his equipment will inevitably lift him over their heads.

On another day I happened to be in the office of the president of a chain store organization. An old friend of his came in, and said, "I have come to quarrel with you about your boy."

"What's the matter with the boy?" the president asked.

"Nothing is the matter with him. The trouble is with you. As you know, he is a clerk in your store in our town. He and his wife live in a frame cottage which is so small that when you visited them last year you had to sleep in the hotel because they have no guest room. They are the only young couple in town who do not keep an automobile; and when we invited him to join the country club he said he couldn't afford it. We think it is a disgrace for a man as rich as you are to treat your son and daughter-in-law so shabbily."

The president rang for his secretary and asked for the sales records of that store. He glanced at the sheet and handed it to his friend.

"You will see by this sheet that my son is leading all the clerks in his store," he said. "That means that when we open another store he will be in line to become assistant manager at a larger salary. Until that time he can not get any more money from this company, and he knows he can't get any from me."

THESE two successful men would not make the mistake of letting their boys start too far up the ladder. In this respect I sometimes think that rich men are wiser and more courageous than fathers of the middle class. When you read in the newspapers that a young Vanderbilt is working as a section hand on a railroad, or that a young Rockefeller is driving an oil truck, it is not merely an empty gesture. The fathers know that power goes inevitably into the hands that are able to wield it, and that they can not leave a business to their boys unless the boys have fought that business and licked it and can hold it against all comers.

When I said a minute ago that a boy or girl should determine as quickly as possible

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On porches or other outside woodwork, when rot creeps in and cracks appear, Plastic Wood will save the wood. Scrape away all dirt, rot, and old paint, and fill in or build up slightly above the surface with Plastic Wood. It handles like putty and hardens into wood, that is weatherproof and waterproof, will not disintegrate or split, takes paint perfectly, and adheres firmly to wood, metal, or other material.

For thinning or softening Plastic Wood, and for cleaning hands and tools when it sticks, use Plastic Wood Solvent. In 25 and 50 cent cans.

Tube 25c ¼ lb. can 35c 1 lb. can $1

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First Year

The first year is usually the hardest for baby. Dr. Josephine Kenyon, whose articles appear every month in Good Housekeeping, has written a course of detailed instruction that will help you keep your baby well and strong during the trying first year. Price 50c.

Send stamps, money-order or cheque (not cash) to Health & Happiness Club, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City.

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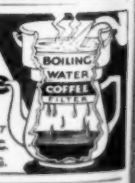

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Study at Home
Period and Modern Styles, Draperies, Color Harmony. All fundamentals. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Send for Catalog 35.
New York School of Interior Decoration
578 Madison Avenue, New York City

what business he or she likes, I think I should have added that this decision, in most cases, is not so difficult as it may seem. I might go further and say that it does not make very much difference in what business a young person starts, provided he starts at the bottom and works and will stick. For all businesses are interesting, and all are dull. In almost any job in the world seventy-five percent of the work is routine, and only about twenty-five percent is new, creative, and stimulating. But there is romance and thrill and opportunity in any useful enterprise, if one will stay long enough to discover it.

I HAPPEN to have been thrown early into contact with a printing press, and I have had a good time in the publishing and advertising businesses all my life. But if I had happened to begin soliciting insurance, or selling automobiles, or tending a drug store, I am sure that I should have found any of those businesses interesting. Indeed, whenever I hear successful men in any industry talk about their work, I realize that, to every man who really gives his best, his own business is the most exciting and satisfying in the world. This is the fourth thing that can be honestly said to sufferers from the "sheepskin blues."

And the fifth is this—that youth has a powerful ally working always on its side. The name of that ally is Time.

I talked one day with Charles F. Kettering, the brilliant chief engineer of the General Motors Corporation, who invented the electric self-starter.

"What did you learn in college that was most useful to you?" I asked him.

"Two things," he answered, "and both of them came to me from outside the classroom. I was a member of the college orchestra, and we played in a theatre one night when Joe Jefferson was there in his famous part of Rip Van Winkle. After the performance we were taken back-stage to meet Mr. Jefferson, and of course somebody asked him the inevitable question, how many times he had played the rôle of Rip. Taking a little notebook from his pocket, he gave us the exact number, which ran up into the thousands.

"'Don't you get tired of playing the same part?' he was asked.

"'I did at first,' he said. 'After I had been playing Rip for a year or two, I became thoroughly fed up with it. I thought I owed it to myself to freshen my interest and prove my versatility by learning another play. But the audience wanted Rip, and I went back to it. And then I made an important discovery. I discovered that every night's audience is different from every other, and that if I quit thinking about myself and thought only about the people I was trying to entertain, each performance was a new and exciting adventure.'"

Mr. Kettering said he had never forgotten the old man's remark, and he added: "Until a man gets over the idea that his life was given him to provide pleasure for himself, and begins to think in terms of service to other people, he never gets very far. That was the first thing that was taught me in college. And the other thing came from a railroad president, a man of sixty, who spoke to us one morning in the college chapel.

"He said: 'Never forget, young people, that when you have learned enough to be able to handle my job, and the jobs of my contemporaries, I and they will have been taken out of your path, and the jobs will be waiting for you. Time is working steadily on your side.'"

These two stories need no comment. To Mr. Kettering they constituted in themselves a college education.

Again and again I have seen the personnel of a great business continue without any important changes for a number of years. Then, suddenly, in a brief period, several men will pass away, several others will retire, and all at once an entirely new group of younger men will show up at the top. More and more big enterprises are making it possible for their

RADIANT AS THE SUNLIGHT OF A SPRING MORNING

SUN FURNITURE IN COLORS...BY OLD HICKORY

Here is furniture for the room that is drenched in sun all day. Here is furniture to bring color and life into dark corners and rooms that need brightening. This new line of sun furniture by Old Hickory includes chairs, settees, chaise lounges, tables and other pieces for indoor use as distinctive as the outdoor furniture Old Hickory has built for three generations. Upholstery fabrics, in hand woven and homespun effects and trimmings of imported French cane are delightfully appropriate. Luxurious, spring-filled cushions are removable. Moderately priced. At leading department and furniture stores and shops. Write us for the name of your leading dealer and our catalog G.

OLD HICKORY FURNITURE COMPANY, Martinsville, Indiana

TRADE MARK BRAND BURNED INTO OLD HICKORY FURN. Co. MARTINSVILLE IND. EVERY PIECE OF GENUINE "OLD HICKORY"

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Baby specialists and thousands of mothers endorse this safe comfortable way to motor with baby. Complete freedom for mother to drive or relax. Bassinet fits any car, instantly removed for use in hotel or home. Shock absorbing springs. Folding hood. No screws in upholstery. **Detachable wheels** supplied if desired quickly convert Bassinet into baby carriage. Costs less than any good carriage alone. Splendid gift. From dealers or by mail. Send for descriptive folder. Money refunded if not pleased.

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Address .....

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Good Housekeeping **New York**

In using advertisements see page 6

Doo-Klip
THE MODERN GRASS SHEARS

Make you forget such things as backache and leg cramp and you can actually enjoy trimming your grass, if you use one of the new Doo-Klip Long Handle Grass Shears. Here's a tool without any levers to operate with your hands or arms. No annoyance with adjustments—it's self-tensioning and self-sharpening.

Doo-Klips are easy for women or children to use for just a slight forward pressure of the body operates the shear.

It is truly a 1930 tool for modern folks. They're guaranteed.

TO OPERATE: USE A SLIGHT PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE

PRICE $2.50.

No skinned knuckles or grass stained fingers when you use the standard model Doo-Klip Grass Shear. Arm, wrist and hand are always in a natural position. They have the right balance and feel. Self-tensioning, self-sharpening, no adjustments, absolutely guaranteed.

PRICE $1.50.

The DOO-KLIP Pruner cuts diagonally, the only healthy cut for any stalk. It minimizes bruising. Can be used on vines, shrubs or bushes.

PRICE $1.50.

Look for the shears with the green handles. If your hardware or seed dealer cannot supply you, send coupon with money and they will be shipped at once.

The Alliance Mfg. Co., Alliance, Ohio. GH-2

Enclosed please find $..... for Doo-Klip Standard Grass Shears, Doo-Klip Long Handle Grass Shears, Doo-Klip Pruner.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Sheepskin Blues

chief executives to accumulate a competence in early middle age so that they can be retired and the business be conducted always by men in their prime. The opportunities are more than they ever have been, and Time is working always for the youngsters down the line.

Emerson, in one of his essays, pictures youth coming into a world where no place has been provided for him.

"This is a nice piece of land," says Youth. "I will take it for mine."

"Oh, you can't take that," he is told. "That is Jones' land."

"Then I'll take this piece across the road."

"But that is Smith's land."

"Where, then, is my land?" the indignant Youth demands, and being informed that he has no land, he cries out against the system and becomes a radical. But he is compelled to struggle for a living, and almost before he realizes it his struggles have brought him a little property, and he, in turn, becomes one of the older owners against whose possession a new crop of youngsters will rebel.

Abraham Lincoln was thirty-nine when he went to Washington to serve his single term in Congress. His junior partner, Herndon, wrote him a sorrowful and reproachful letter because he suspected that, once seated, Lincoln would want to stay, and thus leave no chance for younger men. Lincoln took the letter seriously, and wrote in reply:

"I suppose I am now one of the old men; and I declare on my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home were doing battle in the contest, and endearing themselves to the people, and taking a stand far above any that I have been able to reach in their admiration. . . . . The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. . . . . I was young once, and I am sure that I was never ungenerously thrust back."

For the succeeding ten years of his life he seemed to be thrust back again and again; and he had almost resigned himself to the thought that he would never be anything more than a country lawyer, when a rapid succession of utterly unforeseeable events lifted him suddenly out of Springfield and into immortality.

Charles Sumner, who in 1851 was elected to the Senate at the age of forty, received a letter from a friend who commiserated him on entering national politics just after all the great issues had been permanently settled by Clay's Compromise of 1850. Clay and Calhoun and Webster had all voted for the measure, and died within a few months. It was supposed to be the last word on the slavery question. Nothing important was left to be said or done. Yet only one year later Sumner electrified the nation by an address, "*Freedom National-Slavery Sectional.*" "The slave of principles," he cried, "I call no party master." The contest which had seemed so completely finished was actually only just beginning, and Sumner and his associates, who had come into public life "too late," were destined to play great parts in the most important period of our whole history.

Every era seems to Youth to be too late. Always the great things have just been finished—the great battles won, the great mergers completed, the great new industries started and brought to maturity. Always there is nothing great left to be done. Yet every age develops its unforeseen new problems, its new inventions creating new industries, its new opportunities for glory and for wealth. If these opportunities seem invisible or unattainable on the day that one stands, with his college years behind him, looking into a world that is already full, such an one may encourage himself with the reminder that Time has never yet failed to provide the openings.

I think it is only fair to add that often those who suffer most severely from "sheepskin blues" experience that greater suffering because they are gifted with greater imagination, which in the long run will carry them farthest.

Lincoln and Napoleon were both so discouraged in their early youth that they contemplated suicide. Saint Paul, having been exalted by his vision on the road to Damascus, disappeared into Arabia for three years, which must have been a very discouraging period, since he barely refers to it afterward. And even the Master Himself, having received His baptism and heard the voice from Heaven proclaiming Him the Son of God, was "*immediately*" taken into the wilderness and tempted of the devil.

The heights of Commencement Day have been followed promptly by the valley of discouragement in some of the best and greatest lives. The valley is a normal feature of the journey, and perhaps a necessary one. But for those who do not lose their courage there is a firm foothold and a chance to climb, and it is only just a few steps farther on.

Mamma

(*Continued from page 54*)

was not a janitor, but a superintendent.

"The man at the door told me you had been here a long time," said Miss Fraser. "Did you know a family in the building named Carns?"

"Yes, and mighty fine people. A young man and his wife and two kiddies, a boy and a girl. The little girl was as smart as a whip, and the boy was so handsome that everybody turned around in the street to look at him. I never felt sorrier for nobody than poor Mrs. Carns. She was going to send me a postcard to tell me how she got along, but I guess it slipped her mind."

"Why were you sorry for her?"

"For losing her husband and two kids."

"Losing them?"

"They all three died of the flu two months ago."

Miss Fraser swallowed before she spoke again. "Where did Mrs. Carns say she was going?"

"No place specially. She was going to look for work, though I can't think of nothing she'd be fitted for. She couldn't be very choosey anyway, because I doubt if she had ten dollars when she left here, and she had to support herself besides satisfying all her creditors."

"Did she owe much?"

"She owed at least a month's rent, and she owed the doctor and the nurse."

"Oh, did she have a nurse?"

"The doctor told her she had to get one. She herself was the most useless, helpless woman you ever seen in a sick room."

Miss Fraser related her findings at the hospital.

"Well," said Dr. Phillips, "it's just a question of time till everything comes back to her. If she recalls her name, it won't be long till she remembers the whole business. And then she's liable to have something a lot worse than what she's got."

Mamma spotted Miss Fraser as she came into the ward, and called to her.

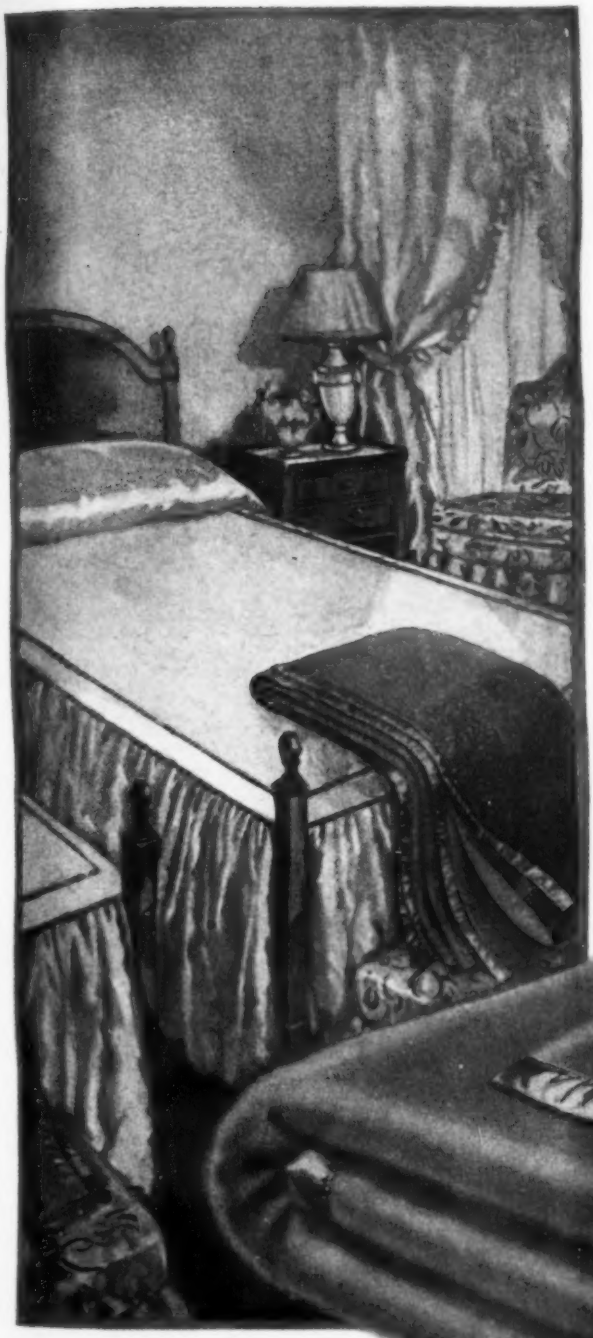
"Did you telephone my husband?"

"How could I?" said Miss Fraser. "I don't know his name."

"I told you his name. It's Carns."

"There's no such name," said Miss Fraser. "I looked in the book and couldn't find it."

"Maybe I've got it wrong," said Mamma. "Anyway he's coming for me this afternoon."



Kenwoods are a revelation in Colorful Beauty and Refreshing Rest

Striking a new note in decorative beauty, the new Kenwood Blankets for 1930 are as lavish in warmth and comfort as they are perfect in color harmony. Woven entirely of new, long fibre wool, they possess the unique quality of providing greater warmth in proportion to weight. Their deep, soft, fleecy nap is an integral part of the blanket fabric and Kenwoods, *pre-shrunk* at the mill, retain their size, quality and appearance despite wear or washing.

Kenwoods as gifts for the hope chest, wedding, anniversary or new home are ideal. Stores now show the Kenwood Gift Ensemble which combines a pair of blankets and a pair of Slumber Throws, as companion accessories, handsomely and conveniently encased. The box forms not only a splendid gift setting for the blankets but will serve later as a repository when these lovely things are not in use.

Did you know that Kenwoods afford these ten very distinct advantages? 1. Greater warmth in proportion to weight. 2. 100% new wool of selected long fibre. 3. Nap that does not wash away. 4. True color harmonies. 5. Pre-shrinkage to retain shape and size when washed. 6. Lustrous satin ribbon ends. 7. A pattern, color and size for every need. 8. Long-wearing serviceability. 9. Made single for easier handling. 10. All colors from the most permanent dyes obtainable.

Colorful Comfort illustrates and describes all the new 1930 Kenwood creations: Blankets, Slumber Throws, Siesta Throws, Baby Blankets, Bath Robes, etc., and delineates the principles of modern bedroom decoration. Fill out the coupon below and we will send you your copy, together with the name of a nearby store featuring Kenwood Products.

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Kindly send me copy of *Colorful Comfort*, together with the names of nearby stores where these products can be obtained.

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WINDSOR Insulated-Oven Range

Gray and white porcelain enameled exterior, with black porcelain enameled grates and burners, removable for washing. Two giant and two Star regular burners; large cooking top; oven ample for utensils to cook complete meal. Oven is full chromium double-plated and insulated. Automatic thermostatic heat control, automatic burner lighter FREE. Special Non-Smoke basting broiler pan. Manifold concealed; finest materials and workmanship throughout. Furnished for artificial or natural gas. Sold on easy terms or for cash price that saves you many dollars, at

$91.85*

**Price slightly higher in some states*

Between oven lining and body side is 1½ to 2 inches highest grade filtered rock wool—no better heat-insulator—tightly packed and held firmly in place by Toncan rust-resisting metal containers.

The WINDSOR Insulated Gas Range

Use Less Gas *enjoy a* Cooler Kitchen!

... approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and American Gas Association Laboratory

SAVES YOU $35 to $45

FOR summer baking and cooking, every housewife likes to enjoy the comfort of a really cool kitchen. This WINDSOR insulated Gas Range gives you that comfort on the hottest day . . . because its completely *insulated* Quick Heat oven keeps heat where it belongs—in the oven, and out of the kitchen!

Another splendid advantage of this range is the "high-speed" heating feature. Not only does the insulation give faster heating, but the oven interior is double-plated with bright chromium, which reflects the heat and gives you a hot oven in a *third less time and with a third less gas.* Special oven heat control on every range, also saves gas and saves time—while the other modern features described with illustration offer you every convenience a busy woman appreciates.

If you want a truly fine range at a $35 to $45 saving in *cost,* and a further saving during use, see this stove at any of the 550 Montgomery Ward Stores near you. Or order from our nearest Mail Order Store; we ship at once, freight prepaid. And remember . . . the same proved quality and definitely lower price are typical of more than 40,000 other articles sold by Montgomery Ward & Co. on its famous guarantee of "Satisfaction or Your Money Back."

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The American Marquis

(*Continued from page 37*)

one might fancy, Lady Phoebe's references to her expected guests had released a topic which otherwise he would have punctiliously avoided.

"You know," said he, "I can't help feeling that we are about to face an historic moment in the history of the Towers."

The Major, ruddy and tightly buttoned, was one of those friends who combine an undoubted gift of helpfulness with even more undoubted gifts of gossip and curiosity. He lived at Middlemass Hall, about two miles from the Towers; and having given much of his time to the late British Marquis's illness and final departure, it was only fair that he should be on hand at the new American Marquis's arrival—if only so that later he would be able to say:

"But, my dear chap, I have not only seen him, I have spoken to him. I happened to be there, you see, when he turned up at the Towers."

Mr. Dabney, the young curate, spoke next. "It is at such moments," said he, "that we realize how far we have fallen away from the powers of the prophets of old. What do you suppose the new Marquis looks like, Major?"

"Mmm," said the Major. "Of course, I have seen a few Americans in my time—and back in the anxious days of 'eighteen, I don't mind saying that I thanked God every time I saw one. And as for the Marquis's appearance, oh, I expect that he is a very earnest fellow—that he wears a lounge suit which doesn't quite fit him—spectacles with black rims—is probably inclined to be a bit lantern-jawed—and chews gum in his thoughtful moments."

"Chews what, Major?" demanded Lady Rawley.

"Gum," replied the Major. "G-u-m. The Americans are very fond of it."

"You mean to say that an American chews his own gum? Or the gum of others?" demanded Lady Rawley. And seeing where this was leading her, she shuddered a little and said, "But how frightfully cannibalistic!"

IN HER time, Lady Rawley had been both fair and beautiful—but now her beauty was somewhat blurred, having been partly erased by that busy old draughtsman who is more commonly depicted with an hourglass and scythe. She still possessed, however, some measure of a certain plaintive—a certain blonde-like—innocence, especially in her speech and glance. This latter she now directed to the Major until, with a helpless gesture, he turned and looked out the window again.

"For my part," continued Lady Rawley, "I must confess that I am as much interested in the *entourage* which he is bringing with him as I am in the Marquis himself. Some one told me the other day that he is accompanied by five females, including a black; and I couldn't help saying: 'Merciful heavens! Do they have Sultans then in America?' "

"No, dear," said the Honorable Phyllis with a faint touch of impatience at her mother's artlessness. "They should have told you that he is bringing his mother, his sister, and his two unmarried daughters."

Mr. Dabney cleared his throat and slightly moved the position of his knees. Having been successful in his first suggestion of a topic for conversation, he had now decided that he might achieve a similar success by a simple change of formula.

"Here again is a chance to test our powers of prophecy," he said. "What do you suppose the two daughters will be like?"

The Honorable Anne unexpectedly answered that. "You needn't strain your powers of prophecy," she said. "I have a newspaper picture of the girls."

"A picture? Really?" said Lady Phoebe.

"Mind you, it's only fair to say that it's a flashlight," said Anne. "Their arrival at a railroad station in New York."

"What do they look like?" asked Lady Phoebe eagerly.

Anne opened her handbag, from which she extracted a purse, and from the purse she drew a newspaper photograph taken at the Pennsylvania Station in New York—a photograph in which Coral looked cross-eyed, and Alicia, reaching over to help Grandma, seemed to be striking at Coral's nose.

They clustered around the picture, and although at first they tried to preserve their decorum—for, after all, these were the daughters of the Marquis of Marlebone who was expected to arrive at almost any minute—it wasn't long before nature had its way.

"I love this cross-eyed one," said Phyllis. "She has that slightly insensible look which the Russians do so well at Deauville."

"Perhaps she has already been struck by her fighting sister," suggested Mr. Dabney.

"What do you think they are fighting for?"

"Do you suppose," said Lady Rawley brightly, "that one of them wants to chew the other's gum?"

"Look out!" exclaimed the Major in a warning voice, as two cars suddenly appeared on the driveway. "They're coming!"

He slipped the newspaper clipping under a book and, in his rôle of friend of the family, strolled along the wide corridor which led to the front door—a corridor flanked by two suits of ancient armor and lined with a double row of paintings . . .

It wasn't long before Archey was introducing him to the new-comers.

"Lady Phoebe is well?" asked Mr. Chilthorn when the last introduction was over.

"Yes," said the Major. "She has tea waiting in the drawing-room. So if you will drop your things here for the present . . . Sowersby will take the maid to the servants' quarters."

He and Archey led the others along the corridor—chatting comfortably as they walked—until at last they came to the entrance of the drawing-room.

For the last four weeks it might be said that the Judge had been living in a dream-like, imaginary world in which nothing was real, nothing constant; but here at last he was face to face with definite realities. These spacious grounds over which he had just passed—this rambling stone mansion—this drawing-room—all these were his, to have and to hold from that day forth.

The threshold before him might have been the dividing line between the dream world and the real. Drawing a deep breath, he stepped over it, and in that moment Judge Marlebone disappeared from the eyes of man, and the Marquis of Marlebone entered his drawing-room.

CHAPTER X

IT MAY be possible that the assembled spectators had expected to see some sport when the new Marquis and his family walked in. For even as the late Judge Marlebone had received his ideas of the British aristocracy from the moving pictures, so Lady Rawley, for instance, had received her ideas of Americans from equally apocryphal sources, such as newspaper cartoons in which the gentleman from the States could always be told by his chin-whiskers, and the American lady by her little fedora.

Indeed, if the Marquis had entered his drawing-room wearing felt boots—or a long-tailed coat covered with stars—Lady Rawley wouldn't have been greatly surprised. Or if Grandma and Josephine had been crowned with those little fedoras; and the two girls, in pig-tails, had been eating something out of a paper bag.

But instead of anything like this, Archey himself might have envied the Marquis's cutaway coat and striped trousers; and the Major might have envied his ruddy color and magisterial air. Grandma was wearing a soft gray hat trimmed with gray pansies, and

Send the Coupon for these 3 packages

Here is an easy way to learn about some delicious desserts that are quickly prepared, no trouble at all, and most economical. If your grocer can't supply you, just send the coupon and 25c and you will receive postpaid two full-size packages (Plain and Nut flavor) of

MY-T-FINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
chocolate dessert
and one full-size package of
D & C FOR MAKING **Lemon Pie**

MY-T-FINE is famous for its rich, smooth, chocolate flavor, and high content of nourishment. It delights children and adults of all ages from 5 to 95! Takes only a few minutes to prepare—an ideal summer dessert.

D & C for making Lemon Pie is a trouble-proof, failure-proof product that ensures "a perfect pie every try." Easy, quick, economical. And the *flavor* is the real lemony taste that everyone loves!

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Enclosed is 25c in stamps, for which send me postpaid, 2 packages of MY-T-FINE Chocolate Dessert (Plain and Nut Flavors), and 1 package of D & C for making Lemon Pie. 6-30

My Name.....

My Address.....

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In using advertisements see page 6

How *play* Helps to Make Your Child an Effective Citizen

Read what a world-famous psychologist says—

Keds "Big Leaguer"—a lace-to-toe style with arch-supporting stays young athletes will approve!

JUST *why* are we the men and women we are? Largely because of childish trials and triumphs and activities and training, according to the psychologists.

As Dr. Alfred Adler, the world-famous psychologist says in his book, *Understanding Human Nature*, "We psychologists must have a knowledge of an individual's childhood before we can draw any conclusions whatever about him."

Just what does this mean to your own rapidly-developing youngsters?

Since ours is a social world, it means that they must start *now* training to be effective men and women, adapted to their neighbors, their business associates, their friends.

Where can girls and boys get this training? Not in the world of grown-ups, certainly. Their lack in size and strength and experience makes this impossible. They must have their training in a world of their own—in games and sports and all kinds of play. In such a world they meet their equals.

Dr. Adler says: "Games are communal exercises, they enable the child to satisfy and fulfill his social feeling. In fact, play is a kind of profession and must be considered as such. It should never be regarded as a method of killing time."

It is very important for your young daughters and sons to be good at sports and games—to be able to play a good game of tennis or baseball, to have courage in swimming or jumping or climbing. And, to acquire this ability, *footwork* is most important.

Barefoot Freedom without Barefoot Risks

NOW footwork is *very* largely a matter of being properly shod. Shoes are an invention of civilization. Even today primitive tribes wear none. The bare foot is far better adapted for doing things than the shod foot.

But science has taught us a lot about the dangerous infections that can come from even a tiny scratch. So we must wear shoes. And, as civilization has become more and more scientific, shoes have steadily improved—in design, in comfort, in healthfulness.

Keds, for example, are specially designed to give feet barefoot freedom and skill. They are light with cool, porous tops so feet can breathe. They have a springy resiliency that makes for speed. Too, they absorb very largely, the shocks of running and jumping.

For years physicians, athletic coaches and gymnasts have prescribed Keds—the play shoes built as no others are built.

So take your Mary or your Dick to the shoe dealer and have the 1930 size of their growing feet fitted with the Keds style best suited to their strenuous activities. Keds come in over thirty styles, so your choice will be wide. Prices range from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 up to $4.00. The name "Keds" is stamped on every genuine Keds shoe. Keds are made *only* by United States Rubber Company.

Keds "Attaboy"—a moderately-priced athletic type shoe.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

The name "Keds" is stamped on all genuine Keds. Look for the name and be sure. Keds at $1, $1.25, $1.75 and up to $4. The more you pay the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

The American Marquis

Josephine a dark blue Egyptienne—both of which looked as though the labels bore the line, "*Rue de la Paix*." And as for the girls—

"I must tell you first, Lady Phoebe," said the Marquis as soon as they had passed their second barrage of introductions, "how much we appreciate your staying here, so that we should not enter a cold and empty house. Mr. Chilthorn has been telling me about it. It was, and is—I trust you will allow me to say—a gracious and friendly act which none of us will soon forget."

Thus the Marquis—dignified and stately—as he had often addressed town meetings in Belleview—every inch a jurist and a gentleman. And when he could speak that way in Belleview under the eye of Bill O'Neill whom he had owed for years for wiring the Oak Street house for electricity, to say nothing of Arthur Tillinghast whom he owed for coal, Bill Oats whom he owed for advertising, the Burgess Brothers whom he owed for printing, and even the moderator, Steve Wilbur, whom he owed for grading the North Belleview Development, you can imagine how much better he did it in the drawing-room of Marlebone Towers, where he not only owed nobody, but where he was also lord of the manor and monarch of all he surveyed.

"It was a lovely thing to do," said Aunt Josephine. "Coming into an empty house is so *désolé*, so provocative of *maladie du pays*—" And she gave Lady Phoebe a glance which seemed to say, "Does that surprise you a little, I wonder?"

"I'm afraid you give me too much credit," said Lady Phoebe, answering, of course, the spoken words. "I ring for tea in self-defense," she added, smiling at the Marquis—a smile which wasn't lost on Grandma, who was already seated comfortably by the side of the fire, missing nothing that was going on.

THE two girls, meanwhile, had found places on the window seat behind the Gribling table, where Archey and Mr. Dabney were engaging them in conversation. The Rawley girls were also there, but their rôles were more like Grandma's; that is to say, they were chiefly occupied in missing nothing that was going on.

"Think of my loss," Archey was saying to Mr. Dabney. "I hesitate to tell you how long I have lived, but I never knew till to-day that I had such cousins in America."

Lady Coral dropped him a curtsey, eyes demurely downcast and the tip of her right forefinger resting upon her chin, a bit of pantomime by no means overlooked by the Misses Rawley.

"My loss is deeper yet," said Mr. Dabney. "Though now I see them—and, seeing, must believe—I still can not claim them for cousins."

It pleased Lady Alicia—inspired by the books which she had read at Reid & Allen's—to answer this in the Shavian manner. "Isn't that sometimes an advantage?" she asked. "Aren't we often inclined to dislike our relations because we see revealed in them those family failings which we ourselves are trying to conceal?"

Again the Rawley girls exchanged quick glances.

"For that," said Archey to Alicia, "I am going to give you Test Number One. Here in Marlebone we have Ten Timely Tests for Girls—the first one being the Test for Humor. Are you ready? Or have you fearful hearts?"

"We may have fearful hearts," said Lady Alicia, "but we are ready."

They settled themselves to listen, expecting a cryptic story, after which they would be asked to explain the point or to tell what was wrong in the narrative, but instead of beginning a story Archey walked across the room, his long legs moving in faultless rhythm. Reaching under the piano scarf where he had hidden it, he found another copy of that newspaper picture which you have already seen; and the moment they saw it, the two girls on the window seat proved their sense of humor.

"Isn't it lovely?" laughed Alicia, holding out

"STRANGERS STOP NOW TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL

Yet Only a Few Weeks Ago She Was Nervous, Pale and Underweight"

A Swiss Discovery That's Working Wonders For Nervous, Underweight Children

Only a few weeks ago my little daughter was nervous, pale and underweight. Her appetite was poor, she even refused her milk and her sleep was fretful and restless. People used to look at her and remark that a city is no place in which one could raise a healthy child. Naturally, this made me decidedly unhappy.

Finally, I took the child to the doctor who advised Ovaltine. A short time after she began drinking it we noticed results that are almost unbelievable. She has rosy cheeks, a gay, happy manner, an excellent appetite and is gaining in weight.

Strangers stop now to admire my little girl. And I no longer hear remarks about the city being no place in which to raise a child.

Mrs. A. D. H., Jr., 12 East 8th St., New York City

DISCOVERIES have been made in Switzerland that throw a new light on the underweight, nervous child.

The result of those discoveries—*an utterly NEW TYPE and supremely delicious food-drink*—has spread over some 54 different nations of the world, largely through medical influence.

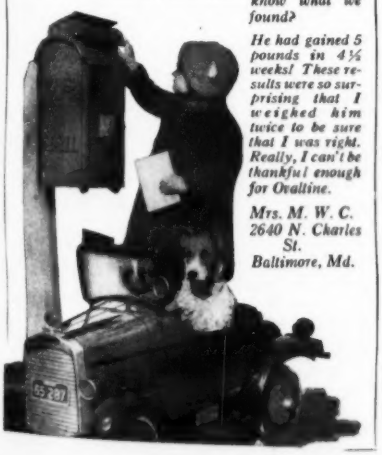
New to America, it is virtually a national beverage in most of Europe. Over 20,000 doctors are already advising it.

The two examples of its results, pictured on this page, are typical of thousands of others coming from mothers in practically every part of the world.

It may do much or it may do little for your child. But, in light of what it has done for others, we think you will agree that trying it is well worth while.

"He's Gained 5 Pounds in 4½ Weeks"

After my little boy had had his tonsils removed I found it impossible to build up either his nerves or his weight. He was much underweight and so fretful that I thought I might have to take him to the Mountains for his health. My husband and I decided to give Ovaltine a trial—giving it to our boy regularly twice a day. Yesterday we weighed him and do you know what we found?



He had gained 5 pounds in 4½ weeks! These results were so surprising that I weighed him twice to be sure that I was right. Really, I can't be thankful enough for Ovaltine.

Mrs. M. W. C.
2640 N. Charles St.
Baltimore, Md.

So that you may first test it, before purchasing a larger quantity, a special 3-day supply coupon is printed below.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered cocoa, chocolate, malt or sugar mixtures offered as substitutes.

Ovaltine may make your child over—try it.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

**(Note): *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

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THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. M-11 C
180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

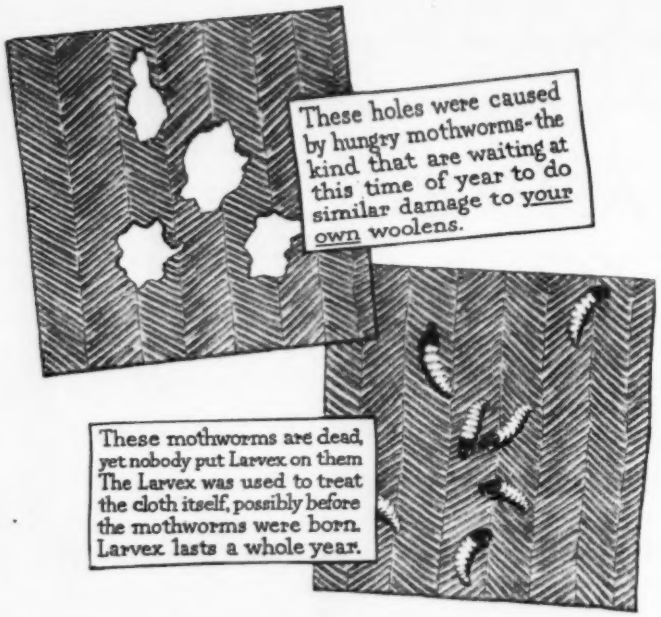
Name .....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....
(One package to a person) 700R

OVALTINE The Swiss Food-Drink ★

In using advertisements see page 6


These holes were caused by hungry mothworms-the kind that are waiting at this time of year to do similar damage to your own woolens.
These mothworms are dead, yet nobody put Larvex on them The Larvex was used to treat the cloth itself, possibly before the mothworms were born. Larvex lasts a whole year.

Larvex changes all your ideas
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Mothproof coats, suits, with Spraying Larvex. Costs less than pressing or cleaning.

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The American Marquis

her hand for it as one who would greet a merry old friend. "Where did you get it?"

"A little bird brought it in," said Archey. "And now for the second part of the test. Will you—dear cousins—oblige us by duplicating the pose in this priceless work of art? Ever since I saw you coming down the gangplank I've been wondering how you did it."

Meanwhile, nearer the tea-table, Aunt Josephine, Lady Rawley, and Major Middlemass had formed a group of their own.

"Will you pour?" asked Lady Phoebe, turning to Josephine as Sowersby entered with the teapot.

"Thank you, no," said Aunty, drawling a little herself for the first time. "Every family, I believe, has its little individualities—its little nuances, as it were—in serving tea; and I should rather observe before performing so that I may learn to carry on the proper tradition."

THE Marlebone tradition was apparently simple. A second man had appeared carrying a silver platter of thin slices of fruit cake and thinner slices of bread-and-butter. Lady Phoebe half-filled the first cup with tea. Sowersby carried it to Grandma on a tray which also bore sugar, cream, lemon, and hot water. The second man followed with the silver platter.

"Mother first, I suppose, because she's the oldest," thought Josephine. "But now if the butler has to judge between my age and Lady Rawley's—I'll spill it over his shirt if he tries to serve me first—"

Fortunately, perhaps, Major Middlemass put her mind on something else. "You play bridge, Miss Josephine?" he asked.

"Play it? I eat it," said Aunty, surprised for a moment out of her more elegant language. But cleverly catching herself before falling too far, she added, "I believe I can safely say that I have learned more of human nature over the bridge table than through any other source of education."

"A wonderful study," said the Major.

"I'll say so," said Aunt Josephine, cheerfully. "Everything from ant-eaters to zebras."

Lady Rawley didn't get this, but Major Middlemass did. In fact, it might be said that he received it beamingly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he eagerly continued. "We'll get up a game as soon as we can. Lady Phoebe and I are very keen about bridge. We can generally stir up a third player, but we've been frightfully short for a fourth."

"Ah, but you forget that we're leaving to-morrow," said Lady Phoebe, from behind the tea-table.

The Marquis turned at that. He and Mr. Chilthorn had been looking at the Gainsborough—the former standing in front of the painting, cup in hand, as though he had stood that way, drinking tea and admiring pictures, every afternoon of his life.

"Leaving to-morrow?" he echoed. "Please, Lady Phoebe, don't say that. From what I have seen of the Towers, there must be plenty of room. And there's so much for us to learn—so much that you can do to help us—"

Lady Phoebe looked at him—looked at him gently and smiled—a smile which wasn't missed by Grandma, who still sat by the fireplace, drinking her second cup of tea and missing nothing that was going on.

"We will talk about it later, if you wish," said Lady Phoebe, brightly nodding.

The guests began to go—Lady Rawley and her two girls—Mr. Dabney—and finally Major Middlemass, whose last remark to Aunt Josephine had the air of a studied compliment.

"I find it increasingly difficult to believe, Miss Marlebone, that you could ever be dummy at bridge," to which Aunt Joe coyly raised one shoulder and replied,

"If I only had a fan, I'd tap your arm for that."

The girls had never seen their aunt in action before; they quite enjoyed it.

"Oh, I say!" said Archey suddenly, as the

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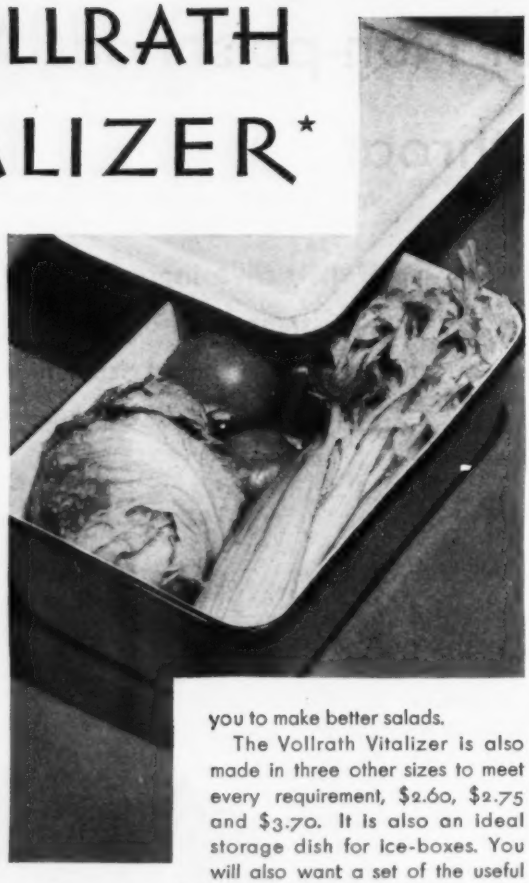

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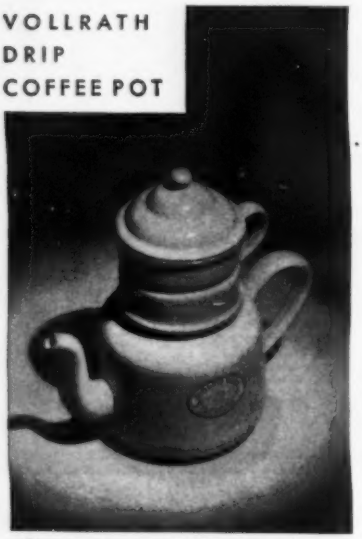

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The American Marquis

Major stopped on the drive outside to speak to a woman who had been walking across the lawn. "Here comes Athenie. Has any one told the Marquis about her yet?"

"What?" said Mr. Chilthorn, frowning. "Is she still here? I wrote her most distinctly that she was to leave last week."

"A lot she cares for letters—or anything else," said Lady Phoebe.

"She'll be here any moment," warned Archey.

"I haven't told you about her, because I didn't think she would be here when you arrived," said Mr. Chilthorn hurriedly to the Marquis. "In the early reign of Queen Victoria a member of the Marlebone family was Ambassador to Greece. Apparently he liked the country—thought so well of it, in fact, that he married a Greek lady. This Athenie—this woman who has just walked past the window—is his grand-daughter."

"She's coming up the steps," reported Archey, watching through the window.

"As soon as she read of the late Marquis's death, she sailed from Athens and appeared upon the scene here," continued Mr. Chilthorn, still more hurriedly, "claiming to be the rightful heir, and taking possession of one of the rooms upstairs in Lady Phoebe's absence. An awkward situation, as you can see: a Marlebone, and a woman—one can't exactly throw her out. And yet, as a matter of fact, she hasn't as much right to the title as—as Miss Josephine here."

"Sh!" said Lady Phoebe.

A NOISE was heard in the corridor—such a noise as might be made if a man in armor were smartly struck with a pair of gloves—and a moment later a dramatic-looking beauty stood in the doorway and glanced around the drawing-room. She was dark—dark and glowing—with lips of such deep purple that they almost looked bruised, and eyes of the kind which poets describe as "pools of moonlit mystery."

"So you are here again," she said to Mr. Chilthorn, speaking with a slight foreign accent—an added sibilance to the "s" in "so," a barely perceptible rolling of the "r."

"Again, Miss Marlebone; yes."

"And you have brought him with you, as you threatened."

"Say, rather, as I promised."

"Present him, please."

Mr. Chilthorn shrugged his shoulders, but proceeded nevertheless. "Miss Athenie Marlebone, I have the honor to present the Marquis of Marlebone."

"Ah, so you say—when you call him the Marquis," she responded as she crossed the room toward them.

"It is not what I say; it is what the law says."

Athenie glanced around at the others in the room—at Grandma, sitting by the fire, still nobly seeing all and saying nothing—at Aunt Josephine near Lady Phoebe—at the two girls on the window bench.

"And the Marchioness?" she said.

"There is no Marchioness."

As Grandma said later to Aunt Joe,

"You could *see* the thought go through her mind."

Whatever the thought, Athenie suddenly dropped her attitude of hard hostility and seemed to melt into something else—something at once ardent—yet tender.

"At least we shall be friends," she said to the Marquis.

She gave him her hand—gave it to him and guided it to its destination with a glance which could hardly be seen for eyelashes. The Marquis looked at her and then—for the first time in his life—he found himself kissing a lady's hand.

"And the look she's giving him!" thought Aunt Joe. "Right where we are all watching her, too!"

But in this Aunt Joe was slightly mistaken. Grandma, sitting so observantly by the side of the fire, had been watching Lady Phoebe instead.

K-32

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

YOU can well imagine that what most excited the astonished Spaniards who first set foot in Mexico was not the glittering gorgeousness of the Aztec civilization half so much as the Aztec women's seeming possession of the secret of perpetual youth.

According to Lucien Biart, the historian, it was observed that Aztec women rarely lost their teeth and their lips staid marvels of youthful loveliness even into old age. Could this signify that a woman is only as young as her lips? But how to keep lips young?

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CHICAGO

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

The American Marquis

CHAPTER XI

AFTER Athenie had gone—but not until then—Lady Phoebe took Grandma and Aunt Josephine to the rooms which had been prepared for them upstairs in the south wing.

"This," she said, opening a door, "was the late Marquis's room. I suppose your brother will occupy it."

It was a noble apartment, and looked as though it had been decorated and furnished at the same time as the drawing-room downstairs. Oak paneling covered the walls, and oak beams supported the ceiling. The casement windows were of leaded glass, and on the opposite wall a stone fireplace, carved with the Marlebone coat-of-arms, held a grate filled with comfortably glowing coals. There were two beds in the room—one near the windows and the other near the fireplace— "Summer and winter quarters of the late respected Marquis," thought Aunt Joe. By the side of each bed was a bell-pull and a small table supporting a candlestick. Other candlesticks stood on the mantel-shelf, the dressing-tables, and in sconces on the wall.

"And this is the dressing-room," continued Lady Phoebe, opening a door by the side of the summer quarters.

ENORMOUS wardrobes lined the walls, of this smaller room. "Enough cupboards for a clothing store," thought Josephine, her mind on the Marquis's suitcase and steamer trunk. Turning then, her eyes fell upon a tin bathtub, the outside of which had evidently been given a recent coat of buff-colored paint.

"This isn't, of course, the only bathroom," said Aunt Joe, looking down at the tub in a faintly humorous manner.

"Yes," said Lady Phoebe. "The late Marquis was very old-fashioned and wouldn't have any of the late inventions in his rooms. The other parts of the house you will find more modern," she quickly added. "There is a bathroom, for instance, just around the corner from the room which I think you will like as yours."

"Well," said Josephine to Grandma, "I've often heard Lucius pining for the good old days. I hope he'll like this."

"Yes," said Grandma grimly. "He ought to."

"I see you have electricity, though," continued Josephine, returning to the bedroom and looking at the lighting fixtures on the walls.

"No," said Lady Phoebe. "Those are for candles. The rest of the Towers," she again quickly added, "is equipped with both electricity and gas. You will find it very modern in that respect."

"You have steam heat in these rooms?" asked Grandma, who was beginning to feel cold again.

Lady Phoebe looked as though she would have given anything if she could only have answered, "Naturally!" but again she had to respond with a reluctant negative. "No," she said, "but every room has a fireplace, and some of the fireplaces are fitted with gas-burners. This next room, for instance—"

She led them to a smaller bedroom across the corridor—such a snug, warm, cheerful room with its bright wall-paper and the incandescent glow of its gas-heater on the hearth, that Grandma immediately claimed it as her own. She sank in a chair in front of the fire and, longing for the moment when she could slip off her shoes and really begin to rest, said to Josephine:

"You go and look at the other rooms, Joe. I've seen so much already to-day that I'd like to sit awhile and think it over."

The other rooms were much like Grandma's. The windows and doors were old-fashioned enough—the windows being leaded casements, and the door casings topped with Gothic arches—but the walls were covered with cheerful papers, and the floors had evidently been recently covered with parquetry. There were six of these rooms altogether, including a small one next to Grandma's. It was finally decided that Mizpah should have this smaller room, that Josephine should have the one next to the Marquis, and that the two girls should choose their own when they returned from their tour of inspection with Archey.

"And now about this Grecian goddess who likes to have her hand kissed," said Josephine, discreetly lowering her voice. "Which is *her* room?"

"Oh, my dear—that terrible person!" sighed Lady Phoebe, raising her eyes and hands toward the ceiling. "The trouble she has caused me! Mr. Chilthorn will simply have to get her out of here. You will have no peace of mind until he does." And, answering Josephine's question: "Her room is around the corner here. The Towers, you see, is built in the form of a hollow square. You are on the south side, and she is on the west."

"You say she has caused you trouble," said Aunt Joe as coolly as though she were engaged in an inquisition among her Normal School girls. "What *kind* of trouble has she caused you?"

"In a word, my dear," said Lady Phoebe after a troubled pause, "I should say that she is decidedly too romantic—and also too dramatic, if you know what I mean."

Aunt Joe almost said, "Sounds like one of the world's great lovers," but caught herself in time. "You say she came here uninvited?"

"Yes. She suddenly appeared one afternoon when Archey and I were out. She had her luggage with her, and of course the servants thought that I was expecting her—especially when she said that she was Miss Marlebone. She has been here nearly a month. And what I have been through—"

"Looks as though it might be our turn to go through it now," thought Josephine with a touch of Grandma's grimness. But aloud she said only, "Speaking of the servants—we brought a maid with us—a colored woman—"

"Oh, yes!" said Lady Phoebe. "I read about your black."

"Then I wonder if one of your whites could find her and bring her upstairs," said Aunt Joe grandly. "She can help us unpack."

CHAPTER XII

AFTER she had sent Sowersby to find Mizpah, Lady Phoebe went in search of Mr. Chilthorn. She found him in the drawing-room, looking through a window which overlooked the driveway from Marlebone-super-Mare.

"An extraordinary day!" she began, drawing a deep breath in which both relief and excitement might have been discernible. "Of course you are staying for dinner."

Mr. Chilthorn had risen at her entrance; and while she was speaking, he regarded her with quiet attention—an attention so Sphinx-like in its immobility that it might have reminded you of a solid-looking book with blank covers, so that looking at it from the outside, no one could have more than guessed at its contents.

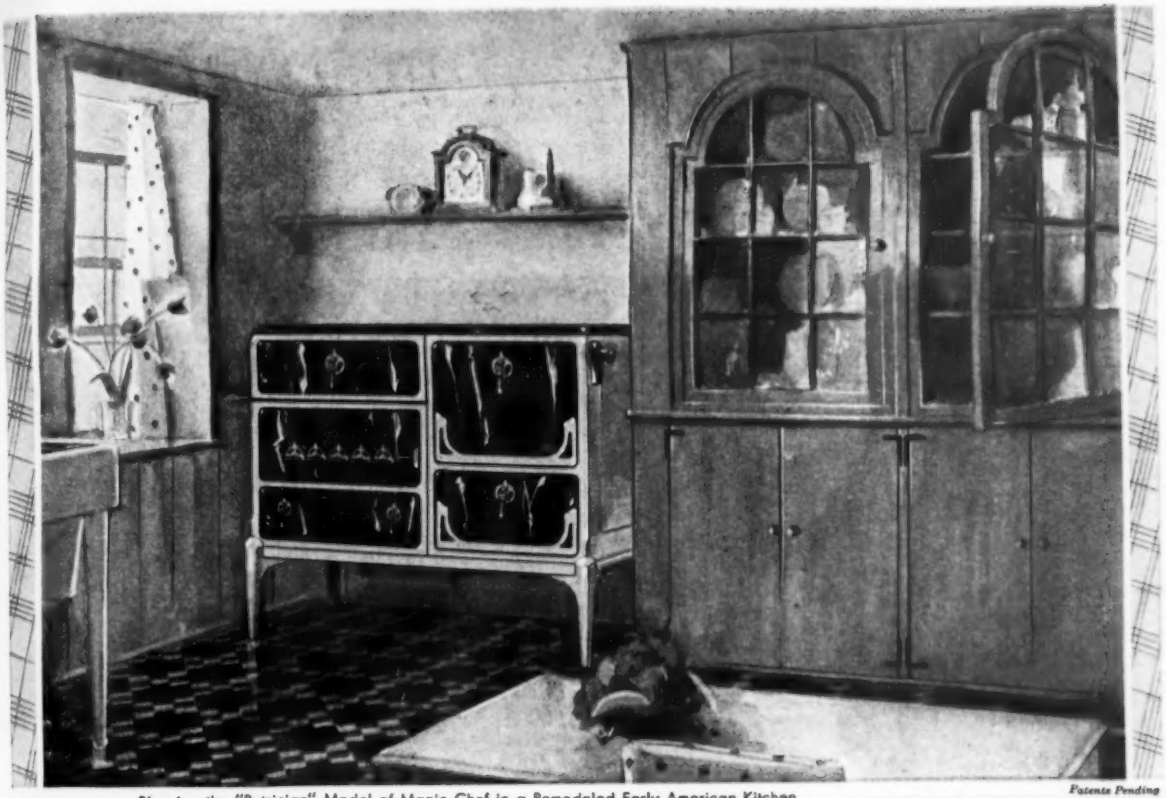
"Unfortunately, no, my lady," he replied. "An important case in court to-morrow morning requires my presence in London as soon as I can get there. In fact, I am waiting now only for Clynes to return with the car. I believe he took Mr. Dabney home."

"A pity you aren't staying," she said. "I have so many things that I want to talk over with you."

Perhaps it was because she had so many topics of conversation that she hesitated. As though not noticing this, he seated himself in a chair close to the one which she had chosen.

"Possibly you wished to speak about Miss Athenie?" he suggested, looking at her rather shrewdly from under his heavy brows.

"Not altogether," she confessed. "Although of course I think it's frightfully unfair that these people should be worried by her. But it wasn't of Athenie particularly that I wished



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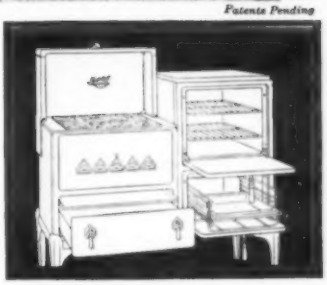

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Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5

to speak to you. I—er—I've been wondering if you could tell me anything more about this—this American Marquis whom you brought to the Towers to-day."

Mr. Chilthorn didn't know it, but his shrewd look deepened. "I believe I have already told you all that I learned in the States," he said in a cautious voice. "But if you have any particular questions in mind—"

Lady Phoebe made a careless gesture. "From what you had told me," she said, "I had expected to see a somewhat impoverished old attorney, a bit down at heel and rusty at the seams. But instead of that he looks comparatively young and—er—even prosperous."

"At least I doubt his prosperity," replied Mr. Chilthorn. "Two years ago, when it became advisable to determine who was the next heir after the late Marquis, you know we sent an agent to America, and although I can quote his report only from memory, he said that Judge Marlebone was very generally in debt and that his practice was more or less negligible."

"I remember that, of course. But didn't he also say that the Judge had the reputation of being a plunger in speculative stocks or something of that nature?"

"I believe he did," said Mr. Chilthorn, now as Sphinx-like as before.

"I was reminded of it this afternoon when I saw how successful he looked," nodded Lady Phoebe, "and I couldn't help wondering whether he was one of those mercurial American millionaires of whom we read so often. Practically penniless one year and with the world at his feet the next."

"Let us hope so," said Mr. Chilthorn, at last allowing himself a cautious smile. "At the same time, as I told you, he seemed pleased enough to accept my check for five hundred pounds."

"Ah, yes. But don't you regard that as a typically American characteristic—never to refuse money? Besides, you see, it proved your good faith—so that he was reasonably sure that he wasn't coming here on a wild-goose chase. Oh, I can see a number of reasons why he accepted the check, no matter how little he may have needed it. Can't you?"

"Of course, we can look him up—financially, I mean," said Mr. Chilthorn.

"Yes, but that will take time," said Lady Phoebe thoughtfully, "and I really ought to know at once," she added, more to herself than to Mr. Chilthorn. "What is your own personal opinion on the subject? Do you—do you think he can carry on by himself until the estate is settled?"

MR. CHILTHORN didn't reply at once, perhaps again because of the customary legal reluctance to give a definite answer to a direct question. "Personally," he said at last, "I am strongly inclined to doubt it. I haven't told you yet that, coming up on the train, he asked me about the finances—particularly how the estate was being carried on, pending final settlement."

"And you told him?"

"I told him that you were paying the bills and—I trust you won't object to this—I also said, I believe, that you were very well able to do so."

From the cool calmness of her smile it was evident that Lady Phoebe didn't object to that. "How did he take it?" she asked.

"Not particularly well," said Mr. Chilthorn, recalling. "In fact, I remember thinking at the time that he would much have preferred another check upon account."

"Which, of course, you didn't offer him," she quickly added.

"Hardly," he replied, "in view of our last conversation and the present state of affairs up here."

Through the window a car could be seen drawing up to the steps which led to the front door.

"I suppose there's no doubt about his being a widower," she casually added, though in the same cautious voice which she had used throughout the interview—a voice which couldn't possibly carry to any listening ears on the other side of the doorway, listen they never so wisely. "What I mean is that he isn't a widower by one of those peculiar American divorces which may or may not be good over here."

"No," said Mr. Chilthorn, "that was carefully checked because of its bearing upon the succession of title. He was married only once, and—he became a widower, I believe, shortly after Lady Coral was born."

Sowersby appeared in the doorway. "I beg your pardon, my lady," he said, "but the car is waiting to take Mr. Chilthorn to the station."

Lady Phoebe and Mr. Chilthorn arose.

"An extraordinary day!" she said again, her gray-blue eyes brighter than usual.

And in a lower voice, after making sure that Sowersby had disappeared:

"Remember, please, it isn't safe to let him have any more money—or even any more hope of money—until you have seen me again."

CHAPTER XIII

ALICIA and Coral, being dressed the first, went in to see if they could help Aunt Josephine.

"No; I'm all right," she hastily told them, turning from the mirror. "You two run downstairs and if Lady Phoebe misses me, tell her I won't be long. Oh, and Coral—"

"Yes, Aunt Joe?"

"If they have boiled potatoes, don't mash them with your fork. I should have told you before that mashing potatoes with a fork is *always* an evidence of careless training. And Alicia, if you drop your napkin—as you generally do—remember that you are *not* to pick it up yourself. One of the *servants* should do that."

"Yes, dear."

The two girls left the room with a feigned docility, but on their way to the stairs they exchanged significant glances.

"How old is Aunt Joe?" whispered Coral.

"About forty-five," said Alicia, considering.

"Mmm," said the younger sister, remembering a book which she had read some years before, "The Dangerous Age." "I never thought I'd see her wearing a lavender slip."

"That's because she's going to wear her purple brocade," said Alicia, instinctively rallying to her aunt's defense.

Coral was about to reply when they heard a cascade of rippling runs out of Liszt's Second Rhapsody—evidently from the piano in the drawing-room.

"I wonder if that's Archey," she whispered again. "Mr. Chilthorn said he was very musical."

Yes, it was Archey, his hands absently straying among the keys; and on the bench by his side was a man of about thirty whom they hadn't seen before—a dark-haired man with a forelock which almost covered one of his eyes, and a keen, sad face which seemed to be wistfully looking out from under its shadow of hair with an expression that vaguely reminded Alicia of some one she had known.

"This is Romney Waring," said Archey, the two men rising. "Lady Alicia— Lady Coral—Romney and I are the local Damon and Pythias," he continued. "We share our sorrows and joys. So an hour ago I telephoned him that I had a joy to share."

"Proving again," said Romney, "that truth is beauty, beauty truth. Archey, I thought, quite raved over the telephone; but now I see that he used an admirable repression."

It may have been the last word which cleared Alicia's memory. "Are you, by any chance, Romney Waring, the poet, who wrote 'Songs and Repressions'?" she asked.

Mother, keep your baby safe

from loose pins and buttons

Vanta

Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

PROTECT the tender little body. Keep Baby safe from pricking pins and twisted buttons, and danger of swallowing a pin or a button. Vanta Baby Garments tie with dainty bows of twistless tape, making them always comfortable, never too tight nor too loose, adjustable as baby grows. No turning or twisting to dress him so safely in the softest, downiest Vanta Quality Garments and Hosiery that Mother-love can desire.

DOCTORS and nurses everywhere recommend Vanta which originated the idea of dressing babies without pins and buttons for the first two years. Every prescribed weight of knitted fabrics in silk, wool, linen mesh, rayon, sase, cotton, fashioned so carefully for tiny bodies. Every Vanta Garment is guaranteed non-shrinkable, always giving perfect protection.

Vanta Self Help Garments

After Baby is two years old, Vanta Self Help Garments, bearing the Red Heart label, make it easy to teach him to dress himself, thus saving Mother's time, and at the same time training Baby's mind.

Ask your store for the original Vanta Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW SALES CO., Inc., Dept. 355 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.
Dept. 355, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Amazing device kills moths overnight

Gives constant protection for three months—convenient and economical—just hang it up

Exact scientific tests prove the moth-killing effectiveness of Apex Moth Cake. After being exposed to the vapor of this amazing device, moths and moth larvae are inspected under the microscope. All were dead.

Apex Moth Cake..25c

THIS amazing new device, discovered by science, will solve your moth problem. Thousands of women are using Apex Moth Cake because of its convenience, economy and effectiveness. Apex Moth Cake is a scientifically designed and patented vapor generator that is sure and quick death to all forms of moth life.

To use, just tear off cellophane cover, hang in closet and close the door. Instantly a heavy, fragrant vapor is released which, thorough tests prove, will kill moth life OVERNIGHT. It costs only 25 cents a cake and each one will last from three to four months, giving protection every minute, every day.

In addition, Apex Moth Cake freshens the atmosphere of the closet, and removes odors of perspiration from the clothes. Unlike moth balls and naphthalene, it imparts no odor. Clothes can be worn at once without trace of odor.

It costs but little to try Apex Moth Cake. Get some today. Sold at drug and department stores.

In Crystal Form

Apex Crystals kill all forms of moth life and deodorize. Use them when packing away clothing, woolens, etc., for the season; for killing moths in carpets, rugs, furniture; for freshening atmosphere of room after party. They act overnight. Large can only $1.00.

CLEAN HOME PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. 16, 1401 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find..... Send.....
Apex Moth Cakes and.....cans of
Apex Crystals.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

In Canada address: 21 King St., East, Toronto, Can.

The American Marquis

"Ah, you told her," said Romney chidingly, turning to Archey.

"No, he didn't," said Alicia. "I remember the book."

"You mean that you have seen it in the States?" asked Romney, tossing his hair back.

"Yes." But she didn't tell him that she had seen it on Reid & Allen's counter. "And I remember it all the better because there was a woodcut of you on the cover."

"I feel myself expanding," said Romney, throwing a chest. "Be careful, Lady Alicia, or this poor frog will burst."

The others began to come in—Lady Phoebe in a green silk which contrasted well with her honey-colored hair—Athenie the Dramatic in a black chiffon velvet which was cut so low at the back that the dress could easily be called dramatic, too—Aunt Josephine in her purple silhouette entering with her brother, the Marquis, in whose ear, all the way down the stairs, she had been uttering such warnings as:

"Now remember, Lucius, even if you do not use your napkin, you *must* open it in your lap. And if you take a lady into the dining-room, you *must* draw her chair out for her and wait until she is seated before *you* sit down . . ."

THE dining-hall was one of the older rooms of the Towers, with a high arched ceiling and a fireplace which looked as though, in its time, it had roasted more than one wild boar from the forest. The furniture was more modern—massive carved oak with the Marlebone coat-of-arms on the backs of chairs.

"Some day I'll show you *my* coat-of-arms," Romney said to Alicia. "A pair of crossed pens in an ink-bottle, with the motto '*Je souffre, Je pousse un soupir.*' Meaning 'I suffer. I push for the soup.'"

Alicia loved that. "I hope we sit next to each other at the table," she eagerly thought.

They did. The Marquis, of course, sat at the head, and Aunt Josephine was placed at the foot. At the Marquis's right, in the order named, were Lady Phoebe, Romney Waring, and Alicia. And on his left Athenie, Archey, and Coral—Athenie slipping into the chair which had been reserved for Grandma.

At a sign from the butler, Barslow, the second man, served the soup. Sowersby waited till the others had theirs. Then he personally waited upon the Marquis, immediately thereafter resuming his position behind the latter's chair.

"You must tell me about America this evening," said Athenie, turning to the Marquis. "I love to read about it—its wonderful men and the wonderful things they do."

"I am sorry that Mr. Chilthorn returned to London so soon," interrupted Lady Phoebe on the other side. "There are one or two subjects—as you will soon understand—on which we simply must have his assistance."

"It is all so wide—so large—so free—" continued Athenie, leaving her soup to give the Marquis that deep, tender glance which has already been mentioned.

"I hardly suppose you've had time to see the grounds yet?" said Lady Phoebe.

"It is so nice, too, to know that we are cousins," said Athenie in a low voice, now frankly leaving her spoon in her plate. "It makes me feel that I have known you for a long time—that we now resume a dear friendship, instead of starting a new one. And you Americans—you are so wonderful in business—and I am a woman alone in the world with her poor problem and anxiety, so badly in need of advice. But now I have my cousin—my cousin from America—and already I feel a load is uplifted from my heart."

"You poor man!" said Lady Phoebe commiseratingly as they walked out of the dining-room together half an hour later. "I feel so sorry for you."

Her hand, resting for a moment on his arm, was gently comforting. Her voice was a soothing murmur—like the music of bees in clover.

Because Zalo and Zee are gaily wrapped in pale jade and brilliant cerise, you'll be pleased to keep them on the shelf with your loveliest linens.

It's silly to pay more when the **BEST** *now costs so little . . . Buy these*

NEW *Fluffed* BATHROOM TISSUES

ZEE is a saving discovery . . . even for women who buy by price alone. It gives you 100 more sheets of ivory tissue than most rolls at this low price, yet it is beyond comparison with ordinary tissues. Each tissue sheet is gently "fluffed" to make it pleasanter in every way. That's why it can be so much softer without being flimsy . . . firmer without being glazed. Zee is an honest roll, too, compactly wound so it won't unfurl wastefully. Then, a dustproof wrapper covers the roll. No hand but yours can touch the pure tissue inside!

ZEE, SINGLE ROLL, **10c**

Both Zalo and Zee fit all standard recessed or projecting fixtures

ZALO, we believe, is the finest pure white tissue you can buy. Other bathroom tissues have the same price tag, but there the likeness ends. Zalo is as soft as a cold cream tissue . . . petal thin . . . yet firm and quickly absorbent. Because each sheet is "fluffed" to give it a suede-like texture, there's never a trace of unpleasant flimsiness. And it is absolutely safe. You may be sure of that. Both Zalo and Zee are pure enough for a baby's tender skin. Then wrapped to keep them so! ZALO, SINGLE ROLL, 15c.

TWO ROLLS FOR **25c**

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

In using advertisements see page 6

For Miss or Matron this Fashionably Moulded Figure

Charis is made in a variety of models in odd and even sizes from 30 to 56 to suit varying personal preferences. Prices range from $6.95 up.

EVERY requirement of the fitted mode recommends CHARIS . . . Unbroken figure lines require a foundation garment that covers the body, in one piece from bust to thigh . . . the normal waist line and flattened abdomen emphasize the importance of scientific abdominal control . . . correct posture and graceful carriage, are the evidence of adequate support, without pressure or restraint. Finally, the need of symmetry in the proportions of bust, waist, hips and thighs demands a garment that can be conveniently adjusted to suit the individual requirements of the wearer.

The adjustable features of CHARIS, both in the outer garment and the abdominal belt, are patented, and exclusive.

Several new CHARIS models have been created for youthful figures. Weighing only 12 ounces, they contain the essential CHARIS principles of support and include such necessary innovations in design as decollete back, part satin or net top and a specially constructed "cup" to lift and outline the bust.

CHARIS is not sold in stores. A capable woman will bring the garment to your home for examination. A careful fitting will be given without extra charge. To arrange for a private showing of CHARIS, telephone the nearest CHARIS Establishment (listed under the name CHARIS) or mail the coupon below.

This Abdominal Belt, adjustable in tension and position after the garment has been fastened, is included in all Charis models. A patented feature, exclusive with Charis

Charis Dramalogues are broadcast every week, in the morning, through 33 leading stations, covering the entire country. Tune in on your favorite Station.

CHARIS

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CHARIS CORPORATION, Allentown, Pa.

Please have your representative arrange with me to examine Charis at my home. Also send me "The Charis Handbook of Good Form" . . . If interested in becoming a Charis Representative, write us giving your qualifications. Dept. B-5.

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Town ..... *State* .....

The American Marquis

CHAPTER XIV

"YOU'VE seen the study?" asked Lady Phoebe, hesitating on the threshold of the drawing-room.

"Not yet," said the Marquis. And drawing on an old Belleview idiom, "In fact, I'm still like a cat in a strange garret in this old ancestral home of mine."

He was rewarded by the silvery peal of Lady Phoebe's laughter.

"You poor man!" she said again. "Come, then, and I'll show you. You may often find it a welcome retreat whenever you want to get away from—shall we say the mice?"

INSTEAD of entering the drawing-room they strolled farther down the long gallery until they came to a narrower corridor turning at a right angle from the main hallway. At the end of this Lady Phoebe opened a leather-covered door studded with brass nails, and they entered a pleasant room. The door, hung upon spring hinges, closed with a slow, soft "Whoosh!" behind them.

"I hope you'll like it in here," she said. "Ever since Noll died—the late Marquis, you know, poor dear—this has been my favorite haunt downstairs."

And indeed it was a comfortable room, with its book-lined walls, its easy chairs, its cannel-coal fire burning so industriously on the hearth. On one edge of the rug was a flat-top desk, the occupant of which could look at the fire whenever he needed inspiration; and on the other edge was a deep sofa covered with dark red Morocco leather, almost as soft as velvet.

"I have kept my accounts in here," said Lady Phoebe, "but I'll show you those later. From this window, in the daytime, you can see the boats sailing up and down the Channel. Of all the chairs in the room, I think this one the most comfortable. Try it, and I'll sit here on the end of the sofa, where I can read my future in the fire. Cigarettes are on the end of the desk. Can you reach them?"

Expecting it to be an empty gesture, he offered her the box; but she took one, and for the first time in his life the Marquis of Marlebone held a lighted match to the end of a lady's cigarette.

"If Mother came in now," he couldn't help thinking, "what a look she'd give us both!"

But Grandma, he assured himself, didn't even know of the existence of this quiet room behind its padded leather door. Lady Phoebe had described it well when she had called it a retreat. He relaxed more deeply into his chair, holding his cigarette wide so the ash wouldn't fall upon his new tuxedo.

"Do you ever feel lonely, I wonder, when you are in a crowd?" Lady Phoebe gently began, her bright eyes staring at the fire, as though intent upon reading her future there.

"Yes," he said. That last Christmas season, for instance, when he had walked along the main shopping streets in Belleview, seeing the things that he would have liked to buy and with neither the cash nor the credit to buy them, he had not only felt lonely in the middle of the crowds; it might also be said that he had felt hungry in the midst of plenty—so hungry that he had ached inside. "More than once," he thoughtfully added aloud.

"So have I," said Lady Phoebe on the end of the sofa. "I expect it's because I've lived alone so long. Oh, of course, I have Archey—and for many years I think I can truthfully say that I was useful to poor Noll. But, after all, it isn't the same. Archey's father died, you know, nearly twenty years ago, and since then—yes—I know what it is to be alone in the midst of a crowd."

The Marquis of Marlebone stirred in his easy chair. "Mrs. Marlebone died when Coral was less than a week old," he said.

"You poor dear!" breathed Lady Phoebe.

For as long as it might take the last echo of a tolling bell to fade into silence, they both looked into the fire.

It's the tuck that tells

If the human body never moved, well fitting undergarments would be easy to make. But for a body in action the ordinary garment soon becomes baggy, uncomfortable, ugly. We have eliminated superfluous fullness with a clever tuck. Snug fitting underdress always—no matter what the position may be! A short front, with a longer, expanding back, enables you to wear one full size smaller. Fits the body in motion. Gives greater freedom in action—eliminates bulkiness. A boon to women! That's the reason for its great success. A full line in all smart designs and materials. Beautifully made—by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis. Don't buy until you have seen them. At better stores everywhere. Send for booklet.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

In using advertisements see page 6

SKILL KEEPS THE HOME FIRES BURNING

"LOTS of luck!" says everyone as they kiss the bride and congratulate the groom. Who doesn't wish that every happiness will find its way into the new home being made so bravely and confidently?

But the clever bride knows that luck alone scarcely ever determines her success as a homemaker. Rather it is knowledge and skilful management that keeps the home fires burning brightly and happily.

Successful homemakers may have told them, their mothers or, perhaps, their older sisters. At any rate, every year sees brides by the score turning to Good Housekeeping. They are learning what so many women know from long experience—that Good Housekeeping supplies the knowledge and ideas which are so important to the success of homemaking in all its modern phases. Almost every womanly interest, practical or aesthetic—from cookery to cosmetics—has a place in these pages.

Advertising, too, is a part of Good Housekeeping's service. Its advertising pages are so many and so varied they are one of the most up-to-date sources of buying information that you have. More important, they are among the most reliable. Nothing may be advertised in Good Housekeeping which does not give you satisfaction in quality and performance. Tests and examinations weed out the doubtful ones. Then, as a final safeguard, all advertising that is accepted is guaranteed.

When you plan for your home supplement your skill with the knowledge and safeguards Good Housekeeping offers you. And when you buy, always consult Page 6—its Index to Guaranteed Advertisements.

An advertisement about Good Housekeeping

The American Marquis

"You know, in a way, it's unbelievable," continued Lady Phoebe. "There you were in America—and here I was over here—you a widower with your daughters, I a widow with my son—and neither of us even dreaming of the other's existence. And then suddenly, almost without warning, here we are sitting together in the study of Marlebone Towers and—so far as I'm concerned—feeling as though we had known each other always. Personally," she continued, "I am a firm believer in Fate. I suppose it is things like this which have made me so."

Drawing from his reading, the Marquis recalled a line of advice from a gentleman of experience to his young and eager son: "Whatever you do, my boy, beware of a woman who says she believes in Fate. For in the end you will always find that she confuses Fate with the Marriage Service."

"Still," he thought, "if she's been a widow for twenty years, she can't have been very anxious to get married again."

For without a doubt she was good to look upon as she sat on the end of the sofa, gazing into the fire through the smoke of her cigarette as though unconscious that the Marquis's eye was on her. The flickering of the flame on the hearth awakened glints of gold in her honey-colored hair. The coloring and texture of her cheeks reminded him of the perfection of a bisque doll—a bisque doll, say, with a Roman nose and the general air of a Lady Vere de Vere.

"Do you like England?" she suddenly asked him. "But that isn't a fair question. You have been here such a short time. I feel sure, though, that I would like America. Tell me, are there—are there any poor persons over there?"

"The poor in America," he gravely told her, "go begging in automobiles."

After a moment's pause she rewarded him again with the silvery peal of her laughter, and the Marquis looked at her with that gentle warmth of appreciation which every man feels toward the woman who responds to his humorous efforts.

"You nearly caught me," she said, walking to the desk for another cigarette. "Remember: I owe you one for that."

They were still smiling while he struck and held the match.

"Now," she said. "Before any one comes, I'll show you how I've kept the accounts."

The Marquis watched her, as she seated herself at the desk and opened one of the drawers. A fine-looking woman—and good company, too. He was glad he had asked her to stay.

"Here we are," she said, reaching over and drawing a small chair to her side. "If you will come and sit by me, we can look over the books more comfortably."

As he shyly approached the desk—shyly and yet solemnly—he might have vaguely reminded Lady Phoebe of an elderly schoolboy going to teacher for a lesson in arithmetic—or any other lesson, for that matter, which she might be able to teach him.

(*To be continued*)

Nick

(*Continued from page 67*)

beginning to feel independent and was cutting up at an unusual distance from mother when the baboon clan caught the smell of a leopard in the bush.

There was a chorus of terrified screams, and the baboons rushed from the tree tops. Old Nick made a flying leap for his mother, but did not get a firm grip on her fur. As she started up a tree, he fell to the ground. Quick as a flash mother dashed back, grabbed him by the tail, and again scrambled upward. She was just in time. A dark, roaring form leaped from the bushes. It was a leopard, enraged at his failure to capture one of the herd.

Early in life Old Nick showed tendencies toward developing into the mean, old scoundrel

Use Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

In use over 60 years

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine. It does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than a liquid such as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

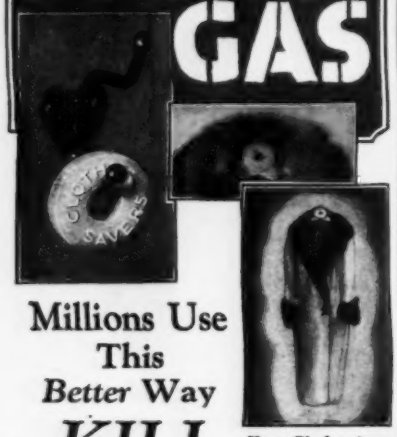
Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In using advertisements see page 6

MOTH GAS



Millions Use This *Better* Way to KILL MOTHS

Your Clothes in a "Blanket of Gas"

Such a simple precaution — yet it saves valuable clothing from ruin! Slip Clothes Savers on every hook and hanger in your closet. Put them in garment bags, chests, and any other place where moths might cause destruction. Use them generously and see that clothes closets and receptacles are tight.

The "blanket of gas" gives positive protection

"Moth-Gas" constantly vaporizes from Clothes Savers, saturates the material and forms a blanket of gas around it. Moths, eggs and larvae cannot exist in this atmosphere. It is harmless to humans; does not stain. Convenient. Its aroma vanishes quickly.

Get *sure* protection

Avoid substitutes! Insist on Clothes Savers. Clothes Savers are full strength! Quick acting! Their effectiveness is not reduced by devices that *retard* evaporation.

Now is the time to take advantage of this convenient, economical, sure method of protecting clothes, furs, rugs and blankets from moths.

At Drug, Department or House-furnishing Stores

10¢ each (Introductory Size)

Economy Size 6 for 50c in metal container

Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE LEWY CHEMICAL CO.
Est. 1887
165 PERRY ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOTH-GAS
CLOTHES SAVERS
-KILLS-
MOTHS EGGS LARVAE

Nick

he eventually became. One evening he rode on mother's back to the lake where hundreds of baboons were gathered to drink the cool, clear water. Old Nick's family climbed out on a group of rocks to their favorite drinking place. After the mother baboon had refreshed herself, she caught Old Nick by the tail and let him hang down so he could get a drink of water. While the young baboon was drinking, a mischievous member of the family slipped up behind mother and bit her. Mother was enraged. She forget all about Old Nick and let him drop, turning to pursue her attacker.

Now, there is nothing that baboons hate more than a bath. When Old Nick hit the water, it was probably the most disagreeable experience of his entire life. He sank beneath the surface. On rising he grabbed a projecting rock, coughed, and gasped for breath. Then he started to cry and scold, doing his best to chide his elders. Mother rushed back and pulled him from the water. She tried to soothe and comfort him, but the little baboon was mad clear through. He sobbed and screamed. He struck his mother with his little fists. Mother was patient for a long time, but finally she shook the little rascal and carried him away into the forest.

BABOONS are funny creatures. Their faces resemble those of human beings. Fur covers their bodies. They have long, powerful arms, and they use their feet like hands. Their long tails are in constant use among the tree tops.

Old Nick's relatives were greedy and quarrelsome. They would eat until their stomachs swelled out as if they had been inflated with air. Then they would sit under a tree, drowsing and looking wise as a troop of Solomons.

Old Nick grew rapidly into a strong and sturdy youngster. He was a fighter, and his playmates soon learned to run away when he became angry. He was daring and would dart through the tree tops, making long leaps from one branch to another.

The young baboon was not popular with his elders. When he saw one eating a choice bit of fruit, he would yell at the top of his voice and attract other members of the herd. Immediately there would be a mêlée, and the baboon that had discovered the fruit would be beaten and robbed.

Like all the other members of his family Old Nick was curious. On one occasion he and another venturesome baboon dug into a nest of ants. It was a painful experience. Ants that live in Africa are not to be treated lightly. They build hills almost as large as tree trunks. Thousands of them live in a hill. They are highly organized. There are mothers, nurses, workers, and soldiers.

It was such a hill that Old Nick and his friend dug into, much to their regret. The soldier ants swarmed over the two young baboons, inflicting hundreds of sharp, stinging bites on their tender hides. The two baboons leaped up and down in the grass like a pair of jumping-jacks. They turned somersaults and rolled on the ground. They ran away, chattering and screaming. It took them a long time to get rid of those stinging insects.

As Old Nick grew to maturity, he acquired the battle scars which made him such a frightful-looking thing when I first saw him in the tree top. He believed that he was the best fighter in the family of baboons.

The head of Old Nick's herd was a tough, crusty old baboon who had long since proved his right to rule by reason of his might. Old Nick made a terrible mistake one day, when he rushed up to the boss and grabbed a wild apricot from his hand.

Old Nick thought a hurricane had struck him. He was chewed, mauled, and clawed. Blood was streaming from a score of wounds when he retreated and ran to a tree to escape the ire of that terrible old baboon.

Hatred was instilled in the heart of Old Nick by that encounter, also cunning. He decided that he would get even with the recognized head of the family some time. So old Nick kept clear of the boss until after he became the reprobate I met in the tree on Elephant Street.

The baboon family was a great source of trouble to us in the forest about Lake Paradise. When they saw us hiding in blinds, they would set up a great commotion. They would climb into the trees and bark and scold, warning all the other animals to stay away. Sometimes we would throw stones at them, but they would not leave. As a rule there were no pictures on the days when baboons found us at the lake.

Had Old Nick been a human, he would have been the leader of some gang of bandits, I believe. He and his playmates were incurable thieves. They loved to raid the garden that we had planted and cultivated so carefully.

One day when Martin and I returned from a short *safari*, which means "expedition," we surprised a group of baboons in our tomato patch. I was terribly provoked and started to chase them away. The robbers were bold, however, and did not feel inclined to leave. I scolded and yelled at them. Finally they snatched some tomatoes and started away, grumbling and chattering. I noticed that one of them hobbled along with difficulty, and then I recognized him as Old Nick. He had a tomato under each arm, one in each hand, and one in a foot!

He made a ludicrous figure, trying to hobble away with all that loot, and I had to laugh at him. Apparently this annoyed him, for he turned around and called me names before disappearing into the woodland.

There was one adventure for which I feel very grateful to Old Nick. It happened in a patch of wild asparagus which grew in the deep, cool woods. Accompanied by two black boys, I went out to gather some asparagus early one morning. The baboon family, fond of vegetables and especially this one, were busy stuffing themselves with the tender, young shoots when we arrived. They made me nervous. I was picking my way toward a small bush, and just when I reached it, Old Nick made a short rush in my direction.

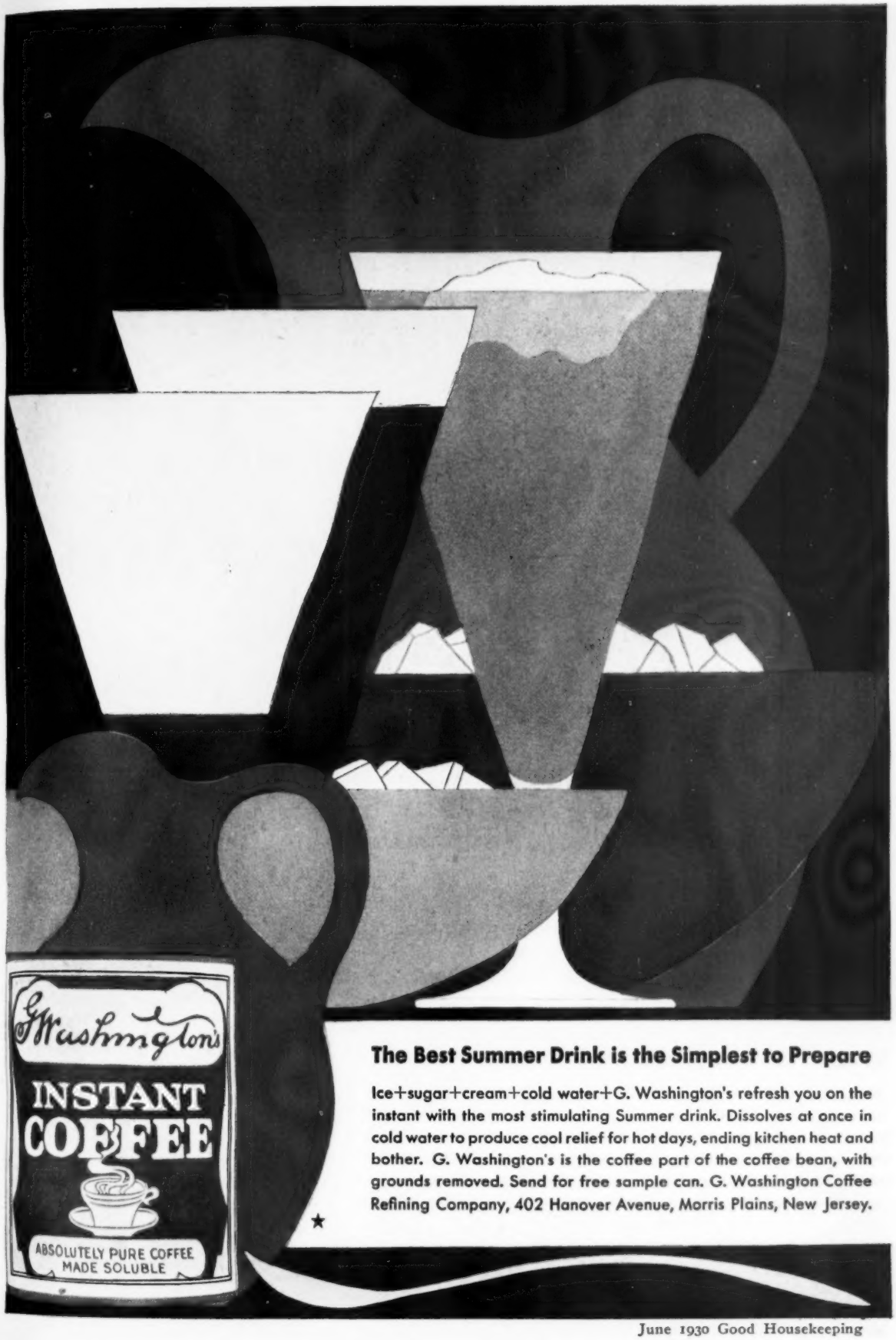
I knew that he was just trying to frighten me away from the asparagus patch, but I was startled anyway and drew back. As I moved I saw, coiled in the bush, a deadly cobra ready to spring at me. This gave me a real start, and I screamed. The black boys rushed forward and killed the poisonous snake. It was a narrow escape and taught me another lesson in living in that wild land of Africa. I never picked asparagus near grass or bushes after that.

ONE day Martin and I started to chase a group of young baboons just for the fun of it. We surrounded them in a clump of bushes, so they could not get to a tree to make their escape. I grabbed a little fellow by the tail, and he turned around and bit me. However, I held on until some one rushed up to help me. We tied a rope around him and took him back to camp, where we fastened him to a tree.

When any of us went near him, he would throw himself on the ground and stare at us with big, frightened eyes. We had him several days before one of his relatives found him. We could hear the two baboons calling to each other, and I am sure they were hatching a plot for an escape. One morning our little baboon was missing.

We saw him later, jumping about in the tree tops with his playmates, the rope still fastened around his middle. Old Nick was loafing in the same tree and jeered at me when I approached. I felt positive that he had engineered the release of our prisoner and was gloating over his success in getting his young relative away from us.

That was the last time I saw Old Nick and also the last time he caused us any trouble.



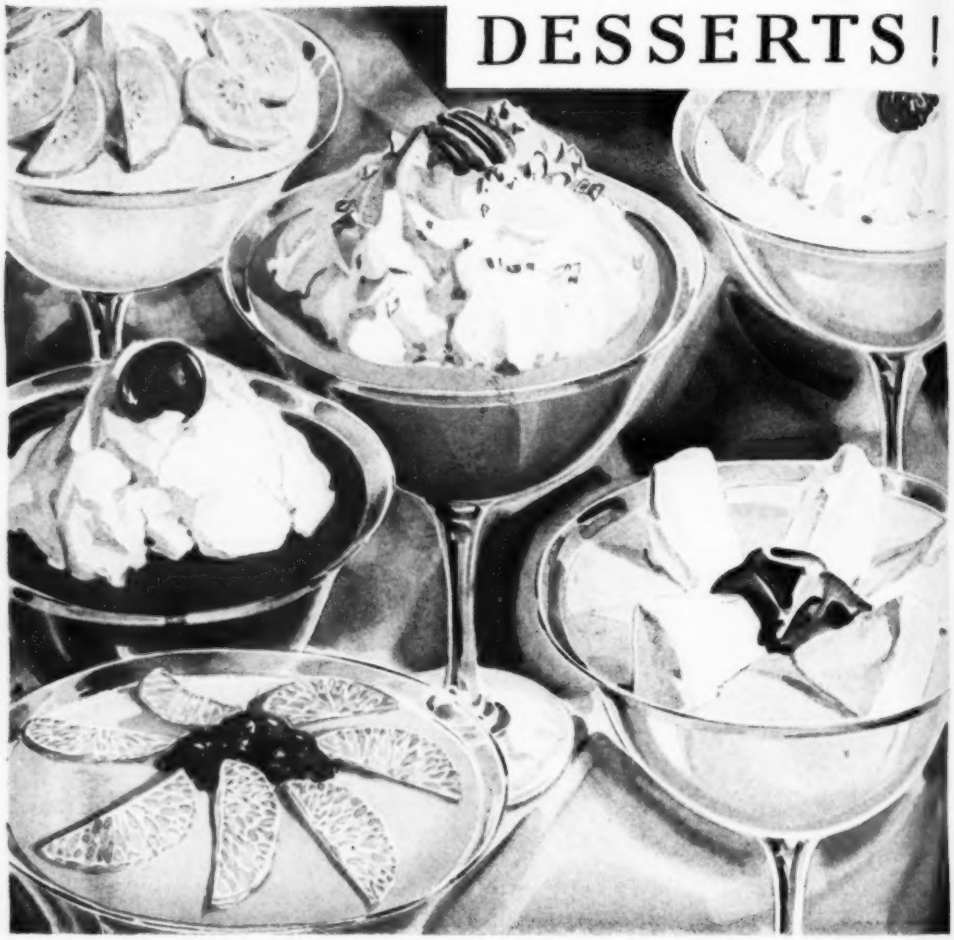
The Best Summer Drink is the Simplest to Prepare

Ice+sugar+cream+cold water+G. Washington's refresh you on the instant with the most stimulating Summer drink. Dissolves at once in cold water to produce cool relief for hot days, ending kitchen heat and bother. G. Washington's is the coffee part of the coffee bean, with grounds removed. Send for free sample can. G. Washington Coffee Refining Company, 402 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

Send for the new JUNKET BOOK..

Dozens of easy-to-make, cool, light DESSERTS!

QUICK!
because junket sets in 10 minutes



Make creamier Ice Cream with *less* cream—by using Junket Tablets.

No eggs. No cooking. No worry as to "how it will turn out." Ice cream made with Junket Tablets is smooth as velvet... deliciously rich.

"Easy-to-make"! Junket is the simplest, quickest dessert you'll find. No cooking. No eggs. Just stir a package of Junket into a pint of lukewarm milk. Pour into dessert dishes. Junket will set in 10 minutes or less!

"Cool"! The pure flavor and melt-in-your-mouth creaminess of junket gains in palatableness when junket is chilled (not frozen) before serving. Many children think ice-cold junket with a fancy topping "tastes as good as a sundae."

"Light"! Yes, but junket is also nutritious—even easier to digest than milk because of the enzymes* it contains. Children will take more milk when it is served as junket... it's so much *more* fun to eat it with a spoon.

*ENZYME—The active principle provided by Nature in Junket which makes milk more easily digested and healthful.

Junket comes in these pure flavors:

Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
Orange Raspberry Coffee

[If preferred, ask for Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored.]

★ **Junket**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

makes Milk into
DELICIOUS DESSERTS

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Miss Mary Mason,
Domestic Science Dept.,
The Junket Folks, Dept. 16,
Little Falls, N. Y.
Please send me items checked below:

☐ FREE Recipe Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams.

☐ Trial package of Flavored Junket for which I enclose 10c [stamps or coin] to cover postage and packing; also Recipe Book.

My Name .....

My Address .....

City ..... State .....

My grocer's name .....

His address .....

Does he sell flavored Junket? ☐ Yes. ☐ No.

The Fool of the Family

(*Continued from page 103*)

family. Also it was the first time that any one had proposed marriage to her.

"Thank you, Caryl," she murmured. "But we'll hope the worst won't come to the worst. Because, you know, if you want to go on as you've begun, you'll have to turn Mormon."

CHAPTER XXVII

CARYL slept. And, knowing nothing, he was hurled on through space and time into the clamor and toil of another day. Life, like an enormous piece of machinery, caught him up at the appointed time, dressed him, fed him, and flung him out into the street.

At Kraut's there was a great deal of work to be done. His table was littered with sheets of an illegible score. His secretary had hay-fever, somebody had lost an important file, and the road outside was being taken up with a pneumatic drill. He could not hear himself speak. When ever he tried to read a score, the notes scrambled together in front of his tired eyes like a swarm of bees. He was interrupted, badgered, pestered, called to account. It was a fair sample of a day at Kraut's, or of a day anywhere for that matter. It was life. He went on living it, though there was nothing to greet him at the end of it all but an aching emptiness.

The telephone was ringing. He took off the receiver.

"Paris wants you," said the telephone.

Paris wanted him, if nobody else did. He waited, leaning his tired head on his hand. And immediately, as in every tiny pause during the day, he was back in a tunnel, the hot, brilliant, little passage behind the box at the theatre, shut up for ever and ever with one moment. He could never get any further than that; coming into the passage and seeing them together.

A faint, furious voice, Jacob Birnbaum's voice, set him off again on his gearless activities. Jacob, on the other side of the Channel, was asking where Sebastian had got to.

"Since he has left Trigorin's hotel," he stormed, "you will perhaps, very kindly, tell me where he has gone."

"I didn't know he had left the hotel," began Caryl.

"Three times have I rung up the *verdammt* hotel before I find that he has left it. Three times. The first time he is out, and Trigorin is in a Turkish bath. The second time he is still out, and Trigorin is at the theatre. I ring up the theatre. I demand Trigorin. *Ach*, no, he is not out. He sleeps. I ring up the hotel. *Ach*, no, he does not sleep. He is gone away. You will so very kindly tell me where he is to be found."

"I don't know," said Caryl. "Is it important?"

"If it is important! You imagine that I enjoy sitting at this *verfluchte* telephone so much! It is a little important. I am wishing in a hurry for the score of this Operetta for Marionnettes. But in a hurry. Ernst Reuss is here till Saturday, and he wished to see it. For the Augsburg Festival, you understand. But if he does not see it now, he will not occupy himself at all."

"Trigorin doesn't know—?"

"Trigorin also has a head entirely of wood. He thinks that Sebastian is all the time asleep. You will very kindly find him for me."

"I?"

"At once. *So fort*. And when you have found him, you will bring him to a telephone and compel him to speak to me. If he has not so much money for that, you will lend it to him. If he is at the time in a bath, you will bring him to the telephone *so fort* as God made him. And from this time you buy a policeman for to walk everywhere behind *unser* Sebastian, to let us know where he is going, if you have not the capableness yourself. Good-by."

"But, Jacob—"

"*Allô? Allô?* Have you not heard what I am saying?"

"Yes," said Caryl. "I heard. But I'm not going to find him. I've quarreled with him. I've finished with him. I don't care in the least if Reuss sees his operetta or not."

"*Ach, bitte!* Have we not all quarreled with him? That is nothing. You will find him. What has he done then?"

"You will hear soon enough. I won't have anything more to do with him."

"*Na, na!* We all say that. Ten thousand times have I said that. Of him. Of your father."

"He doesn't deserve—"

"My friend, it is not what he deserves." Jacob in his eagerness broke into German. "If I had given your father what he deserved, he would have gone to the devil. I never forgave him because I thought that he deserved it. It was the musician that I forgave. Not the man. It is to you as a musician that I speak, not as to a brother. As a musician you must wish that Reuss should see this operetta, *nicht wahr?* In the time to come it will not matter so very much what Sebastian deserves, and what he does not deserve. He will be dead. You will be dead. But the music will be there still, I think. I speak to you as a musician."

"I'm not a musician," said Caryl bitterly.

"*Bitte?*"

"I said, 'I'm not a musician.' "

"How then? You are a Sanger, and you tell me that?"

"You know I'm not."

"My friend, I know that you are. You have no talent. But you are a musician. I might as well declare that I was not a German. I speak of the way in which you are made. Your thoughts, your desires. They are the thoughts of a musician."

"I swore never to see him again. I'd be a fool if I—"

"*Ach!* In God's name! Can you not be a fool if that is what you are?"

Caryl sat silent for so long a time that Jacob asked impatiently if he was still there.

"Yes; I'm here."

"Can you not—"

"All right. I can."

"You will find him?"

"I'll try. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver in the middle of Jacob's thanks, for they were more than he could, at the moment, bear. And afterward he sat for a few minutes trying to decide where in the world Sebastian could be. If Trigorin did not know, only one person in the world was left who might possibly be able to help him. And to that person he had not, as yet, the courage to speak.

MISS PRICE, red-eyed and apologetic, looked into the room and asked if she was to go on taking down letters.

"I want you to go into the other room," he said, "and give this message for me."

He wrote down Fenella's name and number, licked his pencil, and added hastily:

"Mr. Sebastian Sanger has left the Hotel Cecil. Does Miss McClean know where he is gone? If so, will she get hold of him at once and tell him that he must ring up Mr. Birnbaum in Paris, at once, on a very important matter."

Miss Price took the message and went out, sneezing. Caryl seized the score which he had been trying to read all day. He forced himself to think of nothing else. But he found that his heart was thumping and there was a singing in his ears so that he could hardly hear the pneumatic drill outside.

Miss Price came back and said that Miss McClean was out of town.

"Out of town!" cried Caryl, staring.

"And she's not on the telephone. I told

"It absolutely banishes shiny noses — this wonderful new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder" says Miss Dorothy Flood, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Ziegfeld star, noted for her beauty.

"It's just like the bloom of youth — this wonderful Mello-glo face powder, made by a marvelous new French-process" says lovely actress Miss Kae English, 7218 Thirty-fourth Ave., Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

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Beautiful Women Laud New Wonderful Powder

MELLO-GLO *face powder—stays on longer and does not clog the pores.*

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There are definite REASONS why MELLO-GLO is the face powder the world's most beautiful women prefer above all others! It is sifted and sifted through fine silk meshes—mixed and re-mixed until it presents perfect uniformity, and gains that amazing power of STAYING ON longer!

Its color has passed the rigid tests of the United States Government—a delicate shade that blends magically with your complexion, giving it the lovely bloom of *youth*.

It is the smoothest powder made. Created by a marvelous new French process, it *does not clog the pores*—protecting the skin against the rough aged look. MELLO-GLO does not irritate the skin, or cause a pasty, flaky look.

For a smooth girlish complexion—use MELLO-GLO. There are no substitutes. Only MELLO-GLO has this secret formula and the new process. One dollar at all stores.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello-Glo, Dept. 15, Statler Bldg., Boston.

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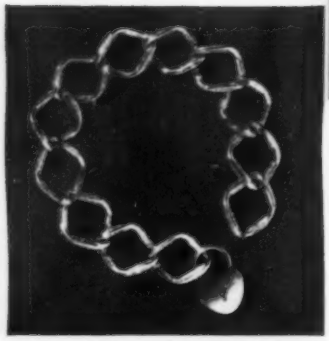
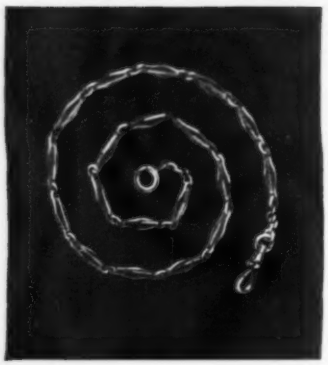
A LITTLE REMEMBRANCE TO BRING BACK THE DAY...





ONE of the most delightful things about receiving a gift on some memorable June occasion . . . the wedding . . . graduation . . . a trip abroad . . . is the pleasure to be derived from it later. This moment, probably, *you* can look at a familiar object . . . not at all expensive . . . and recall both the event that prompted it, and a thoughtful friend.

Though the modest price of the Simmons necklace above (31972) is but $8.25, the piece makes a really smart gift, with its futuristic white gold-filled links and simulated crystals. . . . A young girl would be charmed, too, with the Friendship bracelet (31655) in which two-toned Hollywood engraved links are fastened by a miniature padlock. The price is $8.75.

The man you have in mind will find this white gold-filled Simmons Chain (31015) most acceptable. He will use it, as the vogue dictates, to wear with his watch, or to carry pocket-knife, keys, emblem, or any of the other accessories which men are so sure they need. It costs $8.

Virtually all the better jewelery stores have a wide variety of Simmons necklaces, chains and bracelets . . . these little remembrances which really aren't little at all! R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS AND NECKLACES

The Fool of the Family

them it was a message from you, and they gave me her address. She went off early this morning to Shillstone Mill, near Winchester. Couldn't I send a—"

"Be quiet. I mean, thank you. I'll ring up myself."

The telephone shook about so much in his hand that he had to steady his elbow on the table. And his voice, as he asked for Lady McClean shook strangely, too. Even Miss Price, consumed with the effort not to begin sneezing again, thought that he looked and talked very oddly. Like everybody else in the office, she was agog with curiosity about Sebastian and the news of his success the night before. She longed to stay and hear what it was all about, but she was afraid that Caryl would turn her out if she sneezed. Stiffening every nerve, she fought against it and stayed in the room.

Caryl was saying: "Hullo! Hullo! Is her ladyship there? Can I speak to her ladyship? . . . Hullo? Lady McClean? Caryl speaking . . . Oh, thanks . . . Oh, yes, very . . . I'm so glad . . . Yes, a great success . . . Oh, did he? . . . Lady McClean, where has Fenella . . . No, I haven't seen any notices . . . Oh, were they? . . . When did Fenella . . . No, I haven't seen Sebastian at all since last night . . . No, he's only my half-brother . . . No, he's younger than . . . But I want to ask you . . . No, he hasn't had anything else produced . . . Why did Fenella go off so suddenly? . . . Oh, it was a sudden plan—before you were up? . . . I didn't know she was going . . . Yes, I know; she told me she went last year . . . But whom has she . . . What? . . . Who's gone with . . . But who? Didn't she tell you? Who would it be likely to be? . . . When will she be . . . She never goes alone, does she? . . . Oh, I see . . ."

"A-tishoo! Tishoo! Tishoo!"

Miss Price could not stop it any longer and she fled into the other room before Caryl could give her notice. A moment later he burst through the door, looking like a madman.

"I'm going!" he shouted to Miss Price, as the outer door slammed behind him.

"You've left your hat!" she shrieked. "For mercy's sake, Douglas, run after him with his hat, do, there's a good boy."

Douglas ran and caught Caryl just as he was jumping into a taxi.

"Said 'Waterloo 'n hurry up,' " he reported later to Miss Price.

Miss Price nodded. For the sake of curiosity she had a look at the A. B. C. to see the trains for Winchester. And when she saw that there was nothing until 6.38, she laughed.

"He might have waited for his hat," she said.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"I OUGHT to be driving this car," said Sebastian thoughtfully.

Fenella was thinking the same thing. There was something wrong about an elopement in which the bride did all the work, while the groom sat passive. She was driving with superb recklessness, but she would rather that the recklessness had been his.

"Can you drive?" she asked.

"No. I only meant that I ought to be carrying you off, and not you me."

"I quite grasp that," snapped Fenella. "But I thought everybody could drive nowadays."

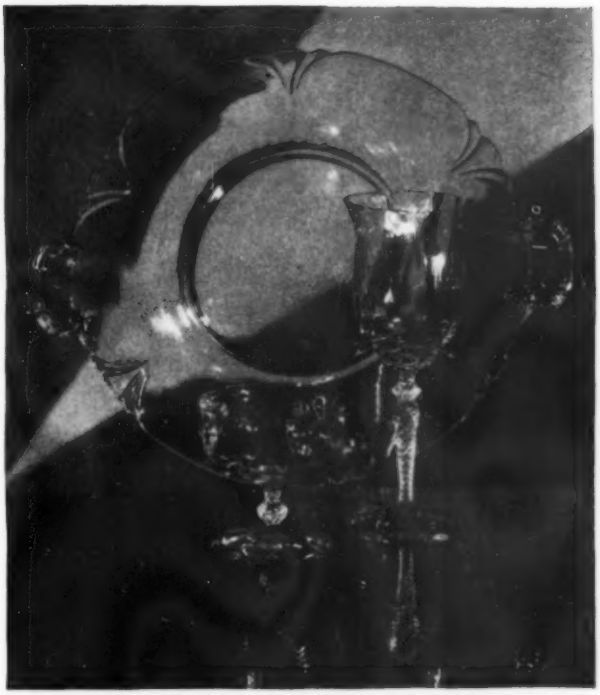
"I haven't the mechanical mind. Caryl's the man for that. He can drive anything. If it was Caryl you were eloping with—"

"How can you!"

Sebastian did not answer. He was reflecting upon the size of the motor-coach in front of them and the even more formidable size of the lorry which was coming the other way. The gap between was impossible. Surely she was not going to pass until . . . She swerved out and flew between them. The shouts of frightened drivers died on the whistling air behind them.

"If Caryl was eloping with you," he resumed, as soon as he had recovered his breath,

This GLORIOUS GLASS... *new...wonderful*...delights the critical



When you see this new Alexandrite glassware by Heisey, you wonder at its soft, elusive radiance. ' ' ' It is tinted like some rare orchid petal. It flashes with the delicate glow of treasured gems . . . a dainty, tantalizing purple, highly prized and long sought, and now produced for exclusive American tables by Heisey. ' ' ' In this exquisite color you may have complete table services in glass . . . fine blown stemware, delightful plates, bouillon cups, coffee cups and saucers, flower bowls, candlesticks, comports, all the accessories that make the dinner or other occasion memorable. ' ' ' A bridge set of eight goblets, salad plates and cups and saucers is an ideal wedding gift. You may buy as many or as few pieces as you desire, then add to them from time to time. There are several new patterns to choose from. ' ' ' Other colors too await your inspection . . . the sprightly new Sahara golden tint . . . Flamingo rose . . . Moon Gleam green . . . and clear crystal. See them at leading department stores, gift shops or glassware stores.

A. H. HEISEY & CO., Newark, Ohio

To the critical hostess Heisey offers fine blown stemware, exquisite plates, flower bowls, candlesticks, complete table services in glass, new colors, new designs . . . Write for interesting booklet.

Heisey's

GLASSWARE *for your table*

Glass Perfected Through the Secrets of 4000 Years

The Arabians a thousand years ago were so skillful in giving color, beauty and ornamentation to glass that Damascus, then a center of their flourishing empire, became as famous for its glass as it was renowned for its swords. The secrets of the Arabian Masters and the secrets of other ages live on in fine glassware for the table by Heisey.

LOOK FOR THE H ON EVERY PIECE
embossed on the glass or on adhesive label

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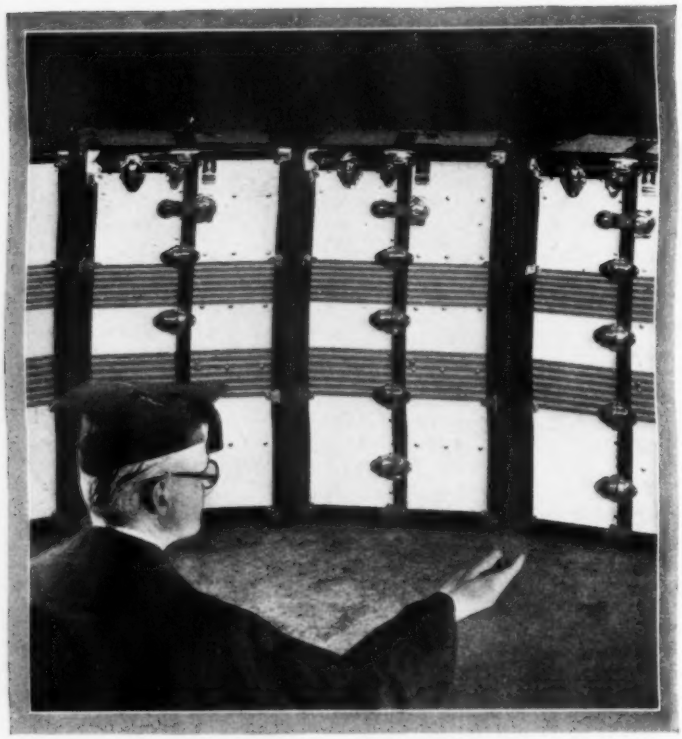
OSHKOSH TRUNKS



Every day is Graduation Day in Oshkosh

EVERY time a carload of trunks rolls away from the shipping room, we feel like a college president at graduation exercises. We can't help thinking a speech, even though we don't say it:

"Now you are going out into the wide, wide world. You will receive hard knocks. Burden and responsibility will be thrust upon you. You are better equipped to be of service in the world than most of your fellows. Be helpful in every way you can, and above all remember that you have a duty to perform in always upholding the honor and reputation of dear old Oshkosh."

Every day is graduation day at our factory. Every day we send out Oshkosh Trunks to the near and far corners of the earth.

And in one respect we have a comfortable advantage over most college presidents. We *know* that every one of our graduates is going to be an unqualified success.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE AN OSHKOSH TRUNK

"Chief" Oshkosh Cord Duck, the strongest and toughest trunk covering made, is found only on Oshkosh "Chief" Trunks. It is recognizable anywhere by the two bands of red and yellow stripes woven into the fabric.

Oshkosh Trunks can also be had in the less expensive fibre covering. The Oshkosh trade-mark identifies them.

The descriptive booklet, "Your Home Away From Home," is interesting and helpful. For a copy, address the Oshkosh Trunk Company, 470 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

The Fool of the Family

"the roads would be a good deal safer than they are."

"Please don't talk about Caryl."

"I must, if you drive as fast as this. When I'm in danger I always think of Caryl."

She slowed down a little.

"That's better," he approved. "There's no hurry, is there? Nobody is coming after us."

She could not think that anybody would come after them. She had started before her family were awake, leaving a note behind her to say that she had gone to Shillstone Mill. The note had been vague upon the point of company. There was, as Sebastian said, no hurry. But she was running away, and it is impossible to run away slowly. Flight implies pursuit. And she would have to drive very fast indeed if she was to escape the doubts, the memories, the terrors, which had impelled her to this final, desperate remedy.

"I want to get there," she explained.

Sebastian shot her a look out of the corner of his eye. He was still rather cross at being eloped with so very early in the morning, nor could he see why they had to go to Shillstone Mill. Fenella insisted that it was the only place where they could get married before breaking the news to her parents, but this did not recommend it to Sebastian. It was easier, however, to give in than to argue, so he went where she took him.

THE impetus of flight was leaving Fenella. Through Farnham she crawled with commendable caution, and in Winchester she stopped altogether. Sebastian, who had been thinking about hills all the time, woke up with a start. He looked up and down the populous High Street and asked if this was it.

"No; of course it isn't. But we've got to buy provisions. There won't be anything at the Mill."

They took a long time over their shopping. She gave him money and sent him to buy bread while she herself went to the grocer's. And somehow, after that, they lost each other. She sat waiting for him in the car for half an hour, gazing anxiously up and down the street, but there was no sign of him. And one of those doubts which had kept pace with her all the way grew so tormenting that she could not escape from it.

"He didn't want to come. He's left me."

In a panic she began to drive slowly about the town, looking for him. There was a great crowd outside the Town Hall, and mounted policemen were guarding two magnificent trumpeters on white horses. It was the Assizes, and Sebastian, lost in admiration of the spectacle, was gaping with the crowd. When she came up to him, he began:

"Oh, Gemma! Just look . . ."

Fenella blushed all over. She felt as if even her toes were blushing. Without a word she got into the car, followed by Sebastian, who was also more than a little discomposed. As they drove out of the town, he kept giving sidelong, startled glances at this girl he had eloped with, this tall, slender, fair creature so unlike his gypsy Gemma. He looked at her flaming cheeks, and her green leather coat, and then down at her feet in their expensive, box-calf brogues. He might have been seeing her for the first time.

When they had gone some miles she asked, in sudden alarm, what he had done with the bread that he had bought. She had been too confused to think of it before. He said that he had put it in the car before he went down to see what the crowd was looking at. But it was not in the car now. Perhaps he had put it in the wrong car. There were so many left empty in the street.

"But you must know what this car looks like," she argued.

"All cars look alike to me."

"Oh, you're impossible!"

They were climbing up a steep, narrow lane with high hedges on either side. It was the last hill on the journey. She found herself

Packed away so carefully

Yet . . . Four months later her lovely coat was moth-ruined

A heart-rending experience! And one that is all too common. Clothes carefully brushed; put away with a so-called moth preventive. Yet a few months later full of ugly moth holes.

This year when you pack away your fine winter garments, do not trust to partially effective measures. Make sure they will be safe by protecting with Dichloricide.

Dichloricide is a white crystalline substance that offers a simple and easy way to prevent moth damage—and at a cost of only a few cents per garment. Unlike moth preparations that are effective only against the adult moth, Dichloricide destroys both moths and their larvae (the worm state in which moths feed on wool and fur garments).

Scattered in clothing, Dichloricide crystals give off a penetrating vapor that permeates every inch of the cloth. To human beings this vapor is harmless, but to moths and their larvae it is deadly.

When used according to the simple directions, Dichloricide gives protection for wool, fur or fur-trimmed garments. Next fall you will find them as lovely as ever and quickly ready for wear. Any remaining odor will disappear after a few minutes airing.

Keep Dichloricide on hand. Use it whenever you are packing away wool or fur garments. A pound package is sufficient to protect an average trunk full of clothing and may save you hundreds of dollars worth of damage. Get a package today from your druggist. Merck & Co. Inc., Manufacturing Chemists, New York City.

Dichloricide is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DICHLORICIDE

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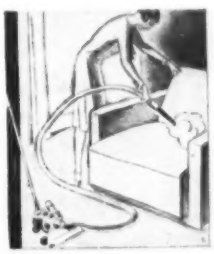

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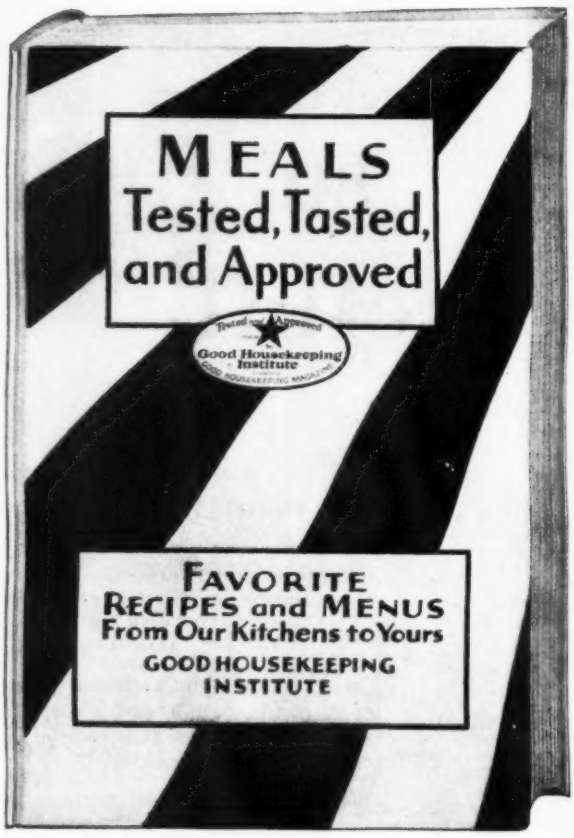

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The Fool of the Family

wishing that they were not so nearly there. When they crested the rise, she stopped for a moment. They looked down on a little basin of lush meadows, full of king-cups and drowsy cattle, where a small stream wound among pollarded willows. Woods like a cloud rose up in a circle all round it, and against the woods, half-hidden in moss-grown, crumbling barns, an ancient, red-gabled mill.

"Henry the Eighth slept there," remarked Fenella. "It's the oldest mill in Hampshire."

"I can quite believe it," said Sebastian. "It looks as if nobody had slept there since."

He was not enthusiastic. He did not like houses in a hole. She remembered how much she had longed to show it to Caryl. But she must never think of Caryl again.

There were six gates to be opened and shut again as they crossed the fields in the valley. And each time when she had driven through and Sebastian had climbed in once more beside her, she felt as if another lock had been turned upon them. At last all six barriers were up, and they came to a standstill beside a ruined cartshed. Fenella backed the car into it. She took the parcels of food, Sebastian carried their suitcases, and she led the way through a small gate into the Mill orchard, which was full of gnarled apple-trees. No blossom was out yet, but the grass was yellow with primroses. On every side of it there was a sound of running water echoing from a hundred streams. A flagged causeway took them over one to a path which led round to the front of the house. As they came round, the sound of water grew louder. It rose to a muffled thunder, for at the end of the lock in front of the house there was a weir.

SEBASTIAN, bewildered by so many singing voices, looked round him warily as Fenella struggled with the key in the front door. He could not feel safe with this thunder so near.

"Does it make that noise all the time?" he asked.

Fenella got the key to turn. The door swung back. A smell of airless damp blew out at them. Their boots trampled heavily on the boards of the empty, waiting house. Sebastian slammed the door quickly behind them so as to shut out the uneasy thunder of the weir, and he asked again if it went on always.

"They shut it off at night," said Fenella.

And her heart sank like a stone in a well. The house, damp, dark and secret, echoed her words hollowly . . . night . . . night . . . night . . . night . . .

"Oh!" she said. "How stuffy! Let's open all the windows."

She rushed from one lattice to another, letting in the noise again.

"We must make a fire. We must make a fire. It's so cold. It's so damp."

He carried the suitcases up the dark, boxed staircase that went steeply out of one corner of the living-room. She could hear his feet tramping about in the rooms overhead. And again she found herself wishing that they were Caryl's feet, that she might be safe here with Caryl instead of with this stranger, whose thoughts she did not know.

He found three or four rooms up there, and he put the suitcases down in the lightest. The sun had been beating on the closed windows so that it did not seem as cold as the others. But it had an airless, attic smell, and as he stood looking about him, a mouse scampered across the floor. There was a rattle of plaster inside one of the walls, and he started violently.

He looked at their suitcases on the floor, and at the green, dusty mirror, and the bed, a cottage four-poster with a patchwork quilt, and he was miserable. He could not think why he had come, why he must spend the night in such an uneasy place. And he thought of that night after the dance, when Fenella had kissed him. That moment had brought him to this one. But there was no continuity between the two.

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The Fool of the Family

"I must go down and look at her again," he thought.

She had made a fire downstairs, and she had set the table for a meal. She was waiting for him to come down, crouching beside the hearth and wondering if marriage was going to be like this, a lifetime shut up in a lonely house with a stranger. It might always be like this at first. But with Caryl would it have been like this?

NOW he was coming down. She heard his feet on the stairs, but she was a fraid to look round. She pretended to be busy throwing fresh sticks on the hearth, though she knew that he was standing behind her. She had come to a pause, and after this it must be his affair. What he wanted she would do. Where he led she would follow. But she could not see any road in front of them. She waited for him to speak. He said,

"What is that clergyman coming here for?"

Fenella spun round and stared at him.

"What clergyman?"

"There's a clergyman coming to call on us. Two clergymen. Three clergymen." He leaned excitedly out of the window. "Four! All the clergymen in the world are coming."

"Are you mad?"

"Come and look."

She ran to the window. It was true. Along the raised path on the other side of the loch four very old parsons were shuffling along in single file.

"Good heavens!" said Fenella. "And there's another. No, he isn't a clergyman. But he's got a beard. And look! Two old ladies! Sebastian! They're coming here!"

"There are some more coming out of the orchard."

They seemed to emerge from nowhere; they stepped out from behind trees and rose suddenly from the bushes. Not all of them were old. Not all of them were clergymen. But they were all dim and dusty-looking.

"What are they saying?" she whispered to Sebastian.

They listened, straining their ears, and a few phrases about Manorial Rights, the Hundred of Shillingworth, and the Charter of Broughton Abbey drifted across the quiet sward. Then she knew.

"Oh," she cried, "they've come to look at the Mill. People do. They haven't come for us at all. They're one of those societies—arch—arch—"

"Archeological?"

"Umhum. Oh, Sebastian, I thought they'd come for us."

"I thought they had, too," said Sebastian. "I thought they'd come to marry us or something."

Feeling a little bolder, she peeped out of the window again and saw a new cause for alarm. "They're coming to the house."

The black cluster was breaking up and drifting toward the door of the mill.

"Lock the door!" said Sebastian, in a panic.

"I can't. The key's outside. They'd see me."

"Then we must hide."

She had said, so often and so boldly, that she did not care a straw what people thought. But now she minded very much. She had never realized that people collectively looked like this. Before their advance she ran. And as she followed Sebastian through the scullery window at the back, she heard a polite knock at the front door.

They dashed for the car and went bucketing along as far as the first gate. The pause there was breathless, but they got through it without being molested. At the next gate they felt a little safer. And all the others were milestones on the way to freedom. When they were over the sheltering brow of the hill Fenella drew up to consider the position.

"We can't go back till they're gone," she said.

"But why are you so afraid of them? Why did you run away?" Sebastian wanted to know.

"It would have been so difficult to explain what we were doing there alone. Especially as I know some of them. They would have thought—"

"We could have said that we were married."

"But then we'd have had to be married after that. There'd have been no way out of it."

Not immediately did she realize what she had said. The flurry of escape had put her off her guard so that she uttered simply the foremost thought in her mind. But in the pause which followed she understood what a revealing thought it was, and how, once spoken, it was irrevocable. And she knew by Sebastian's silence that he had been waiting perhaps for a long time, to hear her say just that.

"Yes, it's true," she broke out. "I don't want to marry you. I've been finding it out all day. I—I never really thought before what marriage would be like. We can't spend the rest of our lives together. We don't understand each other well enough."

"No," said Sebastian.

Still he waited, wondering a little at her slowness. For the next conclusion was so clear to him. But she had not reached it yet. She said apprehensively:

"I don't know—I don't understand—what it is that has made us do this—what has brought us together."

"Don't you?"

She looked straight in front of her at the lane plunging steeply down between its high hedges, as if the truth was something walking up the road to meet them. The whole history of all that was between them lay plain before her from the day when he had kissed her at Steineck. It was as if some spell had been laid upon her then, something bad and mad, but so compelling that she did not want to fight against it any more.

"I didn't know I was like that," she murmured faintly.

"Didn't you?"

She ought to have known, because Caryl knew. He had told her. That was why he had not even begun to see Sebastian and himself as rivals, why he had let her go so easily.

"Then—" she said; "then—"

Sebastian looked at her curiously. He could not comprehend her distress, for to him the senses and the heart had always been separate things. He had spent his life among people who never confused the two. He had no conception of the traditions, the upbringing, the inexperience which would make such a revelation appalling to a girl like Fenella. If she had not looked so pale, so distraught, he would have been obliged to set her down as a hypocrite. But he saw that she was in some real, though mysterious trouble. She spoke as though every word was torture to her.

"Then it's not love. Not love at all. It's—"

She turned to him as if she hoped that he might say something to help her. But he only told her grimly,

"Of course!"

She started up the car again, and all day, like fugitives, they raced about the hills of Hampshire. But they knew that the Mill was waiting for them.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN THE middle of supper Sebastian started and began to listen.

"Hush!" he said. And then, "It's making a different noise."

"What?"

"The weir."

A man from the weir-house, coming with a lantern, had shut off the sluice. The thunder rose on a dying scale to a soft, rushing whisper. It stopped.

They sat in a vast, breathless silence, measured into seconds by the tall clock ticking in the shadow behind the door. Everything

MUSTARD BUTTER MIXTURES

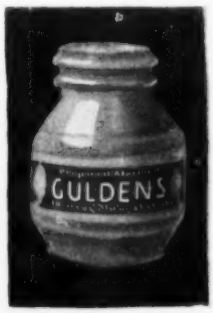
Cream 2 tbsp. Gulden's Mustard with ½ cup butter. Use instead of butter for sandwiches, or by itself, adding chopped parsley, lettuce, olives, celery, etc.

DEVILLED EGGS

Spread round of bread with mustard butter to which parsley has been added. Prepare Devilled eggs as follows, slice, and place on bread:—1 tbsp. Gulden's, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ tbsp. melted butter, yolks 4 eggs. Fill egg whites.

TOMATO CANAPE

Spread bread or toast with Mustard Butter. Add a thin slice tomato from which center has been cut. Place ball of cream cheese in center of tomato. The cream cheese



should be seasoned with Gulden's—½ cup cheese and 1 tbsp. Gulden's. (This cheese mixture is used for the canape shown here, garnished with pimento.)

CHOPPED BEETS

Mix one cup diced boiled beets, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise, ½ tsp. Gulden's, ¼ tsp. salt. Spread on bread buttered with mustard butter. Garnish with anchovy and green pepper.

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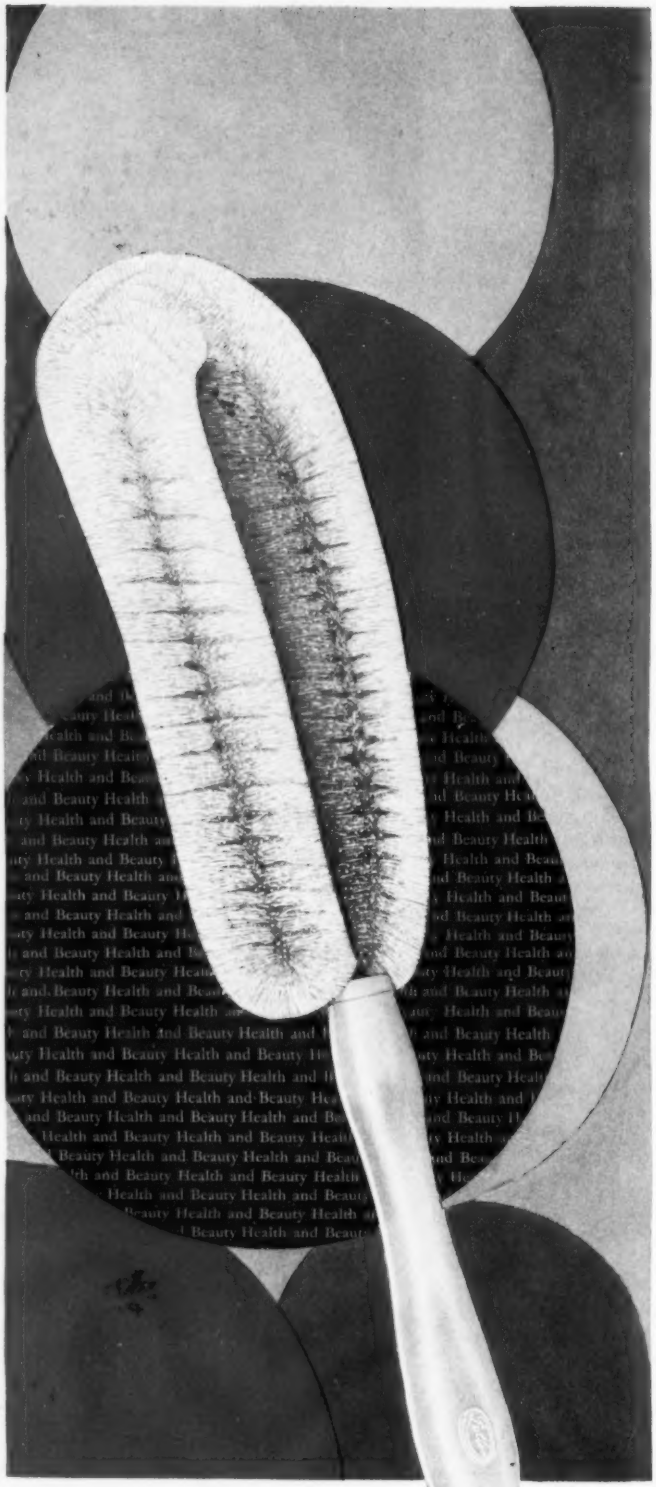

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The Fool of the Family

seemed to have stopped. The lamplight, from the uncurtained window, streamed out upon a void. Fenella went across to the door and looked into a darkness so profound that she could not even remember the loch or the trees or the shapes of hidden, sleeping fields. Night had engulfed them, and beyond the light, splashed upon the doorstep, there was nothing.

"I didn't know that any night could be so dark," she said.

There were so many things that she had never known before.

She took a few stumbling steps on the brick path outside, feeling for the bushes with her hands as if she was blind. She wanted to get away from the house a little, but she dared not go far, for the edge of the loch must be close by.

Still she was listening, and in the empty cup of night there might be, very far away, a little sound, a faint humming on the hill across the valley. She turned quickly and saw a bright light shine out for a moment. It was a car coming down the hill. The humming grew louder, but the light was quenched. It must be on its way to one of the farms or the weir cottage.

She thought, "Fancy opening all those gates in the dark."

And then she thought, "To-morrow, when I see the field and the trees again, how will they look?"

HER slow steps turned toward the house again. Through the open door she could see the supper-table and the lamplight falling on burnished luster dishes, and Sebastian's head, a shadow, bending forward. He had not moved while she was wandering in the garden. And again she thought how strange he was, how alien to herself, how utterly hidden his thought must always be to her.

There was a little scraping noise as Sebastian pushed back his chair over the flagged floor. He began to wander idly about the room, peering into its dark corners as once he had peered about in the drawing-room at Hyde Park Gardens. She saw his shadow crossing and recrossing the window. Then a tinkling note or two came out into the darkness. He had found the cottage piano in the recess behind the stairs. It was almost ruined by the damp, rusted through and mildewed, but it still made music of a sort, pleasantly faint, like a harpsichord. She drew near to the window, listening, with her elbow on the sill.

She could see him in profile as he sat, and perhaps because the lamp threw such deceiving shadows, perhaps because there was really a likeness, she thought for a moment he was Caryl. She had seen Caryl like that first of all, sitting at a piano in the Lido Cinema. If only he could stay sitting there for ever, and she could listen for ever in the darkness, he would still be Caryl. When he stopped, she said,

"Play '*An die Musik.*' "

"Not on a music-box."

"Play it."

He smiled and felt about for the right chords.

"And sing it."

"*Du holde Kunst . . .*"

Caryl's face, Caryl's voice, everything that he was came back so clearly to her mind. When Caryl had sung that, she knew what he was thinking. Nobody in the world knew Caryl quite so well as she did; nobody else could help him to bear that burden of an artist's soul that could never find a voice of its own:

"*Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt . . .*"

Sebastian's voice came to her gravely, serenely, through the night. He sang, as Caryl had sung, intent upon some hidden glory. A vision drew him on. And she thought,

"If he can sing that—he can understand me when I tell him."

When the faint, noble chords had sunk away, she came quickly into the room. She must tell him at once, while her mind was clear.

"Sebastian," she said, "I can't do it. I don't say that we couldn't be happy. But for me, anyway, it has to be all or nothing. After all, there's right, isn't there? And there's wrong."

"So I've been told," said Sebastian.

"You know there is. If somebody offered you ten thousand a year never to write any music again, what would you do?"

"Knock his block off."

"Why? Why should you go on toiling and starving, when—"

"Merely because life isn't worth living except on one's own terms."

That was what she meant. He had found the right words for her.

"That's just it. We have to make our own terms and stick to them. There are some things we each of us can't do. We can't give up what we think the best thing for something less good. If I did what you want, I should be—dishonored. I should have given up my own terms. It's honor. You see? It's honor."

"Do you mean," he asked, as he came toward her, "do you mean that you want to go back to Caryl? Is that what you mean?"

"No. Not Caryl. I've lost Caryl. I must bear that. I must pay for what I've done. But at least I can still say that I'll have the best or nothing. Sebastian—will you let me go back?"

"We'll go back to-morrow," he said. "Not for anybody will I open those six gates to-night. You go up to your room and stay there. I won't disturb you. I'll leave you alone. But I don't want to see any more of you, and we've talked about this quite enough. Good night."

STILL without looking at her he flung out of the door and stumbled a little way along the brick path. He was tired and desolate. The open door seemed to pull him back. To get away from it he went round the house, feeling along by the walls, till he got to the paved causeway into the orchard. Never in his life had he been quite so angry, but he knew that it was all his own fault for making love to Caryl's girl. He might have known that she would turn out to be as obstinate as Caryl.

"I'll never meddle with anything of Caryl's again," he vowed to himself.

He was trying to find the gate into the lane, so that he might sit in the empty car and console himself with a pipe. But whichever way he turned, he walked into a tree-trunk. A branch hit him in the eye, and he swore. At the same time another voice, only a few feet away, swore, too. Somebody else was plunging about in the darkness. He called,

"Hullo!"

"Hullo there!"

"Hullo, Caryl!"

"Sebastian! That you?"

"Where are you?"

"Trying to open this gate. How does it open?"

"Do you want to come in?"

"Yes, I do."

"What for?"

"To knock the daylight out of you."

"Then I certainly shan't help you to open it."

He heard the latch give, and Caryl come crashing through, and for safety he got behind a small apple-tree.

Moving as quietly as he could, he edged away from the pursuing noises, and when he thought that he had put a reasonable number of trees between them, he said:

"You've nothing to fight me for. At least, not more than you had yesterday. If you wanted to hit me, why didn't you do it in the theatre?"

"You can marry her, if you want to and she'll have you. But you'll do it on the square. What d'you think you're doing? Bringing

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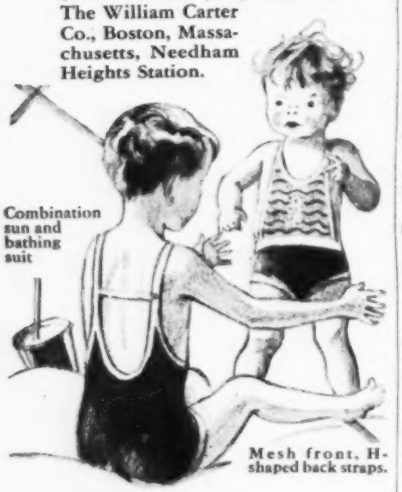

Carter's

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Infants' wear

June 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Fool of the Family

her here like this, you cad, you swine, you—"

Sebastian laughed loudly. He could not help it, remembering how little he had wished to come.

"Are you going to take her back?" he asked.

"Yes. When I've finished with you."

"You could finish with me in two minutes if you'd only listen. You're quite on the wrong track. She's turned me out. She's changed her mind. I'm going back, myself."

"What?" The crashing footsteps stopped.

"It's all over."

"What—what—"

"She won't have anything to do with me."

Caryl was silent for such a long time that Sebastian had a queer feeling that he could not be there any more.

"Where are you?" he called.

"Here."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes. You can come out from behind that tree. I won't hit you. Where are you? Strike a match."

They both struck matches and then came nearer to each other over the grass. Sebastian put out his hand and caught Caryl's arm. He patted his brother on the back and murmured encouragingly,

"Good old Caryl!"

"That's enough about that," said Caryl in rather a surly voice. "Where's this blasted house?"

"Wait a minute. Here's the gate again. Let's go into the lane and find the car. It's in a shed somewhere. Then we can turn on the lights and sit in it. How did you get here, by the way?"

Caryl explained that he had motored from Winchester, but that his driver thought the lane too narrow and was waiting by the last of the gates.

"I'm glad you have a car there, because now I can go back in it," said Sebastian. "And you can stay here and look after Fenella."

"Fenella will come back, too."

"If she wants to, she will. You must ask her. But anyhow she won't have to see me again, and she'll be thankful for that."

"What happened?"

SEBASTIAN drew a deep breath. So very much had happened in the day that he scarcely knew where to begin. But he did his best to tell everything, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe and glancing round now and then at Caryl's dim profile beside him. Caryl, who wanted to know only one thing, grew impatient.

"Why did she change her mind?" he insisted. "That's what I want to know."

"I don't think she did exactly change her mind," explained Sebastian. "As she put it to me, it was a case of—how did she put it?—of honor."

"Honor?"

Caryl sat up so suddenly that Sebastian thought he had heard somebody coming.

"No, no; nobody," said Caryl. "How did she mean? Honor?"

"She said that for her it was marriage or nothing, and when she found that she didn't want to marry me, it was off."

"But when did she find out that?"

"Why, you see, when we got here, before we'd been in the house ten minutes, we saw all the clergymen in the world coming, as we thought, to marry us, and—"

"Don't try to be funny!"

Sebastian explained that nothing was further from his mind. But Caryl would not listen to his description of the Archeological Society. He wanted to get back to Fenella.

"So then we went to Stonehenge—"

"Curse Stonehenge! Why did Fenella—"

"That I'll never know. How she made up her mind, I mean. She asked me to play '*An die Musik*.'"

Caryl was impatient no longer. He sat still, letting his pipe go out. "She asked you to play that?" he said slowly.

"And I played it."

"Yes?"

"And then she came in and said things."

He paused, trying to remember what things, exactly, she had said. He was aware that they were going to be immensely important to Caryl. He said with some hesitation:

"It wasn't just that she likes you best. I'm afraid. Though she seems to be very sorry that you've chucked her."

"I'd rather," said Caryl, "that it wasn't just that."

"She said there were some things a person couldn't do. She said that if you knew what the best was, you couldn't let yourself be fobbed off with the second-best. She said that the man who gets her must be the man she can stick to for always."

"Yes."

"You know, if you want her back, I think you ought to go to her now and say, 'Am I a man you can stick to for always?' And if she says 'Yes,' I should take her at her word."

"I'll do what I think fit. After you've gone. By the way, you've got to go back to Gemma."

"Of course I'm going back to Gemma. She's the only woman I know without a bee in her bonnet about something or other."

"She has some news for you."

"News? What sort of news?"

"She'd better tell you herself."

Sebastian could not guess what it was. But he said contentedly that a man knew where he was with Gemma.

"Not like your girl, Caryl. I'll keep clear of your girls after this."

Caryl laughed to himself. "That's all you know about it, old man. She's exactly like my girl, and you'll find it out before you're much older."

"How?" asked Sebastian in alarm. "*She* hasn't changed, has she?"

The idea disturbed him so much that he leaped out of the car and began to run down the lane so as to get back to Gemma and safety as quickly as possible. Caryl ran after him, still laughing. The enormous relief of the last ten minutes had made him feel almost light-headed, and he nearly sent Sebastian off without giving him Birnbaum's message. They found his own car waiting by the gate, and just as it started, he remembered. Running beside it, he jumped on the step and cried:

"I forgot. You must ring up Ike. It's important."

"I will if I remember."

"No, you must. It's really important."

Sebastian laughed and nodded. The car bore him away into darkness, still laughing, still serenely pursuing his inspired, meteoric course. His rear lamp flashed in a wide curve, like some vagrant star, and vanished.

CHAPTER XXX

FOR a few minutes Fenella could not remember where she was. The bed was in the wrong position, and the light from the window was shining in her face. She sat up, bewildered, pushing the hair out of her eyes, and then it all came back to her. She was at Shillstone Mill. It was morning again, and Sebastian was tapping at the door.

In front of her there was a day to be lived through, an odious, uphill, stony path to be trod. She saw all of it plain before her in an inclement flash of foresight—how she must face Sebastian again, and how they must get themselves back to London. And after that, immediately after that, before she had time to waver, she must tell her father the whole story, without palliation and without excuse. And after that—she could not imagine what she was going to do after that.

Again the tapping came at her door. She muttered to herself, "Must get through with it," and jumped out of bed.

Pulling on a dressing-gown, she went across to the door.

"...THE SAME ANN...
A REAL BIT OF ENGLAND"

"... the same Ann. It wasn't two days before she had managed to find the trimmest sort of cart for that colt I bought in Calcutta. Now, each morning when she starts off from the terrace, her obviously West End tussor, her sure horsemanship ... and most of all her fresh, clear complexion make you know that a real bit of England is driving through the compound."—From the letters of an Englishman abroad.

Soap and Cream and Powder...Give your skin the cool refreshing protection that the English Woman uses

SEARCH the world over, but only among English women will you find complexions so flower-like in texture. How does the English woman achieve—and preserve—that matchless beauty? You may be amazed to know that she follows no elaborate ritual of creams and lotions. Her cosmetics are so few as almost to arouse skepticism.

Soap, cream and powder—that is all. But each is of superlative quality. First, Yardley's English Lavender Soap. And you will find that it leaves your skin clear and refreshed with a new and healthful beauty caught in its soft texture.

Then, English Complexion Cream, as a cleansing cream to complement the use of soap and water; as a freshening cream for use at night; and as a powder foundation in the morning. Used in this way, it is to be smoothed on liberally and then washed off with water. The fine, thin film that remains is an excellent base for your powder.

And last, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder. Gentle, cooling and enduring, it comes in smart shades that will blend correctly with the tones of your skin, accentuating your own color.

Eight generations of English gentlewomen have made the charm of Yardley's English Lavender their own. Today it may be yours, for all the Yardley products are now available in America. The beauty treatment is waiting at your own favorite store. Send for our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent." It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 8 New Bond St., London: 452 Fifth Ave. at Fortieth St., New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. R. H.

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WALES

Yardley's English Complexion Cream to cleanse, freshen and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed jar, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.

Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, *or* 35c *a cake. Guest size,* 20c *a cake. Bath size,* 50c *a cake.*

Yardley's English Lavender

"The Lovable Fragrance"

In using advertisements see page 6

Salad Belle Fermière served at the Cold Buffet of

SAN FRANCISCO'S EXCLUSIVE OLYMPIC CLUB

MARTIN, chef de cuisine of this famous club, sends you the recipe for his popular Salad Belle Fermière! You will find it extremely simple and easy to make, but of an exquisite flavor . . . And the French's Prepared Mustard that Martin adds to the dressing has much to do with that marvelous flavor!

French's Prepared Mustard brings zestful flavor to so many dishes . . . It has a distinctive, sparkling tang, a subtle delicacy not found in ordinary mustards. French's is better because it's "creamed" in the blending, and you know how "creaming" develops the flavor of quality ingredients!...And what smoothness it gives to the texture!

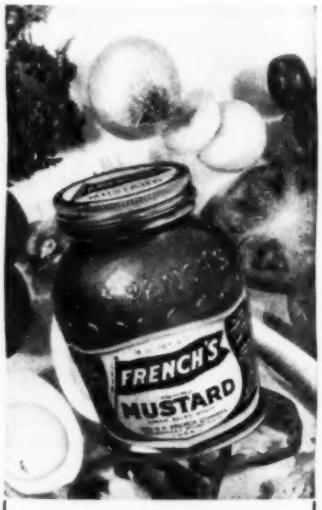
Always keep a jar of French's Prepared Mustard on hand . . . Add it to your salad dressings . . . to sauces for vegetables and fish . . . use it in canapés and hors d'oeuvres. And never serve cold cuts without it! Tell your grocer to send you a jar of it right away.

Salad Belle Fermière

(From chef of San Francisco's famous Olympic Club)

Cut up in Julienne fashion (that is, in thin strips about one inch long) ½ cup cold boiled potatoes, ½ cup celery, ½ cup cold boiled beets, and ¼ cup pimiento. Arrange individual servings on nests of lettuce leaves and serve with the following dressing:

Bohemian Dressing: To 6 tablespoons mayonnaise add 4 teaspoons French's Prepared Mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoon onion juice. Mix well.



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FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD

★

it's "creamed"

The Fool of the Family

"I've brought you some hot water," said Caryl.

He was standing outside with a very small jug in his hand, which he deposited carefully upon her doorsill. He was a little grave, but he took no notice of her startled surprise.

"Breakfast," he told her, "will be ready in half an hour."

He disappeared, and if it had not been for the jug of hot water steaming gently on the floor she would have thought that she must have gone mad. But it was there, and it could not have come there by itself. Those busy feet tramping about downstairs must certainly belong to Caryl. Sebastian would never have brought a jug of hot water to anybody.

Half-stunned, she picked it up and shut the door. As she dressed, she kept stopping to listen. There was a rattle of crockery, a sound of crackling wood. But only one person was walking about, and there was no noise of conversation. He seemed to be alone down there.

IF ANY one had told her that curiosity can quench despair, she would not have believed them, and afterward she was a little ashamed to remember how eager, how almost cheerful, she had grown by the time she went down to breakfast. She was wild to know how Caryl had come there, and where Sebastian was, and what they had said to each other. In less than twenty minutes she was running downstairs to find the table laid for breakfast.

Caryl, squatting in front of the fire, was making toast. He handed her the fork and went back to the coffee-pot. His manner was still rather solemn, so that she did not know how to begin her questions. But he could not keep it up for very long.

Suddenly he laughed and said, "In a car."

"What?"

"I came in a car. At ten o'clock last night. And Sebastian's gone back to London."

"But why did you come, Caryl? How did you know we were here?"

"I had a message from Jacob Birnbaum for Sebastian. It was very important."

Sebastian! He came for Sebastian. Curiosity did not carry one very far, after all.

"Then he told you—everything?" she asked in a low voice.

Caryl, remembering all he had heard, repressed a grin. He said: "Yes. He told me everything. You're letting that toast burn, my dear."

Somehow she did not want to ask any more questions. She gave her attention to the toast-making, while a smell of good coffee rose from Caryl's side of the hearth. She wondered where he had slept. He had been all night in the house, and she had never known it. While she was still asleep, he must have been thinking of her, and he must have his own plans. He did not seem to be angry with her, which ought to have been a relief. But it was not, for it made her more angry with herself. His kindness and his equanimity were far worse than any reproaches.

He was looking at the clock, and the moment they had finished breakfast, he said:

"Now we must wash up. Time's getting on."

"That clock's fast," said Fenella quickly.

And then she flushed, because it sounded as if she wanted to keep him there, so she added,

"At least—perhaps it isn't."

"I have to be back at Kraut's by ten. Are you going to let me drive you up? Or would you rather—"

"Just as you like, Caryl. I'm going home to-day."

He took the cups into the scullery to wash them, calling over his shoulder as he went. "You go and pack your things then."

She went very slowly upstairs. She could hear him walking impatiently about the garden. She could see him from the window standing on the high path at the other side of the loch. He stared down into the water, while another Caryl, feet upward, stared into the sky. And it came to her that she had always planned this, on those days when they had meant to spend their honeymoon at Shillstone Mill. There were so many beautiful things there that she had meant to show him. But now she saw that future together, which she had lost, mirrored in a profound sadness, as clear, as unobtainable, as the mirrored picture floating on the water—the sky, the willow branches, and Caryl's motionless figure. A little wind blew over the loch, and it was gone, wiped out in a sheet of silver. It was gone for ever and ever. She turned away from the window, knowing that always, for the rest of her life, there would be one place in her heart where sorrow, tranquil and profound, would be deep enough to hold that picture of him, as long as memory lasted. She had done with crying. Tugging at her heavy suitcase, she made her way downstairs.

Everything in the living room had been put away tidily. The fire was raked out, and the cups hung from their hooks in a neat row. The windows were shut, and the house was waiting for them to go. She went out into the porch. Caryl saw her and hurried round to take her suitcase, while she took the key down from the nail where it hung. But the lock was stiff, or else her hands were trembling. She could not get it to turn.

"Let me," said Caryl.

He locked the door and put the key in his pocket. "I'll keep this," he said.

"You?"

"For when we come back."

"Caryl—what do you mean?"

"For our honeymoon," said Caryl. "I don't call this a honeymoon, do you?" He caught her to his heart and asked again, "Do you?"

"No," said Fenella.

"A great deal too short, this elopement has been," he said contentedly.

She looked up at him and said quickly,

"But we can't ever come back here."

NEVER here again, for the two who might have come here were lost. He was her lover. He was her own forever. But he was not the man to whom she had pledged her faith in Venice. He loved her differently. He looked at her differently; not as he had looked that first time when she kissed him in the dark Cortile. She could never bring him again into that airy world of wonder, of first love and boundless promise. Like a wind across the water the hard things that she had made him suffer had shattered the lovely dream which he had made. Sebastian flashing out across his bows in the waters of the Grand Canal, Sebastian traveling comet-wise across his life, had left him the poorer and the sadder.

"Oh, well," he said stoically, "there are plenty of other places. Plenty. We've got all the other places in the world to choose from."

"Oh, Caryl, I wish—I wish—"

"My dear love, don't. There are some things you must never say. Wish something else."

"Well, I wish you didn't have to go back to Kraut's."

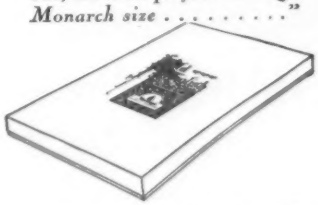
"Oh, bother Kraut's! I'd forgotten the brutes." He looked at his watch. "Good Lord! We've got nearly seventy miles to do before ten o'clock. Come along, my angel."

He picked up her suitcase and then put it down to kiss her yet once again. Their shadows, pausing for a second on the quiet water, trembled lightly and were gone. Their voices under the apple boughs grew fainter. The noise of their car died away over the fields. And the old mill, the water and the willows, leaning down toward the mirrored sky, fell back into a tranquil sleep.

THE END.

"Dear Sis,

Yes, your British beau is better—and no—I don't mind his bunking with me. I don't mind his wearing my socks on his sore throat—I don't mind his snitching my ties or calling me 'Old Thing.' But when he writes you his daily dozen on my Old English Crushed Bond—it slays me Sis, and that's the truth . . . In case you're sending me another box, we both prefer the large Monarch size . . . . . "



Montag's Old English Crushed Bond is a distinguished, heavy weight, large rag content, hand-deckled sheet. Its fine, two-toned, crushed finish in a variety of sizes and shapes, is appropriate for men as well as women. *Sold in quire boxes and by the pound with envelopes to match, at great savings.*

Fine stores everywhere sell *Montag's* Old English Crushed Bond. *Be sure it's Montag's!*

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Crushed Bond

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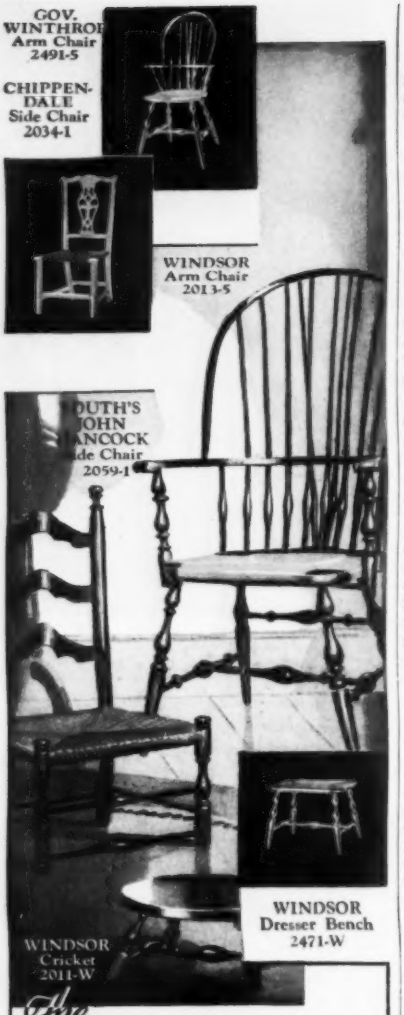

The
CHAIR of the Age for All Ages

FOR three hundred years, the Windsor Chair has reigned supreme. To-day, its popularity is at its peak. Nichols & Stone—with three generations of craftsmanship and factory facilities unsurpassed—have brought these erstwhile heirlooms within reach of every home. And in more than 125 delightful patterns, they make traditional Windsor comfort and beauty available to every age from 2 to 92. Look for the identifying Nichols & Stone shop mark underneath each seat, and the gold and brown shield shaped tag.

"The Charm of Wayside Inn" shows how the Windsor fits "any room in any home." For free copy address

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THE HOME OF WINDSOR CHAIRS
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NICHOLS & STONE CO., Dept. E-30, Gardner, Mass.
Send free copy of Wayside Inn Booklet and nearest dealer's name to
Name.....
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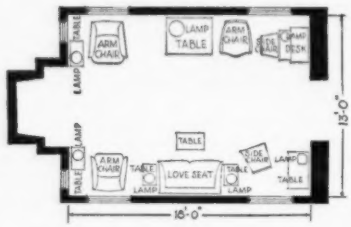
A French Provincial Living Room

(*Continued from page 63*)

arrangement, and yet each would be attractive.

Some French Provincial furniture should be used, of course, and with it may be combined the two fireside wing chairs, not so typical as the bergère (shown by the table on the wall opposite the sofa), but harmonious and comfortable. For above everything, if you would have a successful room from the standpoint of your family, have it comfortable.



The davenport is modern, but with its gay slip-cover with gathered ruffle, placed between two small Provincial tables, it assumes almost a French feeling. The other pieces are all light and small in scale to suit the room. They consist of a desk at one end of the room of Provincial design with a beechwood finish and French hardware; a walnut table showing the cabriole leg of the Louis XV period at the same end of the room on the other side of the arched opening; a low table of the same type is in front of the sofa and a beechwood chair with upholstered seat is placed conveniently near. On the wall opposite, another walnut table is placed below a gilt mirror of French type, and conveniently holds magazines, a vase of flowers or a plant (always have something growing or alive in a room), a lamp, and some favorite ornament.

Beside the table is the bergère, a definitely French type of chair. It is of the formal type and most pleasant to sit in. Cruder chairs with arms, rush seats, and slat backs were frequently used in the French provinces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with cushions on the seats and fitted slip cushions on the back. Two tables of the delightful three-tier build are on either side of the fire place.

And now we come to *color*. Having plain walls, there was a real chance for a colorful chintz in a gay pattern. We chose one of French design in the loveliest blue with a bit of yellow and red through it. This we accented by a knife-plaited ruffle of red on the edge of the curtains and for the tie-backs. The yellow was repeated in the material used for the wing chairs and bergère, which has a red ground with a tan star-like flower. It is a small pattern typical of the French Provinces, as are the gathered, not box-plaited, ruffles.

So against a cool putty background we have the mellowness of walnut and beechwood, a predominance of blue, vivid touches of red and yellow, and the gilt of the mirror frames.

As *individual* a thing as there is in the room is the plaque in low relief—a crusader in his coat of mail in vivid colors and silver and gold—which hangs over the beam across the fireplace opening. It is interesting both in subject and color, and was done by one of our contemporary artists, Frances Burr.

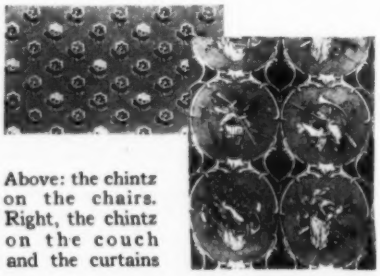
The strictly conventional and yet cosy arrangement of the two chairs and the tables by the fireplace invites one to stay at home by its sense of comfort—a breeze through the window on a warm day, a fire on a cool one.

A hooked rug was found with the red and yellow of the chintz to put between the wing chairs. Pewter candlesticks, a lamp of pottery, quaint red tôle lanterns used for sidelights, iron fire tools and andirons, all do their bit.

Now in conclusion a practical word about the curtains. If your casements open out, you will not want glass-curtains, and you can place the chintz curtains on the top of the window frame, making them with pinch plaits and a French heading and mounting them on a traverse rigging, so that they can be drawn.

If the windows open in, glass-curtains of net can be used with a brass rod run through a casing. So that the window will open without interfering with the curtains, a brass rod with a "return," or a curve, at each end, which makes it set out from the window, must be used. The finished results look alike.

My staff and I are delighted to answer any questions which may arise in your mind either about the rooms we build and illustrate, or any other problem of decorating. Your letter is considered confidential and will be answered promptly with the greatest pleasure.



Above: the chintz on the chairs. Right, the chintz on the couch and the curtains

A Room for Your Summer Camp

(*Continued from page 64*)

patterned cretonne which can be bought for $1.65 a yard, and they hang at the windows over a yellow-orange wide-meshed net which brings a feeling of sunshine to the room.

As a camp is the place of places to lounge and be comfortable, chairs and a davenport of hickory have great, deep cushions covered in green Tat cloth, a rough-textured monk's cloth suitable to the room. Small tables are placed by the chairs and sofa, while the pewter lamps are completed by yellow parchment shades.

Unfortunately, the picture does not show to advantage the dining table which matches the other furniture and is of the refectory shape with a primitive stretcher base. It is placed close to the wall but, of course, should be either at one end of a living-dining camp room, or in the center of a dining camp. The ladder-back chairs have basket-woven seats.

Like everything else in this primitive but home-like room, the table appointments have been chosen for durability and suitability.

We solved the problem of suitable dishes by using an attractive, daffodil-yellow pottery service with damask doilies and napkins in two shades of green. At either end of the table stands a two-branch candlestick of the yellow pottery accented by green candles. A melon-shaped yellow bowl holds colorful fruit. The green glassware is sturdy and in keeping with the character of the table and the room. The heavily plated silver service depends for its beauty entirely upon its simplicity and grace of line. At the left of each plate we have placed a large and small fork, and to the right a dinner knife, soup spoon, and dessert spoon.

"Bride, you simply must have Sterling"

AND HOW EASILY YOU CAN OWN THIS INTERNATIONAL Sterling

A WOMAN'S PRIDE is never satisfied until she sets her table with sterling silver. And so . . . Bride of 1930 . . . do not make the mistake of waiting for it until "some day."

Even though you begin now with a limited silver service, let each piece bear the proud old superscription . . . STERLING.

If no one gives you sterling . . . give it to yourself. It is really so inexpensive if you plan your service ahead and build it up slowly.

A Starting Service of Twenty Pieces $64.70

You can purchase 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 teaspoons and 2 tablespoons — twenty pieces of International Sterling—for as little as $64.70.

Enough Sterling to Serve Four Courses $76.37

Twenty-six pieces—including 4 bouillon spoons, 4 knives, 4 forks, 8 teaspoons, 4 individual salad forks, 2 tablespoons—as low as $76.37.

A Formal Sterling Dinner Service for Eight! $250

Just think...for as little as $250 you can have a formal dinner service in International Sterling for eight people! Silver that will be envied and admired every time your friends come to the house. There's no reason why you should not have the sterling you desire, for at most good jewelers now, you can pay for a sterling service out of income, the way you purchase a car or a radio.

First . . . and most important . . . send for Lady Mendl's book of silver advice

The most helpful booklet on silver ever written! Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl) gives authoritative advice on table settings and etiquette. Many superb patterns are shown, with prices. With this booklet we will also send the Book of Orchid. Send 30 cents to cover mailing.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

Fine Arts Division - Wallingford, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Enclosed is 30c, for which please send me "Correct Table Silver" and "The Book of Orchid." G. H. 5-30

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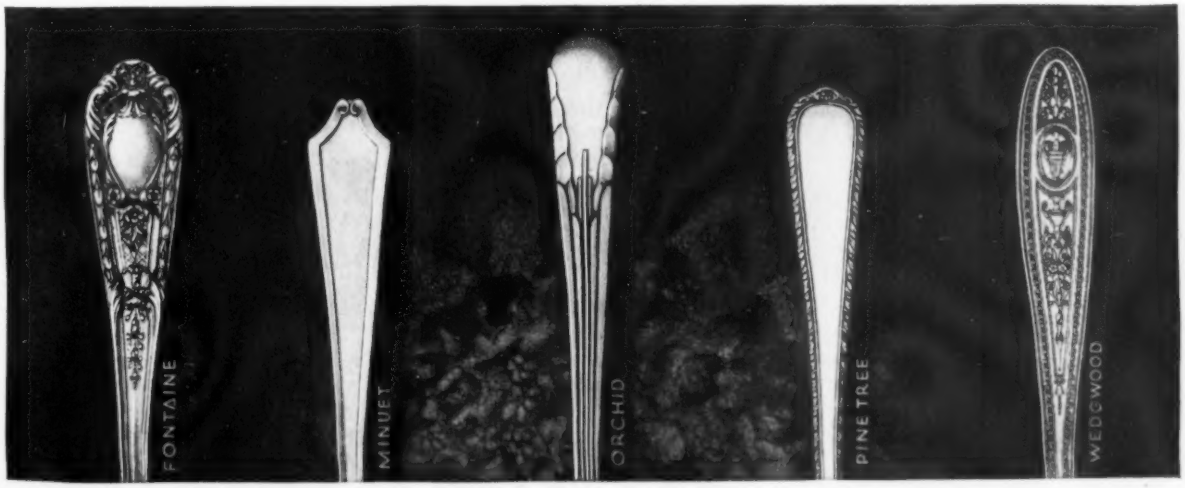


In using advertisements see page 6

What have I done to deserve "pink tooth brush"?

WITH surprise and dismay, many a man still in his thirties, and many a woman younger than that, regards the tell-tale tinge of "pink" upon the tooth brush.

The brain brings up thoughts of pyorrhea, of gingivitis and kindred diseases . . . for gums that bleed, as any dentist will tell you, are often the first outward sign of ailments such as these!

This tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, however, does not of necessity mean that serious trouble has come to you. *But it does mean that you must watch out. You must give your gums the care they need to keep them firm and healthy!*

* * *

The soft foods so much in use today have robbed our gums of exercise and stimulation. They grow soft and flabby. Frequently they bleed. But an efficient new technique—with Ipana Tooth Paste—quickly restores to the gums the stimulation they so urgently need, and keeps them in sturdy, robust health!

Simply brush your gums when and while you clean your teeth with Ipana. Or massage them with your fingers—lightly at first, then harder. You speed the lagging circulation. You give new life and vigor to the tiny cells. For Ipana contains ziratol, the hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists themselves use in treating gum disorders.

And not only does Ipana keep your gums in health, but it makes teeth sparkling white. It has a delightful taste. It gives an instant and refreshing sensation of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-60
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

If Ipana does cost a few cents more, it's worth it. Its extra protection and its extra benefits are well worth this difference. Get a tube today at your nearest drug store. Tonight, start the full month's test! Your gums will be firmer; your teeth will be whiter, brighter than ever before!

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

The high noon table, aglow with colored glassware

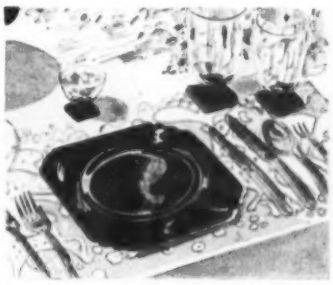
WITH REASON, "luncheon" is the most high-spirited of all the daily feasts. The food is light and rich. The sun is high and brilliant. Sleep is far away on both sides of the day, and the more confined enticements of evening still lurk distantly below the bright horizon. The pleasant talk, like sunbeams, flashes quickly here and there through the scented haze of fine tobacco and rare perfume. . . . And on the modish table, as colorful as the occasion, the clear, sunlit elegance of tinted Fostoria Glassware serves everything from the dainty fruit cocktail to the cup of fragrant tea.

Fostoria
MADE IN U.S.A.

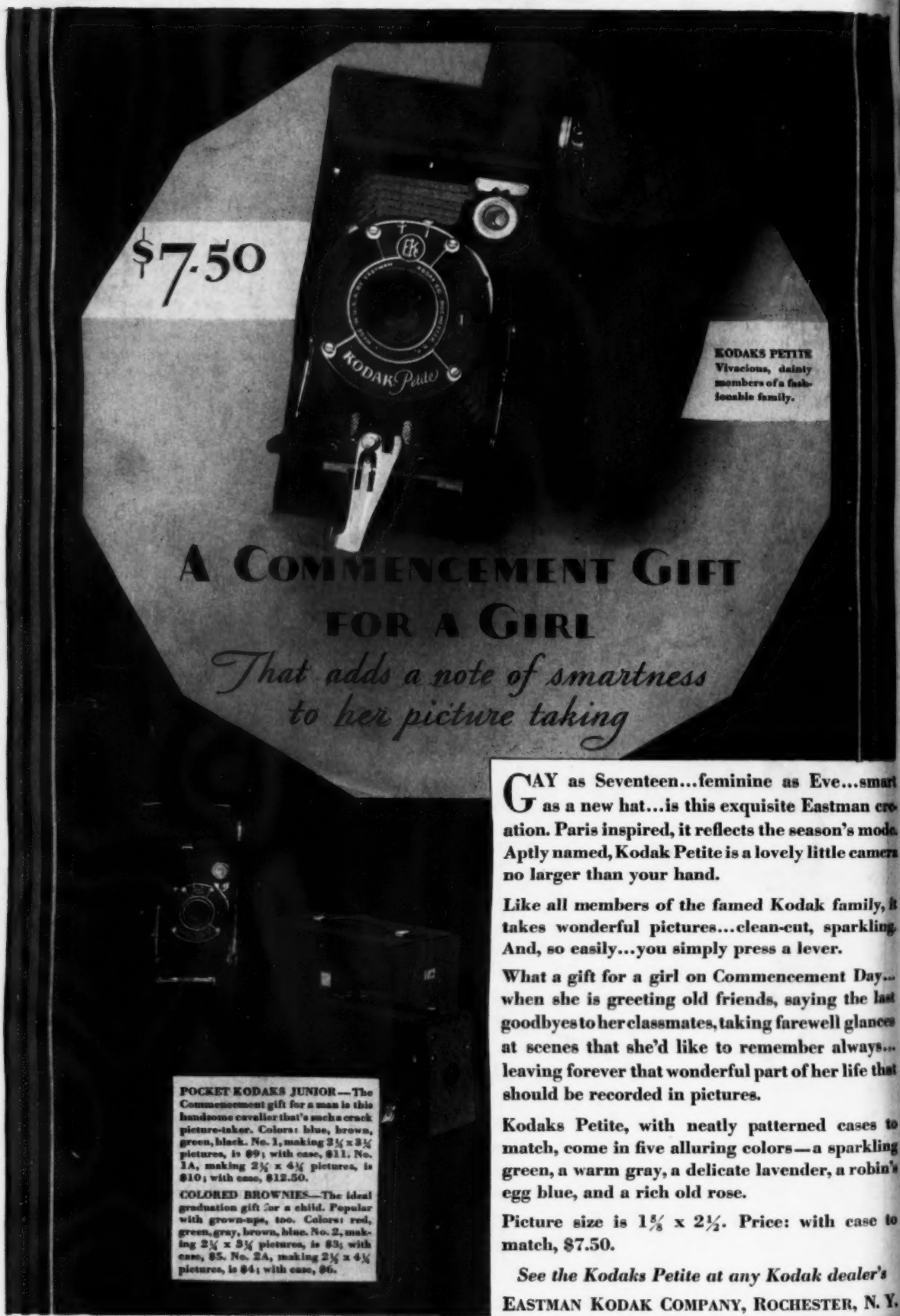
Serving dishes and tumblers have achieved a revived beauty in fine Fostoria Glassware, a beauty unparalleled since glass-making became a charming science in Venice and table-setting a subtle art in France. The Fostoria colors—they are really the most subtle tints—include Amber, Azure, Dawn, Green, Crystal and the unique golden glass called Topaz. You may set your table for breakfast, luncheon and the most particular dinner party in any of these lovely tones . . . and the Fostoria, if you choose, may be etched or cut with graceful designs.

FOSTORIA *is moderately priced at the best shops in complete sets or individual pieces. Replacements can be had at any time because Fostoria is sold* ON THE OPEN STOCK PLAN *and the glassware always can be matched exactly. . . . Fostoria Glassware, lovely and fragile-seeming as it is, stands up as well as chinaware under hard usage and is unaffected by rapid changes in extremes of temperature.*

Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It is replete with illustrated details of authoritative table-settings and decorative suggestions. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. G-6, *Moundsville, W. Va.*



The dark beauty of Ebony and the clearness of Crystal are graciously combined in this setting for a formal luncheon. The Millefleur cutting on the square base tumbler is matched on the crystal service plate. The embroidered organdie cloth is Florentine.


$7.50
KODAK Petite
KODAKS PETITE
Vivacious, dainty members of a fashionable family.
A COMMENCEMENT GIFT
FOR A GIRL
That adds a note of smartness
to her picture taking
POCKET KODAKS JUNIOR—The Commencement gift for a man is this handsome cavalier that's such a crack picture-taker. Colors: blue, brown, green, black. No. 1, making 2½ x 3¼ pictures, is $9; with case, $11. No. 1A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $10; with case, $12.50.
COLORED BROWNIES—The ideal graduation gift for a child. Popular with grown-ups, too. Colors: red, green, gray, brown, blue. No. 2, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $3; with case, $5. No. 2A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $4; with case, $6.

GAY as Seventeen...feminine as Eve...smart as a new hat...is this exquisite Eastman creation. Paris inspired, it reflects the season's mode. Aptly named, Kodak Petite is a lovely little camera no larger than your hand.

Like all members of the famed Kodak family, it takes wonderful pictures...clean-cut, sparkling. And, so easily...you simply press a lever.

What a gift for a girl on Commencement Day... when she is greeting old friends, saying the last goodbyes to her classmates, taking farewell glances at scenes that she'd like to remember always... leaving forever that wonderful part of her life that should be recorded in pictures.

Kodaks Petite, with neatly patterned cases to match, come in five alluring colors—a sparkling green, a warm gray, a delicate lavender, a robin's egg blue, and a rich old rose.

Picture size is 1⅝ x 2½. Price: with case to match, $7.50.

See the Kodaks Petite at any Kodak dealer's

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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